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WITH

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taken from the most Authentick Memoirs.

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Nec veniam Antiquis sed honorem & præmia posci. Hor.

E. COOPER



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To the truly Honourable

SOCIETY

FOR THE

Encouragement of Learning.

My Lords and Gentlemen;

AS the illustrious Families of the *Howards, Sidneys, Sacvilles, Grevilles, &c.* have all an Interest in, and consequently should have a Respect for the Merit, and Fame of their most eminent Predecessors; 'tis morally impossible that a Work of this Nature shou'd want a Patron; yet I chuse rather to wave all private Applications, and address it to you: You have prov'd your selves ally'd to the Genius of those great

A 2 Persons;

DEDICATION.

Persons; their Descendants may be only Heirs to their Titles; and as you only have condescended to attempt the making a Provision for the *living* Learned, I may the more reasonably hope for your Assistance to preserve the Memories of the *Dead*.

Perhaps, there are but few single Names important enough to appear at the Head of so Elegant a List; and if, for want of Judgment, I should make a wrong Choice, the Absurdity would be too flagrant to be forgiven. But by inscribing it to you, I run no such Danger: The severest Critick in Manners must allow 'tis address'd with the greatest Propriety imaginable.---

To patronise a Series of *English Poetry*, is, I presume, a Part of your Scheme; for the Establishment of an Author's Fame, may be said to be the
most



DEDICATION.

most effectual Provision for his Fortune, and, as I have more at large, observ'd in the Preface, what is attempted here in Favour of former Ages, may, by your Patronage, be made a Benefit to the Present, and reach to all Posterity.

But, beside the Obligations of Decorum, I feel my self bound in Gratitude, as an Author, tho' of the humblest Class, thus publicly to express my Sensibility of the Concern you have shewn for the Interest of Learning: Tho' I my self may have no Title to any Share of the Advantage. 'Tis a great, seasonable, and humane Design, and all who have Generosity, Benevolence, or Politeness, must applaud it. ---- It has a far more illustrious Origin than the Grand *Academy-Royal* at *Paris*, and, I hope, the Effects will be answerable; to

A 3

the

DEDICATION.

the Increase of your own Honour, the
Improvement of Science, and Service
of the Nation in General.

I am, with the greatest Zeal, and
Devotion,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,



E. COOPER.

THE

T H E

P R E F A C E.

WE are all apt to make our own Opinions, the Standard of Excellency, and I must plead guilty to my Share of this general Weakness: What has given me Pleasure in my Closet, I have undertaken to recommend to the Publick; not presuming to inform the Judgment, but only awaken the Attention; and rather endeavouring to preserve what is valuable of others, than advance any thing of my own. --- The mere Hint of a good-natur'd, and not un-useful Design, is all the Merit I can pretend to. --- 'Tis true I attempt to clear the Ground, and lay in the Materials, but leave the Building to be rais'd, and finish'd by more masterly Hands.

What is said of the Nightengle's singing with her Breast against a Thorn, may be justly apply'd to the Poets. --- Their Harmony gives Pleasure to Others, but is compos'd with Pain to Themselves: And what is not to gratify a real Want, or fashionable Luxury, Few care to purchase: Thus Poetry has been, almost universally, a Drug, and its Authors have sacrific'd the Sub-

stance of present Life to the Shadow of future Fame. Fame, Fame alone they have fondly fancy'd an Equivalent for all they wanted beside, and the World has often been so malicious, or careless, as even to defeat them of that imaginary Good. --- I am told, Time and Ignorance have devour'd many important Names which even the universal Languages flatter'd with a sure Immortality: 'Tis no Wonder, therefore, that Ours, rude, and barbarous, as it formerly was, should be so little able to defend its Authors from such in-croaching Enemies. ---- Those, who read the ensuing Volume with Attention, will be convinc'd that Sense, and Genius have been of long standing in this Island; and 'tis not so much the Fault of our Writers, as the Language it self, that they are not read with Pleasure at this Day. --- This, naturally, provokes an Enquiry, whether 'tis in the same Vagrant Condition still; or whether the Fame of our most admir'd Moderns, is not almost as precarious, as that of their now-obsolete Predecessors has prov'd to be; agreeable to that Line in the celebrated Essay on Criticism.

And what now Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

If this is the Case, as, according to my little Knowledge, I think there is some Reason to fear, is it not high Time to think of some Expedient to cure this Evil; and secure the Poet in his Idol-Reputation however? I don't take upon me to say that Learning is of as much Importance here, as in France; or that we shou'd be at the Trouble, and Expence of a Publick Academy for the Improvement of our Language; But, if
any



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any slight Essay can be made towards it, which, at a small Expence, may make a shift to supply that Defect, till a better Scheme shall be found, 'tis humbly hop'd that a moderate Encouragement will not be wanting.

Such, to the best of my poor Ability, is now presented to the Publick, a Sort of Poetical Chronicle: which begins with the first Dawning of polite Literature in England, and is propos'd to be continu'd to the highest Perfection, it has hitherto attain'd; That, in Spite of Difficulties, and Discouragements, it may be hardly possible for us to recede into our first Barbarism; or again lose sight of the true Point of Excellence, which Poetry, beyond all other Sciences, makes its peculiar Glory to aim at.

Of what real Value polite Literature is to a Nation, is too sublime a Task for me to meddle with; I therefore chuse to refer my Readers to their own Experience, and the admirable Writings of Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Bacon, Lord Shaftsbury, and innumerable other elegant Authors; the joint Sentiment of all the refin'd Spirits that ever had a Being, and the following excellent Rapture, in particular, of the ingenious Mr. Daniel, in his Poem call'd Musophilus.

Perhaps the Words, thou scornest now,
May live, the speaking Picture of the Mind,
The Extract of the Soul, that labour'd, how
To leave the Image of herself behind;
Wherein Posterity, that love to know,
The just Proportion of our Spirits may find.

For

x *The* P R E F A C E.

For these Lines are the Veins, the Arteries,
And vndecaying Life-Strings of those Hearts
That still shall pant, and still shall exercise
The Motion, Spirit and Nature both imparts,
And shall, with those aliue so sympathize,
As, nourisht with their Powers, inioy their parts.

O blessed Letters, that combine in One
All Ages past, and make One liue with All :
By you, we doe conferr with who are gone,
And the Dead-Liuing vnto Council call :
By you, th' Vnborne shall have Communion
Of what we feel, and what doth vs befall.

Soul of the World ! Knowledge ! without thee,
What hath the Earth, that truly glorious is ?
Why should our Pride make such a Stir to be,
To be forgot ? What good is like to this,
To doe worthy the Writing, and to write
Worthy the Reading, and the World's Delight ?

*And afterwards, alluding to Stone-Henge on Salis-
bury Plain.*

And whereto serues that wondrous *Trophy* now,
That on the goodly Plaine, near *Wilton* stands ?
That huge, dumb Heap, that cannot tell vs how,
Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whose Hands,
Nor for whose Glory, it was set to shew
How much our Pride mocks that of other Lands ?

Whereon, when as the gazing Passenger
Hath greedy look't with Admiration,
And fain would know his Birth, and what he were,
How

The P R E F A C E. xi

How there erected, and how long agoe :

Enquires, and asks his Fellow-Traveller,

What he hath heard, and his Opinion :

And he knowes nothing. Then he turns again,

And looks, and sighs, and then admires afresh,

And in himselfe, with Sorrow, doth complain

The Misery of dark Forgetfulness :

Angry with Time that nothing should remain,

Our greatest Wonder's Wonder to express !

But, to wave any farther Authorities, we need only look back to the Days of Langland, the first English Poet we can meet with, who employ'd his Muse for the Refinement of Manners, and, in the Rudeness of his Lines, we plainly discover the Rudeness of the Age he wrote in. --- Chaucer, not the next Writer, tho' the next extraordinary Genius, encountered the Follies of Mankind, as well as their Vices, and blended the acutest Raillery, with the most insinuating Humour. --- By his Writings, it plainly appears that Poetry, and Politeness grew up together ; and had like to have been bury'd in his Grave ; For War, and Faction, immediately after restor'd Ignorance, and Dulness almost to their antient Authority. Writers there were ; but Taste, Judgment, and Manner were lost : Their Works were cloudy as the Times they liv'd in, and, till Barclay, and Skelton, there was scarce a Hope that Knowledge would ever favour us with a second Dawn. --- But soon after these, Lord Surrey, having tasted of the Italian Delicacy, naturaliz'd it here, gave us an Idea of refin'd Gallantry, and taught Love to polish us into Virtue.

Virtue. --- Before this Impression was worn off, Lord Buckhurst arose, and introduc'd the Charms of Allegory, and Fable, to allure Greatness, into a Love of Humanity, and make Power the Servant of Justice: Spencer made a Noble Use of so fine a Model, overflowing with Tendernefs, Courtesy, and Benevolence, reconciling Magnificence and Decorum, Love and Fidelity; and, together with Fairfax, opening to us a new World of Ornament, Elegance, and Taste: After these Lord Brook, and Sir John Davis corrected the Luxuriancy of Fable, enrich'd our Understandings with the deepest Knowledge, and distinguish'd Use from Ostentation, Learning from Pedantry --- Donne, and Corbet added Wit to Satire, and restor'd the almost forgotten Way of making Reproof it self entertaining; Carew, and Waller taught Panegyrick to be delicate, Passion to be courtly, and rode the Pegasus of Wit, with the Curb of good Manners; D'Avenant blended Address and Politeness with the severest Lessons of Temperance, and Morality; and the divine Milton reconcil'd the Graces of them all, and added a Strength, Solidity, and Majesty of his own, that None can equal, Few can imitate, and All admire.

So many and variously-accomplish'd Minds were necessary to remove the Gothique Rudeness that was handed down to us by our unpolish'd Fore-Fathers; and, I think, 'tis manifest all the Ornaments of Humanity, are owing to our Poetical Writers, if not our most shining Virtues. 'Tis not reasonable, therefore, that while the Work remains, the Artist should be forgot; and yet, 'tis certain, very Few of these great Men
are

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are generally known to the present Age : And tho' Chaucer, and Spencer are ever nam'd with much Respect, not many are intimately acquainted with their Beauties. ----- The Monumental Statues of the Dead have, in all Ages, and Nations, been esteem'd sacred ; but the Writings of the Learned, of all others, deserve the highest Veneration ; The Last bear the Resemblance of the Soul, the First only of the Body. The First are dumb, inanimate, and require the Historian to explain them ; while the Last live, converse, reason, instruct, and afford to the Contemplative, one of their sincerest Pleasures. They are likewise to Authors, what Actions are to Heroes ; In His Annals you must admire the one, in his Studies the other ; and an elegant Poem should be as lasting a Memorial of the Scholar's Wit, as a pompous Trophy of the General's Conduct, or the Soldier's Valour. And yet, for want of certain periodical Reviews of the Learning of former Ages, not only many inestimable Pieces have been lost, but Science it self has been in the most imminent Danger.

I have often thought there is a Kind of Contagion in Minds, as well as Bodies ; what we admire, we fondly wish to imitate ; and, thus, while a Few excellent Authors throw a Glory on the Studies they pursue, Disciples will not be wanting to imitate them : But, when those Studies fall into Disesteem, and Neglect, instead of being profess'd, or encourag'd, 'tis more than probable they will not be understood. I have read 'twas thus in Greece, and Rome, and all the considerable Nations of Europe beside : In England 'tis notorious ; and I wish our share of Reproach on this Head, may be confin'd to the Ignorance, and Inhumanity of former Times.

'Tis

'Tis true, not only every Age, but every Year produces Numbers of new Pieces, and 'twould be impossible to preserve them all; neither indeed, would all deserve it: But should we govern our Choice with Judgment, and Impartiality, the Task would be easy, and every good Author would receive the Benefit of it. --- 'Twill be in vain to object that Merit is its own Preservative: For, beside Numberless other Instances, most of the Poems in this Volume are a Proof to the contrary; and still many more that I have reserv'd for the next. Yet, let them be enquir'd for among the Booksellers, and the Difficulty of procuring them will be a sufficient Proof how little they are known; and how near they are to be lost in Oblivion. --- This I am a Witness of my self, and 'tis with great Trouble and Charge; I have been able to collect a sufficient Number for my present Purpose: Nor, without the generous Assistance of the Candid Mr. Oldys, would even this, have been in my Power: And, after all, there are still some omitted; which, if I can procure, shall be annex'd by way of Supplement, together with a Glossary, at the End of the Work.

Let me then, at least, be pardon'd for attempting to set up a Bulwark between Time, and Merit? I have heard that a certain modern Virtuoso, had a Project to discover the Age of the World, by the Saltiness of the Sea, the Effect of which could not be known for Hundreds of Years after. --- I flatter my self, that the Success of mine need not be quite so far remov'd; nor is it more Romantick, or less Useful. The Alterations of a Language are of some Consequence to be known, tho' inferior to those of Nature; and 'tis some Satisfaction to be acquainted with the Lives
of

The PREFACE. xv

of Authors, as well as their Works : This Undertaking includes all, nor is merely calculated for those which are already Obsolete ; but, if it can be suppos'd that any of the Moderns would ever be in the same Danger, or any future Writer should do me the Honour to continue the Series, may prove some little Support even to Them. In a Word, it may serve as a perpetual Index to our Poetry, a Test of all foreign Innovations in our Language, a general Register of all the little, occasional Pieces, of our Holy-Day Writers (as Mr. Dryden prettily calls them) which might otherwise be lost ; and a grateful Record of all the Patrons that, in England, have done Honour to the Muses.

*Before I conclude, 'tis my Duty to acknowledge that no less than Three * Writers have undertaken, simply, the Lives of the Poets, beside Mr. Wood, who confines himself to those educated at Oxford ; That Sir Thomas Pope Blunt, has wrote Remarks on a Few of them, and Two or Three have had their Works republish'd in our own Times ; what use I have made of all, or any of these Circumstances, will be obvious ; as well as what is peculiarly my own. --- This, however, I may, with Modesty, hint, that many Mistakes in Facts are rectify'd, several Lives are added, the Characters of the Authors are not taken on Content, or from Authority, but a serious Examination of their Works ; and some of the most beautiful Passages, or entire Poems, I could chuse, are added to constitute a Series of Poetry (which has never been aim'd at any where else) and compleat one of the most valuable Collections, that ever was made publick.*

* Mr. Phillips, Mr. Winstanly and Mr. Jacob.

How

How far I have succeeded, is submitted to the Understanding of every impartial, and sensible Reader: To which I the more cheerfully resign my self, as introducing more Beauties of others, to be my Advocates, than I can have Faults of my own to be forgiven.

To what has been said, on the Design of this Work in General, I, at first, intended to add some Account of the Progress of Criticism in England; from Sir Philip Sidney, the Art of English Poesy (written by Mr. Puttenham, a Gentleman Pensioner to Queen Elizabeth:) Sir John Harrington, Ben Johnson, &c. But this part of my Task I am oblig'd to postpone, for want of Room, to my next Volume; and shall conclude with rectifying a Mistake of my own in the Life of Mr. Fairfax: Where 'tis said; that Author is crouded by Mr. Philips into his Supplement, which should have been said of Mr. Sacville: And begging Pardon for the Errata which have escap'd me, not thro' neglect, but want of sufficient Experience in Affairs of this Nature.

ERRATA.

PAG. 2. Line 2. for Frindling, read Kindling. p. 17. for the Passage, &c. r. *The following Passage seems to have the Honour of giving a Hint to Milton.* p. 18. l. 11. f. Book 2. r. Book the Eleventh. p. 21. after l. 9. add, *That they have done Him Fellowship.* ib. l. 16. f. ke, r. eke. p. 23. l. 14. after D. of Lancaster, add, *The I don't find any Authority in History to prove it.* ib. l. 33, and 34 dele *The I don't find any Authority in History to prove it, &c.* p. 62. l. 22. f. tor. fo. p. 73. l. 5. after the Word Heart, insert a Semi-Colon instead of the Comma, and at the End of the l. dele the Colon. p. 75. l. 9. dele the Punctum. p. 80. l. 18. after the Word with, add *thy.* ib. l. 19. after the Word with, add *a.* p. 89. for Him, r. it. p. 97. l. 12. f. Stike, r. Sike. p. 100. l. 6. f. state r. sate. p. 112. l. 7. r. O Troy! O Troy! p. 166. l. 6. for waward, r. wayward. p. 177. l. 4. for wore, r. worse. p. 195. l. 6. f. Country, r. Country's. p. 196. l. 11. f. then, r. Their. p. 215. l. 28. f. lately, r. Lastly. p. 217. l. 5. f. off r. of. p. 239. l. 10. f. Faries, r. Furies. p. 249. l. 3. f. more r. move. p. 264. l. 5. for brou'd, r. brond. p. 293. l. 19. f. Body, r. Boy. p. 304. l. 19. dele the Semi-Colon, and for s'off, r. foff. p. 320. l. 3. f. through, r. thorough. p. 349. l. 13. after for, add of. p. 365. l. 8. for Smoak or Glory, r. or Smoke-Glory. p. 368. for kifs'd, r. kiss'd. p. 373. l. 1. (of the Notes) for Cambia, r. Cambaia. p. 391. l. 2. f. nor, r. not. p. 396. l. 15. for Triumph, r. Triumphs.

T H E

Muses Library.

PHILOSOPHERS, in a Series of Fossils, begin with Nature in her crudest State, and trace her, Step by Step, to the most refin'd.---- In this Progress of *English Poetry* we must do the same; and they, who desire to see the Connexion, must bear with the rude Pebble, in order to be better pleas'd with the Ruby, and the Diamond.

To set aside the Metaphor, few People suppose there were any Writers of Verse before *Chaucer*; but, as it appears there were many, 'tis absolutely necessary to give a Specimen from a few of them, both as Curiosities in themselves, and to manifest from what a low and almost contemptible Original, that happy Genius rais'd his Profession at once.

We must begin with a Conveyance of *Edward the Confessor's*, which has something in it very singular both as 'tis written in Verse, which seems a Relique of the antient *British Druids*, and affording a remarkable Instance, of the Conciseness, and Simplicity of the *Saxon Lawyers*.

ICH E *Edward Koning*,
Have given of my Forrest the Keeping
B Of

The Muses Library.

Of the Hundred of *Chelmer* and *Dancing*,
 To *Randolpb Peperking* and to his Kyndling :
 With Heorte and Hinde, Doe, and Bocke,
 Hare, and Foxe, Cat and Brocke,
 Wild Fowell with his Floeke,
 Patrich, Fefant-Hen, and Fefant-Cocke :
 With green, and wilde stob and stocke.
 To kepen and to yemen by all her might,
 Both by Day, and eke by Night :
 And Hounds for to hold
 Good and swift and bolde :
 Four Greahounds and six Bracches,
 For Hare and Foxe, and wild Cattes.
 And therefore ich made him my Booke :
 Witnesse the Bishop *Wolston*
 And Booke ylered many one,
 And *Swein* of *Essex* our Brother
 And taken him many other,
 And our *Stiward Howelin*
 That by sough me for him.

The next Antiquity, that we can find, is the following Fragment, preserved in a very old Manuscript on the *Bath* : The Author entirely unknown, but the Legend too remarkable to be omitted.



TWO Tunne there beth of Bras,
And other two imaked of Glas
Seve Seats there both inne
And other Thing imaked with Ginne:
Quick Brimston in them also,
With wild-Fier imaked thereto:
Sal Gemmæ and *Petree*,
Sal Armonak there is eke
Sal Albrod and *Sal alkine*,
Sal Gemmæ is minged with him,
Sal Comin and *Sal Almetre* bright,
That borneth both Day and Night:
Al this is in the Tonne ido,
And other things many mo;
And borneth both Night and Day,
That never quench it ne may.
In vour Wel-springs the Tonnes liggeth,
As the Philosophers us figgeth,
The hete within, the Water without
Maketh it hot, al about:
The two Wel-springs earneth mere,
And the other two Bath inner clere,
There is maked full iwis
That *Kings Bath* icluped is.

The rich King *Bladud*,
 The Kings Son *Lud*!
 And, when he maked that *Bath* hot,
 And, if he failed ought
 Of that that shou'd thereto;
 Herkeneth what he would do!
 From *Bath* to *London* he would flee
 And thulke Day self againe bee,
 And fetch that thereto bivel.
 He was quicke, and swith fell,
 Tho the Master was ded,
 And his Soule went to the Qued.
 For *God* ne was not yut ybore,
 Nor Deth suffered him biuore.

The following Rhapsody has so many poetical
 Beauties in it, that, I think, they will amply atone
 for the Wildness of the Measure and Uncouthness
 of the Phrase.

Verses on Henry I. wrote immediately after his Death,
the Author unknown.

KYNG *Henry* is dead, Bewty of the World!
 For whome is great dole:

Goddes now maken rowm for theyr kinde Brother!
 For he is Sole.

Mercurius

Mercurius in Speeche, *Marce* in Battayle,

In Harte strong *Appollo*,

Jupiter in heft, egall with *Saturn*

And Enemie to *Cupido*!

King he was of Right!

And Man of most Myght!

And glorious in rayninge!

And, when he left his Crowne,

Then fell Honour down!

For Misse of such a King;

Normandy than gan lowre,

For Losse of their Floure,

And fange wel a way!

England made Mone,

And *Scotlande* did grone,

For to se that Day!

Robert of Gloucester,

So call'd, because a Monk of that City. He liv'd in the Time of *Henry the Second*, and is often quoted by *Cambden*, *Selden*, &c. but more as an Historian than Poet; tho' he wrote in Rhymes. This being the only Passage I have met with worth Notice, and having both Humour and Satire; at the Expençe of King *William Rufus*.

AS his *Chamberlaine* him brought, as he rose
on a Day,

A Morrow for to weare, a Paire of Hose of Say:

He asked what they costned, *Three Shillings* he seid,
 Fie a Diable! quoth the *King*, who sey so vile a Deede:
 King to weare so vile a Cloth! But it costned more:
 Buy a Paire for a Marke, or thou shalt ha cory fore!
 And worfe a Paire enough, the Other swith him brought,
 And said they costned a *Mark*, and unneth he them
 so bought:

Aye Bel-Amy! quoth the *King*, these were well bougt,
 In this manner serve me, other ne serve me not!

Richard the Hermit

Was his Contemporary, but too despicable to admit of a Quotation.

Joseph of Exeter,

Who liv'd in the Reign of *Richard I.* is quoted by *Milton*, in his *English History*, whith some Applause, and by many other Authors: But, as He, *Blaunpain*, *Matthew Paris*, *William Ramsay*, *Alexander Nequam*, *Alexander Essebie* and *Havillan* wrote all in *Latin*, the bare mention of their Names is rather more than belongs to this Collection.

Robert Baston

Liv'd in the Reign of *Edward the First*, and was in so great Reputation that the King commanded his Attendance, in his Expedition against the *Scots* to celebrate his Victories; But his Fortune was more remarkable than his Verses; being taken Prisoner by *Bruce*, and compell'd by Torments, to applaud his Country's Enemy: Which, however, he
 had

had the Spirit to complain of, as appears by his Introduction.

In dreery Verse my Rymes I make,
Bewailing whilest such Theme I take !

Henry Bradshaw

Is the next Poet on Record, and much applauded ; but, with what Justice the following Quotation from *Winstanly* will sufficiently evidence.

On the City of Chester.

The Founder of this City, saith *Polychronicon*,
Was *Leon Gawer*, a mighty strong Gyant !
Which builded Caves and Dungeons many a one
No goodly Building, ne proper, ne pleasant.

Robert de Langland.

The Author of the Satire, intituled, *The Visson of Piers the Plowman*, and who may be truly call'd the first of the *English* Poets. *Selden*, in his Notes on *Draiton's Poly-Olbion*, quotes him with Honour ; but he is not so much as mention'd either by *Philips* or *Winstanly* ; though, in my Judgment, no Writer, except *Chaucer*, and *Spencer*, for many Ages, had more of real Inspiration. I must own I can't read his Work, without lamenting the Unhappines of a fluctuating Language, that buries even Genius it self in its Ruins : 'Tis raising Edifices of Sand, that every Breath of Time defaces ; and, if the Form remains, the Beauty is lost. This is the Case of the Piece

before us ; 'Tis a Work of great Length, and Labour ; of the Allegorick-kind ; animated with a rich Imagination, pointed with great Variety of just Satire, and dignify'd with many excellent Lessons of Morality and Virtue : And, to say all in a Word, if I may presume to say so much, *Chaucer* seems to have this Model in his Eye ; and, in his *Pardoners Prologue*, particularly, has a Feature or two nearly resembling the Speech and Character of *Sloth* here-after quoted.

I am not ignorant that the Author of the Art of *English Poesy*, mention'd in the Preface, ranks him, in Point of Time, after *Chaucer* ; but as he is not so much as acquainted with his Name, there is little Reason to depend on his Authority. Besides, 'tis notorious *Langland* copies his Characters, and Manners from the Age he lived in, and we find him, in one Passage, seating *Reason* between the King and his Son : In another, *Conscience* reproaches *Mede* with causing the Death of the King's Father, which exactly tallies with the Fall of *Edward II.* And, in a Third, *Mede* speaks of the Siege of *Calais*, as a recent Fact, and upbraids *Conscience* as the only Impediment to the Conquest of *France* ; which, says she, if I had govern'd, could have been easily effected. From which Historical References, I make no Scruple to place him in the Reign of *Edward III.* or that of *Richard II.* his Successor. To this may be added ; That the worst Writer, after *Chaucer*, had some regard to Measure, and never neglected Rhymes : Whereas this is greatly defective in both ; seldom affording a perfect Verse, and using a Dialect hardly intelligible. But of this enough ! This work is divided into *Twenty* Parts ; the Arguments of which are wrote with uncommon Spirit ; and several Passages in it deserve to be immortal ; But, as to the Conduct of the whole, I must confess it
does

does not appear to me of a Piece; every Vision seeming a distinct Rhapsody, and not carrying on either one single Action, or a Series of many. But we ought rather to wonder at its Beauties, than cavil at its Defects; and, if the Poetical Design is broken, the Moral is entire; which is, uniformly, the Advancement of Piety, and Reformation of the *Roman* Clergy. --- I hope the following Quotations will not be thought too long; tho' the stile is so obsolete; since they are not inserted for want of other Materials; but because 'tis presum'd they are really Curious and Entertaining. *Civil*, and *Simony* publish the Marriage-Contract, between *False* and *Mede*, *Theologie* steps in, forbids the Banns, and cites them to appear before *Conscience* and the King.

HERETO assented *Cyvil*, and *Simony*; ne woulde
Till he had Silver, for his Sevice, and also
the Notaries,

Than fet *Favel* forth *Florences* ynowe
And bade *Gyle* go gyne Gold about!
And, namely, to the Notaries, and hem none fayle.
And fesse false Witnes with *Florences* ynowe;
For thei may *Mede* amaister, and maken at my Will.
Tho' this Gold was geven; great was the thanking
To *False* and to *Favel*, for her great Giftes;
And come to comfort hem fro *Care* the false:
And sithen sayd. Certes Syr, ceasen shall we never
Till *Mede* be wedded thy Wife, through Wits of us al

For

For we have *Mede* amaistrid, with our mery Speche.
 That she graunted to gone with a good Wyll
 To *London*, to loke, if the Lawe would
 Judge you joyntlye, in Joye for ever.
 Then was *Falseness* faine and *Favell* as blyth ;
 And letten sommon al Seges in Shire about,
 And bad hem all to be bowne ; Beggers and other
 To wend with him to *Westminster*; to witnes this Dede.
 And than carried thei forth Caples, to caried hem thither:
 And *Favel* fet forth then, foles ynowe
 And set *Mede* upon a *Skyrese*, shode all newe !
 And *False* sat on a *Sifour*, that softlich troted,
 And *Favel* on a Flatterer, feetly attired.
 Tho had *Notaries* none ; anoyed they were:
 For *Simony* and *Civil*, should on their fete gan.
 Althan sware *Simony*, and *Civil* both
 That *Somners* should be sadled, and serve hem echone ;
 And let aparel these *Provisors*, in Palfrei-wise ;
 Sir *Simony* him selfe, shall sit on their Backes:
Deanes and *Subdeanes*, drave you together
Archdeacons and *Officials*, and al your *Regesters*
 Let saddle hem with Silver, our Sinne to suffer ;
 As Aduoutrie and Divorces, and derne Usury,
 To bear *Bishops* about abroad in visiting :

Paulinus

Paulinus Primus, for pleintis in Consistory,
Shal serve him felfe, that *Civil* is inempned !
And *Cartfadle* the *Comisary*, our Cart shal he lede,
And fetche us *Vitailes*, at *Fornicatores* ;
And maketh of *Lier* a long Cart, to lede al these other,
As *Freres* and *Traytours*, that on their Feete runnen.
And thus *Fals* and *Favel*, faren forth together,
And *Mede* in the middes, and al these Men after.
I have no Time to tel, the Taile that here foloweth
Of many manner of Men; that on this Mould libbeth
And *Gyle* was foregoer, and guided hem all.
Sotbnes seeth hem wel, and saith but little,
And pricked his Palfrey, and passed hem all ;
And came to the *Kinges* court, and *Conscience* it tolde
And *Conscience*, to the King, carped it after.
Now, by *Christ*, quod the King and I catch might
False, or *Favel*, or any of their *Freres*,
I wold be wreken of tho *Wretches*, that worken this II;
And done hem hang by the hals, and al that hem
 mainteineth :
Shal never Man on his Mold, mainprise the least ;
But right as the Law wol loke, let fal on hem all!
And commanded a *Constable*, that came at the first,
To attache tho *Tirauntes*, for any thing I hote,

And fetter fast *Falseness*, for any Kinges giftes;
 And girde off *Gyles* Head, and let him go no further!
 And, if ye catche *Lyer*, let him not escape,
 Or he be put on the Pilery, for any Prayers I hote!
 And bring *Mede* to me, in maugre them all!
Drede at the Dore stode, and the Dome harde;
 How the King comaunded, Constables, and Sergeauntes,
Falsenes and his Fellowship, to fetter and to binden.
 Then *Drede* went weightely, and warned the *False*,
 And bad him fle for Feare, and his Fellowes all!

Falseness for Feare then, fled to the *Freres*,
 And *Gyle* doth him to go, agast for to die!
 And *Marchants* meten, with him, and made him to
 abide,

And fit him in her shoppes, to shewen her Wares,
 Appareled as a Prentise, the People to serve!

Lightly *Lyer* leaped, and away ranne
 Lurkyng through Lanes, to-lugged of Many!
 He was no where welcome, for his many Tales
 Ouer al yhonted, and I hote trusse;
 Tyl *Pardoners* had Pitie, and pulled him into Houfe;
 Thei wash him, and wipe him, and wounden him in
 Clouts,

And send him with Seals, on Sundayes to Churches,

And

And gave him Pardon for Pence, pound meale aboute!
 Than loured *Leches*, and Letters they sent
 That he should wonne with hem, Waters to loke.
Spicerrrs speken with him, to spie their Ware;
 For he could of their Craft, and knew many Gommes.
 And *Minstrels* and *Messengers*, met with him once,
 And helde him halfe a Yere, and a leven Daies.
Freres, with faire Speche, fet him thence,
 And, for knowing of Commers coped him as a *Frere*;
 And he hath leave to leape out, as oft as hem lyketh,
 And welcome when he wil; and wonneth with hem ofte.
 All fledden for Feare, and flooen in Hernes;
 Saue *Mede* the Mayde, no mo durst abyde;
 And, truely to tell, the trembled for Drede,
 And eke wept, and wronge, when she was atached.

After a Sermon of *Reason's* which concludes with
 this remarkable Sentence.

‘ And ye that seke St. *James*, and Saintes at *Rome*,
 ‘ Seke Saint *Truth* for he may save you all!

The *Vices* are represented as converted, and come,
 in order, to Confession; of which the two following
 Characters are a Specimen.

Envy with heuy Hart, asked after Shryft,
 And carefully *Mea Culpa*, he comsed to shewe,

And was as pale as a Pellet ; in the Palfey he femed,
 And clothed in Caury-Maury, I can it not discrue;
 In Kirtel, and Curtepy, and a Knife by his fide :
 Of a *Freres* Froke, were the fore Sleves,
 And, as a Leke, that hath lied longe in the Sunne,
 So loked he, with leane Chekes ; lowring foule !
 His Body was fo bole for Wrath, that he bote his Lips,
 And, wringing what first to wreke himself, he thought
 With Workes, or with Words when he see his Time :
 Ech Word, that he warped, was of an Edder's Tonge ;
 Of Chiding, and of Chalenging, was his chief Liuelode ;
 With Backbitting and Bifmer, and bearing falfe Witnefs,
 This was al his Curtesy, when that ever he fhewed him.
 I wold be fhriuen, quoth this Shrewe, if I, for Shame,
 durst :

I wold be gladder, by God, that *Gib* had Mifchance,
 Than if I had won this Weke a Wey of *Effexe*-Chefe !
 I have a Neighbour nie me, I have noyed him ofte,
 And lowen on him to Lordes, to done him lose his
 Silver,

And make his Frend his Foe, through my falfe Tonge :
 His Grace, and his good Happes, greueth me full fore ;
 Betwene Many, and Many, I make Debate oft,
 That both Life and Lime, is loft through my Speche.
 And,

And, when I mete him in Market, that I most hate,
I have him hendlich, as I his Frende were ;
For he is doughtier then I, I dare do none other ;
And had I Maistry and Might, God wot my Wyll!
And, when I come to the Kirke, and should knele to
the Rode

And pray for the People, as the Priest teacheth,
For Pilgrimes, and for Palmers, and for all the People
after,

Than I cry, on my Knes, thou Christ giue him Sorow,
That bare away my Bole, and my broken Shete!
Away from the Aulter, then turne I mine Eyen
And behold how *Elen* hath a new Coate,
I wishe it were mine, with al the Web after !
And at Mens Lefing I laugh, that mine Hart aketh
And for their Winning I wepe, and wele the Time ;
And deme that thei do yll, though I do well worse.
Whoso undermineth me, hereof I hate him dedly after
I wold that eche a Wight, were my Knave !
For whoso hath more then I, that angreth me fore.
And thus I live loveles, like a lither Dogge ;
That al my Body bolneth, for bitter of my Gall!
I might not eaten many Yeres, as a Man oughte ;
For *Envy* and *Euyll-wyll*, is euyll to defye ;

May

May no Sugar, ne no swete Thing, swage the Swelling,
 Ne no Diapenidion, drive it from my Harte,
 Nether *Skrift*, nether *Shame*, but shraping of my Maw.

S L O T H.

Then came *Sloth*, al beslabeled, with two slimy Eyne;
 I must sit said the *Seg*, or els I must nedes nap;
 I mai not stond, ne stoupe, ne, without my Stole, knele:
 Wer I brought a Bed, but if my Talend it made,
 Should no Ringing do me rise, or I were ripe to dine.
 Awak Reuk, quod *Repentance*, and rape thee to Shrift!
 If I should dy, by this Day, me lyst not to looke!
 I cannon perfity my *Pater-noster*, as the Priest it fingeth,
 But I can Rimes of *Roben Hood*, and *Randal of Chester*:
 But, of our Lord, or our Lady, I lerne nothing at all.
 I have made Vowes to Day, and forgotten hem on
 the Morrow,

I performed never Penance, as the Priest me hight;
 Ne right fory for my Sinnes, yet was I never.
 And if I bid any Beades, but it be of Wrathe,
 That I tel with my Tong, is two Mile from my Hart.
 I am occupied every Day, holy Day and other
 With idle Tales at the Ale, and, other while, in Churches.
 Gods Peyne and his Passion, ful selde I thinke thereon;
 I visited

I visited never feble Men, ne fettred Folk in Pittes ;
 I have lever hear an Harlotry, or a Sommers Game,
 Or Lesinges to laugh at, and belye my Neighbours,
 Than all that ever *Marke* made, *Matthew*, *John*, and
Lucas;

And Vigiles and fasting Daies; all these, I let passe,
 And lie in Bed in Lent; and my Lemman in mine Armes
 Till Mattens and Masse be done; * * * *
 * * * * *

I am not shriven sometime, but if Sickness it make,
 Not twise in two Yere; and than up gesse I shrive me;
 I have ben Priest and Parson, passing Thirty Winter,
 Yet can I nether Sol-fa ne sing, ne Sainctes Lives read;
 But I can finde in a Fielde, or a Furlong an Hare,
 Better than in *Beati Omnes*, or in *Beatus Vir*.

The Passage which, I think, seems to have given
 a Hint to *Milton*, is as follows.

Kinde, *Conscience* tho' heard, and came out of the
 Planets,

And sent forth his forrioues, Fevers, and Fluxes,
 Coughes, and Cardiacles; Crampes and Toth-Aches,
 Reumes, and Ragondes, and raynous Scalles,
 Byles, and Botches, and burning Agues,

C

Frenses,

Ereneses, and foul Euy!, Foragers of *Kinde*!

* * * * *

There was Harow! and Help! here commeth *Kinde*
 With *Death* that's dreadful, to undone us all!
Age the hoore, he was in the Vaw-ward
 And bare the Baner before *Death*, by right He it
 claymed!

Kinde came after, with many kene Sores,
 As Pockes, and Pestilences, and much Purple Shent;
 So *Kinde*, through Corruptions, killed ful Many:
Death came driving after, and all to Dust passed
 Kynges and Kayfers, Knightes and Popes.

Paradise Lost. Book II. Line 475.

----- Immediately a Place

Before his Eyes appear'd, sad, noisom, dark,
 A Lazar-house it seem'd; wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseas'd: all Maladies
 Of gasty Spasm, or racking Torture, Qualmes
 Of heart-sick Agony, all feaverous Kinds,
 Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,
 Intestine Stone, and Ulcer, Cholic Pangs,
 Dæmoniac Phrenzy, moaping Melancholy
 And Moon-struck Madnes, pining Atrophy,
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting Pestilence,

Dropfies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.
Dire was the tossing ! deep the Groans ! *Despair*
Tended the Sick busiest from Couch to Couch :
And over them triumphant *Death* his Dart
Shook - - - - -

Sir John Gower

Flourish'd in the Reign of *Richard* the Second,
and wrote his Poems by the King's Command. He
was a Man of Family, and Learning, but does not
appear to have much Genius ; his whole Work be-
ing little better than a cool Translation from other
Authors : The Tale annex'd has, however, something
truly excellent both in the Incidents and Moral. That
he was a Man of Judgment, may be understood by
Chaucer's submitting his *Troilus*, and *Cressida* to his
Censure, as appears by the following Lines.

O Morall Gower, this Boke I directe
To thee, and to the Philosophic *Strode*
To vouchsafe, where need is, to correcte
Of your Benignitees, and Zeles good.

He was bred a Lawyer, tho' a Man of Fortune,
survived both *Chaucer* and *Lidgate*; being quite blind
before he dy'd, and was bury'd in St. *Mary's*
Southwark.

Of the envious Man and the Miser.

O F *Jupiter* thus I find ywrite
How, whilom, that he wolde wite

Upon the pleintes, which he herde
 Among the Men, how that it ferde,
 As of her wronge Condicion
 To do Justificacion.
 And, for that Cause, downe he sent
 An *Angell*, which aboute went,
 That he the sooth knowe maie.

So it befell, upon a Daie,
 This *Angell*, which him should enforme,
 Was clothed in a Manes Forme ;
 And overtoke, I understonde,
 Two Men, that wenten over Londe :
 Through which he thought to aspie
 His Cause, and goth in Companie.

This *Angell* with his Wordes wise,
 Opposeth hem in sondry wise ;
 Nowe lowde Wordes and now softe,
 That made hem to desputen ofte :
 And eche his Reason hadde,
 And thus with Tales he hem ladde,
 With good Examinacion,
 Till he knewe the Condicion,
 What Men thei were Bothe Two :
 And sawe well, at laste, tho',

That

That One of hem was covetous,
And his Felowe was envious.
And thus, when he hath Knowlachyng
Anone he feigned Departynge,
And saide he mote algate wende.
But, herken now what fell at Ende !
For than he made hem understonde,
That he was there of *God's* Sonde;
And sayd them for the Kyndship,
He wolde do some Grace againe,
And bad that One of hem shuld faine,
What Thyng is him leuest to crave ;
And he it shall of yeste have.
And over that ke foorth with all
He saith, that Other have shall
The double of that his Fellowe axeth.
And thus to them his Grace he taxeth.

The *Covetous* was wonder gladde ;
And to that other Man he badde,
And seith, that he first axe shulde ;
For he supposeth, that he wolde
Make his Axing of Worlde's good :
For, than, he knewe well, howe it stood ;

If that him felle by double Weight
Shall after take, and thus, by Sleight,
Because that he wolde wyne,
He badde his *Felowe* firste begynne.
This *Envious*, though it be late,
Whan that he sawe he mote, algate,
Make his Axinge firste, he thought,
If he Worship or Profite sought,
It shall be double to his Fere,
That wolde he chese in no Manere.
But than he sheweth what he was
Towarde Envie, and, in this Cas,
Unto this *Angell* thus he saide,
And for his Yeste this he praide,
To make him blynde on his One Eie,
So that his *Felowe* no-thinge sie.

This Worde was not so soone spoke,
That his one Eie anone was loke :
And his *Felowe* foorth-with also
Was blynde on both his Eies two.
Tho was that other glad enough.
That one wepte, and that other lough.
He set his one Eie at no Cost,
Wherof that other Two hath lost.

Chaucer.

Chaucer,

The Morning-Star of the *English* Poetry! was, by his own Record, in the *Testament of Love*, born in *London*; in the Reign of *Edward* the Third. His Family is suppos'd to come in with *William* the Norman, and, some say, his Father was a Merchant. He had his Education partly at *Oxford*, partly at *Cambridge*, and, by Circumstance, we find he was enter'd a Student of the *Inner-Temple*. He travelled in his Youth, thro' *France* and *Flanders*; and, in the Reign of *Richard* the Second, was famous for his Learning. After this he marry'd the Daughter of a Knight of *Hainault*, by which Alliance he is said to become Brother-in-Law to *John* of Gaunt Duke of *Lancaster*: He had several Children, a large, and ample Revenue, resided chiefly at *Woodstock*, was employ'd on several Embassies, received many great Rewards from the Crown, and was in high Esteem with the most Noble and Excellent Persons of his Time. --- In the latter Part of his Life, he met with many Troubles, of which he complains, very pathetically, in some of his Pieces; yet liv'd to the Age of Seventy Two Years, and was bury'd at *Westminster*.

All agree he was the first Master of his Art among us, and that the Language, in general, is much oblig'd to him for Copiousness, Strength, and Ornament. It would be endless, almost, to enumerate the Compliments that have been paid to his Merit, by the Gratitude of those Writers, who have enrich'd themselves so much by his inestimable Legacies. --- But his own Works, are his best Monument. In those appear a real Genius, as capable of inventing, as improving; equally suited to the Gay, and the Sublime; soaring in high Life, and pleasant in low: Tho' I don't find the least Authority in History to prove it.

Ever both entertaining, and instructive! All which is so well known, 'tis, in a Manner, needless to repeat: But the Nature of this Work requires it, and I should not be excus'd for saying less, or omitting a Quotation; tho it is not a little difficult to chuse one that will do him Justice: Most of his principal Tales have been already exhausted by the Moderns, and, consequently, neither of them would appear to Advantage in their antiquated, original Dress; tho' the same in Complexion and Harmony of Parts.

The Pardoners Prologue.

L Ordings! quoth he, in Chirch when I preche,
 I paine mee to have an hauteine Speche;
 And ring it out, as round as doth a Bell:
 For I can all by rote that I tell.
 My Teme is alway one, and ever was,
 (*Radix omnium Malorum est Cupiditas*)
 First, I pronounce fro whence I come,
 And then my Bills I shew all and some:
 Our Liege-Lords Seal on my Patent!
 That shew I first, my Body to warrent;
 That no Man be so bold, Priest ne Clerke,
 Me to disturbe of *Christs* holy Werke.
 And, after that, I tell forth my Tales
 Of Buls, of Popes, and of Cardinales,
 Of Patriarkes, and of Bishops I shew;
 And in *Latine* I speake Wordes a Few,

To

To faver with my Predication,
And for to ftere Men to Devotion.
Then shew I forth my long, Christall-stones,
Ycrammed full of Clouts and of Bones ;
Relickes they been, as wene They, Echone !
Then have I, in *Laton*, a Shoder-Bone,
Which that was of an holy *Jewes*-Shepe.
Good Men, say I, take of my Words kepe !
If this Bone be washen in any Well,
If Cow, or Calfe, Sheepe, or Oxe swell
That any Worme hath eaten, or hem stong,
Take Water of this Well, and wash his Tong,
And it is hole a-non : And, furthermore,
Of Pockes, and of Scabs, and every Sore
Shall Shepe be hole, that of this Well
Drinketh a Draught : Take keepe of that I tell !
If that the good Man, that Beasts oweth,
Woll every Day, ere the Cocke croweth,
Fasting, drink of this Well, a Draught,
(As thilk holy *Jew* our Elders taught)
His Beasts and his Store shall multiplie :
And Sirs, also it healeth Jealousie,
For, though a Man be fall in jealous rage,
Let make with this Water his Potage,

And

And never shall he more his Wife mistrift,
Though he, in sooth, the Defaut by her wist :
All had she taken Priests Two or Three !
Here is a Mittaine eke, that ye may see :
He that his Hand woll put in this Mittaine ;
He shall have multiplying of his Graine,
When he hath sowed, be it Wheat or Otes ;
So that he offer good Pens or Grotes !

And Men and Women, a Thing I warne you !
If any Wight been in this Church now,
That hath done Sinne horrible, that he
Dare not, for Shame, of it Shriven be ;
Or any Woman, be she yong or old,
That hath made her Husband a Cokewold,
Such Folke shall have no Power, ne no Grace
To offer to my Relickes in this Place.
And who so findeth him out of such Blame,
Commeth up and offer in Godes Name !
And I assoyle him by the Authoritie,
Such as by Bull was graunted unto me.

By this Gaude have I won every yere
An hundred Mark, sithen I was Pardonere.
I stond, like a Clerk, in my Pulpit
And, when the leud People been doune y set,

I preach so as ye have lered before,
And tell to them an hundred Yapes more.
Then paine I me to stretch forth my Necke
And, East and West, upon the People I becke,
As doth a Dove, sitting upon a Berne :
My Honds and my Tongue gone so yerne,
That it is Joy to see my Busines.
Of Avarice and of such Cursednesse
All my Preaching is, for to maken hem free
To yeven her Pens, and, namely, unto me.
For mine Entent is not but for to Winne,
And nothing for Correction of Sinne.
I recke never when that they bin buried,
Though her Soule gone a black-buried.
For, certes, many a Predication
Commeth oft time of Evill Entention :
---Some for Pleasance of Folke, and for Flaterie,
To been advanced by Hipocrisie :
And some for vain Glory, and some for Hate.
For when I dare not, other ways, debate,
Then woll I sting hem with my Tongue smert
In Preaching ; so that he shall not asfert
To ben defamed falsely, if that he
Hath trespassed to my Brethren, or to me.

For,

For, though I tell not his proper Name,
 Men shall well know that it is the same
 By Signes, or by other Circumstances.
 Thus quite I Folke, that doth us Displeasaunces:
 Thus put I out my Venum under Hew
 Of Holiness, to see Men holy and trew.
 But shortly mine Entent I woll devise,
 I preach of nothing but of Couetise.
 Therefore my Teme is yet, and ever was,
Radix omnium Malorum est Cupiditas.

Thus can I preach against the same Vice
 Which that I use, and that is Avarice.
 But, though my self be guilty in that Sinne,
 Yet can I maken other Folke to twinne
 From Avarice, and fowe hem to repent:
 But that is not my principal Entent ;
 I preach nothing but for Couetise.
 Of this Matere it ought ynough fuffise.

Then tell I hem Ensamples many a One
 Of old Stories done long time agone.
 For leaud People aye loven Tales old,
 Which things they can well report and hold.
 What, trowen ye whiles that I may preach,
 And win Gold and Silver for to tech,

That

That I woll live in Povert wilfully?
Nay, nay, I thought it never truly,
For I woll preach, and beg in sundry Londs;
I woll not doe no Labour with mine Honds;
Ne make Baskets and live thereby,
Because I woll not beg idelly.
I woll none of the Apostles counterfete:
I woll have Mony, Mault, Cheese, and Whete,
All were it yeven of the poorest Page,
Or of the poorest Widdow in a Village:
Though her Children should sterue for Famine.
Nay, I woll drinke the Licour of the Vine,
And have a jolly Wench in every Toun.
But hearkeneth Lordings my Conclusion!

Your liking is that I should tell a Tale,
Now I have drunken a Draught of corny Ale:
By God I hope I shall tell you a Thing,
That shall by reason been at your asking:
For, though my self be a full vicious Man,
A morall Tale yet I you tell can,
Which I am wont to preach, for to win.
Now hold your Peace, my Tale I woll begin.

John

John Lidgate,

Commonly call'd the Monk of *Bury*, because a Native of that Place, was a Disciple of *Chaucer's*. Many Authors are so profuse in his Praise as to rank him very little below his Master, and, often, quote them together; which rais'd my Curiosity so high, that I gave a considerable Price for his Works, and waded thro' a large Folio, hoping still to have my Expectation gratified. --- But I must, either, confess my own want of Penetration, or beg Leave to dissent from his Admirers. --- Modesty, indeed, he has to a very great Degree; ever disavowing all Pretence to Merit, speaking of *Chaucer* with a religious Reverence, and pleading the Command of Princes for following his Track. --- But, as to the Compliments that are made him, of deep Scholar, Logician, Philosopher, &c. let his own Words answer, in the Close of his *Fall of Princes*; which will, at once, illustrate my Idea both of the Poet, and the Man.

OUT of the *French* I drough it of Entent,
 Not Word by Word, but following in Substance,
 And, from *Paris*, to *England* it sent,
 Only of purpose you to do Pleasance.
 Have me excused! my Name is *John Lidgate*,
 Rude of Language, I was not born in *France*,
 Her curious Meters in *Englisch* to translate!
 Of other Tong I have no Suffisance.

Thomas

Thomas Occleve, or Okeleafe

Another Disciple in the same School, and an Officer in the Household of the Immortal *Henry* the Fifth, to whom he dedicated his Book *De Regimine Principis* ; a Work which I have never been able to attain a Sight of ; consequently can't presume to determine what is due to its Author. By some he is highly applauded, by others not so much as mention'd. --- To his Care and Affection is owing the Original of that Print, which is now so common of *Chaucer*, and certain tender and pathetick Lines to his Memory, are the only Instance in my Power to give of the Merit of his Muse.

BUT welaway ! is mine Heart wo,
That the Honour of *English* Tongue is dead ;
Of which I wont was Conncaille have and Reed !
O Master dere ! and Fadre reverent !
My Master *Chaucer* ! Floure of Eloquence !
Mirror of Fructuous Entendement !
O universal Fadre of Science !
Alas ! that thou thine excellent Prudence,
In thy Bed-mortal, mightest not bequeath.
O Death ! thou didst not Harm, singler, in slaughtering
Him,

But all the Land it smerteth ;
But natheless, yet hast thou no Power his Name to flee
But his Virtue asterteth
Unslain fro thee ; - - - - -

John

John Harding

A Gentleman of very good Family in *Yorkshire*, who liv'd in the Reign of *Edward* the Fourth. But, tho' it appears he had a Love for Poetry, he seems to have mistaken its very Essence; Chronicles in Verse, which were his Subject, are, in my Opinion, as little akin to Inspiration as mere Rhyme to Harmony; *Chaucer* was still remember'd, but his Art forgot, and *Robert* of *Glocester*'s rude Simplicity seem'd to reign in its stead.

This Gentleman was, however; greatly esteem'd by the King, and so thoroughly attach'd to his Service, that he undertook, at the manifest Hazard of his Life, to procure Copies from the *Scots* own Records, of all the Homages paid by their Kings to those of *England*, from the Reign of *Altheftan*, Grandson to *Alfred*; which, by his great Dexterity he accomplish'd, and deserves to be remember'd for with Honour. --- I wish I could say as much for his Verse. --- But, where I am silent, *Winstanly* and others, are Heralds at large. --- With what Propriety, let the Reader judge from their own Quotations.

On the magnificent Household of King Richard II.

TRULY I herd *Robert Ireleffee* say
Clark of the *Green-Cloth*, and that to the House-
hold

Came every Daye, forth most part alway,
Ten Thousand Folke, by his Messes told;
That followed the House aye as thei wold.

And

And in the Kechin, Three Hundred Seruitours,
And in eche Office many Occupiours.

And Ladies faire, with their Gentlewomen,
Chamberers also, and Launderers,
Three hundred of them were occupied then ;
There was great Pride emong the Officers ;
And of all Men far passing their Compeers,
Of rich Arraye, and much more Costous,
Then was before, or sith, and more precious, &c.

From *Gower* to *Barclay*, it must be observed that
Kings, and Princes were constantly the Patrons of
Poetry.

Alexander Barclay,

An Author of great Eminence, and Merit ; tho'
not so much as mention'd in any Undertaking of
this Nature before. He stiles himself Priest, and
Chaplain in the *College* of *St. Mary-Otory*, in the
County of *Devon*, and afterwards Monk of *Ely*. ---
His principal Work is a Translation of a Satirical
Piece, written originally in *Highb-Dutch*, and in-
titled, *The Ship of Fools* : It exposes the Cha-
racters, Vices, and Follies of all Degrees of Men ;
and, (tho' neither so Copious in the Fable, as
so pleasant a Title promises ; or so masterly in
Execution as the *Canterbury Tales*) has, yet, more
Merit than, I think, could be expected from
so barren, and unpolite an Age. --- In the Prologue
to this, he makes an Apology for his Youth ; and
D it

it appears, in the Conclusion, that the Whole was finish'd *Ann. Dom.* 1508. which was the last Year, or last but one of *Henry VII.* an Interval (if we may judge by the Length of the Performance) of some Years! --- The Reader will, no doubt, observe, by the Quotations, that he greatly improves the Language; there being no Comparrison between Him, and *Harding*; who wrote but very few Years before Him. And, in Elegancy of Manners, he seems to have the Advantage of all his Predecessors: as is particularly remarkable, in his Address to Sir *Gyles Alington*; his Patron. The Poet was now grown old, and the Knight desiring him to abridge, and improve *Gower's Confessio Amantis*, He declines it in the politest Manner, on the Account of his Age, Profession, and Infirmities; But, tho' Love is an improper Subject; says he, in other Words, I am still an Admirer of the Sex; and shall introduce, to the Honour of your Acquaintance, Four of the finest Ladies that Nature ever Fram'd, *Prudence, Temperance, Justice, and Magnanimity.* Some Parts of his Address are so exceeding courtly, that 'twou'd be inexcusable to omit them.

TO you these accorde, these unto you are due,
 Of you late proceeding as of their head-fountainne;
 Your life as example in writing I ensue,
 For, more then my writing within it can conteyne,
 Your maners perfourmeth and doth thereto attayne;
 So touching these vertues, ye haue in your liuing
 More then this my meter conteyneth in writing.

My

My duties indited may counsell many one,
But not you, your maners surmounteth my doctrine,
Wherefore, I regarde you, and your maners all one,
After whose liuing my proceſſe I combine :
So other men instructing, I muſt to you encline,
Conforming my proceſſe as muche as I am able,
To your ſad behauour and maners commendable.

But, through your hye courage belonging to a knight,
Muſe on greater matters then I intende to write :
Yet all thinges ended at morning or at night,
Reade this my rude meter at leaſure and reſpite.
The Eagle at all ſeaſons hath not her moſte delite
To flee to the cloudes, nor hyre in the ayre,
Sometime nere lowe fieldes her pleaſeth to repayre.

And oft hath ſhe pleaſure in flying nere the grounde :
So when greater cures will graunt to you reſpite,
And when your minde from them for ſeaſon is un-
bounde ;

Graunt then to our muſes ſome pleaſure and delite,
That gladly for to reade, which gladly I indite :
My ſpirit ſhall reioyce to hear that, in effect,
My workes ye ſhall reade, and them mende and correct.

For, though in rude meter my matter I compile;
Men shall count it ornate, when ye it list to reade,
Your tonge shall it polishe, garnishe, adorne, and file.

The Clamour to the Fooles.

TO Ship galantes! the sea is at the full,
The winde vs calleth, our sayles are displayde,
Where may we best ariue, at Lin, or els at Hull?
To vs may no hauen in Englande be denayde,
Why tary we? the ankers are up wayde,
If any Corde or Cable vs hurt, let, or hinder,
Let slip the ende, or els hewe it in funder!

Returne your fight, beholde vnto the shore,
There is great number that fayne would aborde,
They get no rouse, our ship can holde no more:
Haufe in the Cocke, geue them no other worde.
God gide vs from rockes, quicksande tempest and forde!
If any man of warre, wether or winde appeare,
My selfe shall trye the winde and kepe the Steare.

But

But I pray you, readers, have ye no disdayne,
Though *Barclay* have presumed of audacitie
This ship to rule as chiefe master and captayne,
Though some thinke them selues much worthier then
he :

It were great maruell forsoth fith he hath be
A scholer longe, and that in diuers scholes,
But he might be captayne of a ship of fooles.

But if that any one be in fuche maner case
That he will challenge the mastership fro me,
Yet in my ship can I not want a place,
For in euery place my selfe I ofte may see:
But this I leaue, beseeching eche degree
To pardon my youth and to bolde enterprife,
For harde is it duely to speake of euery vice.

For if I had tonges an hundred, and wit to felse
All thinges naturall and supernaturall,
A thousande mouthes and voyce as harde as stele,
And sene all the feuen Sciences liberall,
Yet could I neuer touche the vices all
And sin of the world, ne their braunches comprehend,
Not though I liued vnto the worldes ende.

But if these vices which mankinde doth incomber
 Were cleane expelled, and vertue in their place,
 I coulde not haue gathered of fooles so great a number,
 Whose folly from them out chafeth Gods grace :
 But euery man that knowes himselfe in that case,
 To this rude booke let him gladly intende,
 And learne the way his lewdnes to amende.

The Book - Worm.

I AM the first foole of all the whole nauie,
 To keepe the Pompe, the Helme and eke the
 Sayle :

For this is my minde, this one pleasure haue I,
 Of bookes to haue great plentie and apparayle.
 I take no wisedome by them, nor yet auayle,
 Nor them perceaue not, and then I them despise :
 Thus am I a foole, and all that sue that guise.

THAT in this Ship the chiefe place I gouerne,
 By this wide Sea with fooles wandring,
 The cause is plaine and easy to discerne,
 Still am I busy, bookes assembling,
 For to haue plentie it is a pleasaunt thing

In my conceyt, and to haue them ay in hande :
But what they meane do I not underftande.

But yet I haue them in great reuerence
And honoure, fauing them from filth and ordure,
By often brushing and much diligence,
Full goodly bounde in pleafaunt couerture,
Of Damas, Sattin, or els of Veluet pure :
I keepe them fure, fearing leaft they fhould be loft,
For in them is the cunning wherein I me boaft.

But if it fortune that any learned men
Within my houle fall to difputation,
I drawe the curtaynes to fhewe my bokes then,
That they of my cunning fhould make probation :
I kepe not to fall in alterication.
And while they commen, my bookes I turn and winde,
For all is in them, and nothing in my minde.

Why fhould I ftudie to hurt my wit therby,
Or trouble my minde with ftudie exceffiue.
Sithe many are which ftudie right bufely,
And yet thereby fhall they neuer thriue:
The fruite of wifdome can they not contriue,

And many to studie so much are enclinde,
That vtterly they fall out of their minde.

Eche is not lettred that now is made a lorde,
Nor eche a Clerke that hath a benefice :
They are not all lawyers that plees do recorde,
All that are promoted are not fully wise,
On suche chaunce nowe Fortune throwes heir dice,
That though one knowe but the yrishe game,
Yet would he haue a gentlemans name.

So, in like wise, I am in such case,
Though I nought can I woulde be called wise ;
Also I may set another in my place,
Which may for me my bookes exercise,
Or els I shall ensue the common guise,
And say *concedo* to euery argument,
Least by much speeche my latin should be spent.

I am like other Clerkes which so frowardly them gyde,
That after they are once come vnto promotion :
They geue them to pleasure, their study set aside,
Their auarice couering with fained deuotion.
Yet dayly they preache, and haue great derision
Against the rude lay men, and all for couetise,
Though their own conscience be blinded with that vice.

The Hypocrite.

HERE maketh mine authour a speciall mencion
Of ypocrites not perfect of beleue,
And suche as abuseth their religion,
But I shall not so sharply them repreue,
I am full lothe religious men to greue,
Or discontent, for, if I so do would,
A mighty volume could not their vices holde.

I leaue their pride, I leaue their couetise,
I will not touche their malice nor enuy ;
Nor them that *Venus* toyes exercise,
I will not blame nor touche openly ;
It were but folly fith is no remedy,
But if I should vpon me take the payne,
A newe labour I should begin agayne.

I them not touche that cunning men disdayne,
There were none ende in blaming all the fooles,
The maners rude, vngodly and vilayne,
And asses eares cloaked vnder coules,
Knowing nothing, contemning yet the scooles !
All these to touche and sundry vices mo,
It were to fore a charge and payne to do.

I will

I will not say that they vse any sinne,
Yet oft forsooth they follow not the way
Of the religion that they haue entred in,
Though they the name and habite not deny;
Yet of their life full harde it is to say,
But often at ende it proueth eident,
That vnder floures lurketh the serpent.

The wolfe or foxe is hid within the skin,
Of the simple sheepe poor and innocent,
Mekeness without, but pride is hid within,
The wordes faire, but false is their intent,
No fort by falshood or ways fraudulent,
May sooner deceyue good folke by any way,
Then the wicked sort of ypocrites may.

Hange vp the scapler, the ames-coule and frocke,
Or other habite of eche religion,
Upon a tree cleane dede or rotten stocke!
Such are those fooles that haue profession,
Leauing their right rule in eche condition;
They bere the habite, the vesture or the wede,
And eke the name without the thing in deede.

They

They outwarde in face present humilitie,
As if they were holy and perfect of living,
Yet would they not of men despised be :
They fayne them poore, yet will they lacke nothing,
Touching their habite, vesture or cloathing,
They will the same in costly maner dresse,
Without all care, thought, trouble or busynes,

They looke to be fed well and deliciously,
Without labour, therein is no delite ;
Some men they flatter, but other they enuy ;
And other some they cruelly backbite ;
Some men to malice by falshoode they excite :
As dogges they bite some in playne audience
For sinne, though they commit the same offence.

As foxes full of falshood and of gile,
By subtiltie they all their workes gide,
They boldly other for statelynes reuile,
Yet as proude Lions are they accloyed with pride ;
And, while that they in company abide,
They shewe them outwarde as Lambes innocent,
Like rauishing wolues yet are they of intent.

They

They will be Judges without authoritie,
And witnesse without knowledge or fight,
They will be doctours of passing grauitie,
Without proceſſe in ſtudy day and night :
And to be ſhort, by judgement vnright
They oft accuſe good men, them to oppreſſe,
Their ſelfe yet bare of vertue and goodnes.

Here purpoſe I no farther to procede,
Let euery man choſe for him ſelfe a place,
As he ſhall in this booke ouerſee or rede
For him moſte meete! man knoweth beſt his caſe!
And here ſhall I, by Gods helpe and grace,
Drawe all my nauy to hauens for to reſt,
For feare of winter ſtormes and tempeſt.

Wiſedome hath geuen me this commandment,
My wit is wery, my hande and heade alſo,
Wherefore I gladly with all my heart aſſent,
And leape aſhorre among the other mo.
But in my iournay if that I haue miſgo
By biting wordes or ſcarcenes of ſcience,
I yelde me vnto men of more prudence.

He

He likewise translated the Ecclogues of *Æneas-Sylvius*, afterwards Pope, by the Name of *Pius-Secundus*. When he dy'd is not known.

Robert Fabian,

Sheriff, and Alderman of *London*; He wrote in the Reigns of *Henry* the Seventh, and *Henry* the Eighth, two large Histories from the Landing of *Brutus*, to the Death of *Henry* the Seventh, these are in Prose, and he is to be admir'd for his Judgment that they are : Since there were so many bad Examples to mislead him. --- His Poetry consists in Prologues to the different Divisions of his Annals; and, here and there a Translation. Every Body will see that it does not deserve much Praise; but as 'tis very rare that Men of Business, unbend themselves with the Muses, I thought a Sample of his Vein, was both his Due, and wou'd be look'd upon at least as a Curiosity.

*Translated from the Latin of the unfortunate
Edward the Second.*

WHEN *Saturne*, with his cold, isye Face
The Ground with his Frostes turneth the
grene to white,
The Time Winter, which Trees doth deface,
And causeth all Verdure to avoyde quite;
Then *Fortune*, which sharpe was, with stormes not
alite
Hath me assaulted with her froward Wyll,
And me beclipped with Daungers ryght yll.

What

What Man in this World, is so wyse or fayre,
So prudent, so vertuous, or famous under th'ayre,
But that for a Foole, and for a Man dispyfed
Shal be take, whan Fortune is from him devided?

Alas ! now I crie, but no Man doth me moone !
For I sue to them, that pitie of me have none.
Many with great Honours I did whylome avance
That now with Dyshonoure doen me styng and launce.
And such as sometime did me greatly fere,
Me dispise, and let not with Slaunder me to dere.

O mercyfull *God*, what Love they did me shewe,
And with Detraction they do me hacke and hewe.
Alas! moste sinfull Wretche, why should I thus
complayne,
If *God* be pleased, that I should thus susteyne :
For the great Offence before by me doone ;
Wherefore to thee goode Lorde ! I wyll retourne este
soone,

And wholly committe me, thy great mercy untill,
And take in Patience, all that may be thy Wyll,
And all onely thee serue with all diligence.
Alas that before this Tyme, I had not that Sence!

But

But now good Lorde! which arte omnipotente!
Beholde the most wretched and greatly Penitente,
And of my Trespasse, Forgiveness thou me graunte:
And by that Sorrow, my Carkes is now daunte!

Graunt it may be to my Soule remedy,
That the sooner I may attayne it by.
For to the sweete *Jesu*, I yelde me fore weeping,
And aske of thee Pardon, for my greuous Synnyng.

An Apology for having prais'd the City of
London, in Verses, which he calls *Ryme-Doggerel*.

WHO so him lyketh these Versys to rede,
With Favour I pray he will them Spell;
Let not the Rudeness of theym hym lede
For to disprave thys Ryme-Doggerell:
Some Part of the Honour it doth you tell
Of this old Cytye *Troynovant*;
But not thereof the halfe dell;
Connyng in the Maker is so adaunt;
But, though he had the Eloquence
Of *Tully*, and the Moralytye
Of *Seneck*, and the Influence
Of the Swyte-fugred Armony,

Or

Or that fair Ladye *Caliope* ;
 Yet had he not connyng perfyght,
 This Citye to prayse in eche Degre,
 As that shuld duely aske by Ryght.

John Skelton,

The Restorer of Invention in *English* Poetry ! was born of an ancient Family in *Cumberland*, received his Education at *Oxford*, and, afterwards, entring into Holy Orders, was made Rector of *Dysse* in *Norfolk*, in the Reign of *Henry* the Eighth ; tho', in my Opinion, He appear'd first in that of *Henry* the Seventh, and may be said, to be the Growth of that Time. Some bitter Satires on the Clergy, and particularly, his keen Reflections on Cardinal *Wolsey*, drew on him so severe Prosecutions, that he was oblig'd to fly for Sanctuary to *Westminster*, under the Protection of *Issip* the Abbot ; where He dy'd in the Year 1529. It appears, by his Poem, intitl'd, *The Crown of Laurel*, that his Performances were very numerous, tho' so few of Them remain : In these is a very rich Vein of Wit, Humour, and Poetry, tho' much debas'd by the Rust of the Age He liv'd in. --- His Satirs are remarkably broad, open, and ill-bred ; the Verse cramp'd by a very short Measure, and incumber'd with such a Profusion of Rhimes, as makes the Poet almost as ridiculous, as Those he endeavours to expose. --- In his more serious Pieces, He is not guilty of this Absurdity ; and confines himself to a regular Stanza, according to the then reigning Mode. His *Bouge of Court*, is, in my Opinion, a Poem of great Merit : it abounds with Wit, and Imagination, and argues him well vers'd in Human Nature, and the Manners of that insinuating Place. The Allegorical Characters

Characters are finely describ'd, and as well sustain'd ;
The Fabrick of the Whole, I believe, entirely his
own, and, not improbably, may have the Honour to
be a Hint, even to the inimitable *Spencer* ; But, as
his Poems have been lately reprinted, I shall only an-
nex the Prologue, and submit this Conjecture to the
Correction of better Judges.

How, or by whose Interest He was made Lau-
reat, or whether 'twas a Title He assum'd himself,
I cannot learn. --- Neither is his Principal Patron any
where nam'd ; but, if his Poem of the *Crown of*
Lawrell, before mention'd, has any Covert-meaning,
He had the Honour to have the Ladies for his
Friends, and the Countess of *Surrey*, the Lady *Eliza-*
beth Howard, and many others united their Services
in his Favour.

The Prologue to the Bouge of Court.

I N *Autumpne*, whan the *sunne* in *vyrgyne*,
By *radyanthe* hete, enryped hath our corne,
Whan *Luna*, full of *mutabylyte*,
As *Emperes* the *dyademe* hath worne
Of our *pole artyke*, *smlyng* halfe in *scorne*
At our *folly*, and our *vnstedfastnesse*,
The tyme whan *Mars* to warre hym dyd dres,

I, *callynge* to mynde the great *auctoryte*
Of *poetes olde*, whiche full *craftely*,

E

Vnder

Vnder as couerte termes as coulde be,
Can touche a trouth, and cloke subtylly
With freshe vtteraunce; full sentencyoufly,
Dyuerse in style: some spared not vyce to wryte,
Some of mortalitie nobly dyd endyte.

Whereby I rede, theyr renome and theyr fame
Maye neuer dye, but euermore endure,
I was fore moued to a-forse the same:
But *ignoraunce* full soone dyde me dyscure,
And shewed that in this arte I was not sure:
For to illumine she sayd I was to dulle,
Aduysynge me my penne awaye to pulle,

And not to wryte: for he so wyll atteyne
Excedyng ferther than his connyng is,
His head maye be harde, but feble, his brayne;
Yet haue I knowen suche er this:
But of reproche surely he maye not mys,
That clymmeth hyer than he may fotinge haue!
What and he slyde downe, who shall hym faue?

Thus, vp and downe, my mynde was drawen and cast,
That I ne wyfte what to do was beste,

So fore enwored that I was, at the laste,
Enforced to slepe, and for to take some reſte,
And to lye downe as ſoone as I my dreſſe;
At *Harweyche-porte*, ſlumbrynge as I laye
In myne hoſtes houſe called, *Powers Keye*!

Me thought I ſawe a ſhyppes, goodly of ſayle,
Come ſaylyng forth into that haven brood,
Her takelyng ryche and of hye apparayle;
She kaſt an anker, and there ſhe laye at rode;
Marchauntes her borded to ſe what ſhe had;
Therein they founde Royall marchaundyſe,
Fraghted with pleaſure of what ye could deuife.

But than I thought I wolde not dwell behynde,
Amange all other I put my ſelfe in prece;
Than there could I none aquentaunce fynde;
There was moche noyſe: anone one cryed ceſe
Sharpely commaundyng eche man holde his pecel
Mayſters he ſayd, the ſhyp that ye here ſe
The *bowge of courte* it hyghte for certeynte.

The owner thereof is lady of eſtate,
Whoos name to tell is dame *ſaunce-pere*;

Her marchaundyse is ryche and fortunate;
 But who will haue it muste paye therfore dere:
 This royall chaffre that is shypped here
 Is called *fauoure* to stonde in her good grace;
 Than should ye se there pressyng in a pace

Of one and other, that wolde this lady se;
 Which sat behynde a tranes of sylke fyne
 Of golde of tessew, the fynest that myght be,
 In a trone whiche ferre clerer dyd shyne
 Than *Phebus* in his spere celestyne;
 Whoos beautie, honoure, goodly porte
 I haue to lytell connyng to reporte.

But, of eche thyng there are as I toke hede,
 Among all other was wryten in her trone
 In golde leters, this worde whiche I dyd rede.
Garde le fortune que est maulez et bone!
 And, as I stode redyng this verse my selfe alone,
 Her chyef gentylwoman, *daunger* by her name,
 Gaue me a-taunte and sayd I was to blame

To be so perte to prese so proudely uppe:
 She sayd; she trowed that I had eaten fause

She

She asked yf euer I dranke of fauces cuppe?
And I than softly answered to that clause
That so to saye, I had gyuen her no cause.
Than asked she me Syr so God the spede
What is thy name? and I sayd it was *Drede*.

What moued the quod, she, hydder to come?
Forsoth quod I to bye some of your ware!
And with that worde on me she gaue a glome
With browes bente, and gan on me to stare
Full daynously, and fro me she dyd fare
Leuyng me stondynge as a mased man.
To whome there came an other gentilwoman,

Desire her name was, and so she me tolde
Sayenge to me. Brother be of good chere!
Abashe you not but hardely be bolde!
Auaunce your selfe to aproche and come nere!
What though our chaffer be neuer so dere,
Yet I auyse you to speke for ony drede?
Who spareth to speke, in faith he spareth to sped!

Maistres quod I, I haue none aquentaunce
That wyll for me be medyatoure, and mene;

But this another I haue but smale substaunce.
 Peace quod *Desyre*, ye speke not worth a bene!
 Yf ye haue not in fayth I will you lene
 A precious Jewell, no rycher in this londe!
Bon auenture haue here nowe in your honde.

Shyfte now therwith let fe as ye can,
 In *Bowge of courte* cheuyfaunce to make!
 For I dare saye that there nys erthly man
 But and he can *bone auenture* take:
 There can no favoure nor frendshyp him forsake;
Bone auenture may brynge you in fuche case,
 That ye shall stonde in fauoure and in grace.

But of one thyng I warne you er I goo
 She that *styreth the shyp* make her your frende!
 Maystres quod I, I praye you tel me why so?
 And how I may that waye and meanes fynde?
 Forsoth quod she how euer blowe the wynde,
Fortune gydeth and ruleth all our shyppe;
 Whom she hateth shall ouer the shyp-borde skyp.

Whome she loueth of all pleasure is riche,
 Whyles she laugheth and hath luste for to playe,

Whome

Whome she hateth she casteth in the dyche ;
 For whan she frouneth she thinketh to make a fray :
 She cheryshed hym, and hym she chasseth away.
 Alas quod I how myght I haue her sure ?
 In fayth quod she by *bone auenture* !

Thus, in a row of marchauntes, a grete route
 Sued to *fortune* that she wolde be theyr frynde :
 They thronge in faste and flocked her aboute,
 And I with them prayed her to haue in mynde.
 She promysed to vs all she wolde be kynde :
 Of *Bowge of court* she asketh what we wold haue ?
 And we asked *fauoure*, and fauoure she vs gaue.

Henry Howard Earl of Surrey,

Not more remarkable for his illustrious Birth, than his fine Accomplishments : Being acknowledg'd by all, the gallantest Man, the politest Lover, and most perfect Gentleman of his Times. ---- He was eldest Son of *Thomas Duke of Norfolk*, descended from the Heroick King *Edward the First*, received his Education at *Windsor*, with a natural Son of *Henry the Eighth's*, and became first eminent for his Devotion, to the beautiful *Geraldine*, Maid of Honour to Queen *Catherine* : 'Twas she first inspir'd Him with Poetry, and that Poetry has made her Immortal. ---- The young Lord was even so transported with his Passion, that he made a Tour to the most elegant Courts in

Europe, to maintain her Beauty Peerless, against all Opposers; and, every where, made good his Challenge with Honour.

History is silent, why all these extraordinary Gallantries did not end in a Wedding; but we find him afterwards marry'd to *Frances*, Daughter to *John* Earl of *Oxford*; by whom he left several Children.

The rest of his Life was spent in Arms for the Service of his Country, acquiring, by his Bravery, the highest Reputation at the Battle of *Flodden-Field*; where *James* the Fourth of *Scotland* was slain.

At last, being suspected, by the King, of a Design to wed the Princess *Mary* (his former Lady being dead) and thereby advance Himself to a Possibility of wearing the Crown, he fell into Disgrace; The adding some Part of the Royal Arms to his own, was made a Pretence to impeach him of High-Treason, and, tho' justified by the *Heralds*, he was condemn'd, by the Suffrage of a Jury of *Commoners*, to lose his Head: Which was accordingly executed, all his Merits, and Services forgot! on *January* 19, 1547. He was the first of the *English* Noblemen, who distinguish'd himself by a Fellowship with the Muses; but, in Purity of Language, and Sweetness of Sound, far surpass'd his Contemporaries, and all that had preceded him.--Nay, I believe no Writer that followed him for many Years, can justly vie with him in either of these Beauties. --- In a Word, he broke thro' the Fashion of Stanzas, and wrote so much in the Manner of the present Times, that many of his Lines would do Honour to the most Elegant of the Moderns. *Sir Thomas Wyat*, *Churchyard*, *Sir Philip Sydney*, *Draiton*, *Dryden*, *Mr. Pope*, *Fenton*, and many other Authors have given their Testimony of his Merits; but, beyond all Authorities, his own Works.

Descrip-

Description and Praise of his Love Geraldine.

FROM Tuscane came my Ladies worthy Race,
Faire Florence was sometyme her auncient Seate;
The Western Yle whose pleasant Shore doth face
Wild Cambers Clifs, did geve her lyuely heate:
Fostered she was, with milke of Irishe brest:
Her Sire, an Erle, her Dame, of Princes blood;
From Tender yeres, in Britaine she doth rest,
With Kinges Childe, where she tasteth Costly foode.
Hondson did first present her to myne yien:
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight,
Hampton me taught, to wishe her first for mine,
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her Sight.
Her Beauty of Kinde, her Vertue from above,
Happy is he, that can Obtain her Love.

*Description of Spring, wherein eche thing renewes,
save only the Lover.*

THE soote season that bud, and bloome fourth
bringes,
With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale,
The Nightingall with fethers new she singes;

The

The turtle to her mate hath told her tale :
 Somer is come, for every spray now springes ;
 The hart hath hung hys olde head on the pale,
 The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges ;
 The fishes flete with new repayred scale :
 The adder all her slough away she flynges ;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smalle,
 The busy bee her honey how she mynges ;
 Winter is worne that was the floures ball.
 And thus I see among these pleasant thynges
 Eche care decayes, and yet my sorrow sprynges.

Description of the restless estate of a Lover.

WHEN youth had led me halfe the race,
 That Cupides scourge had made me runne ;
 I looked back to meet the place,
 From whence my weary course begunne :
 And then I saw howe my desyre,
 Misguiding me, had led the waye,
 Myne eyne to greedy of theyre hyre,
 Had made me lose a better prey.
 For when in fighes I spent the day,
 And could not cloake my Grief with gayne ;
 The boyling smoke dyd still bewray,
 The present heate of secret flame :
 And when salt teares do bayne my breast, Where

Where love his pleasant traynes hath sowne,
Her beauty hath the fruytes opprest,
Ere that the buddes were spronge and blowne.
And when myne eyen dyd still pursue,
The flying chafe of theyr request;
Theyre greedy looks dyd oft renew,
The hydden wounde within my breste.
When every loke these cheekes might stayne,
From dedly pale to glowing red;
By outward signes appeared playne,
To her for helpe my hart was fled.
But, all to late, Love learneth me,
To paynt all kynd of Colours new;
To blynd theyre eyes that else should see
My speckled chekes with cupids hew.
And now the covert brest I clame,
That worshi't Cupide secretly;
And nourished hys sacred flame,
From whence no blairing sparkes do flye.

The frailtye and hurtfulnes of Beautie.

BRittle Beautie that nature made so fraile,
Whereof the gifte is small, and short the Season;
Flowring to day, to morowe apt to faile,

Tickled

Tickled treasure, abhorred of reason:
 Dangerous to deale with, vaine of none availe,
 Costly in keeping, past not worthe two peason;
 Slipper in sliding, as is an Eles Taile;
 Harde to attain, once gotten not geason.
 Jewell of Jeopardie, that peril doth assaille,
 False and vntrewe, enticed oft to Treason;
 Enemy to youth, that most may I bewaile;
 Ah bitter Swete! infecting as the poyson,
 Thou farest as frute, that with the frost is taken,
 To day redy ripe, to morow al to shaken.

A Vowe to love faithfully Howsoever he be rewarded.

SET me whereas the Sonne doth parch the grene,
 Or where his beames do not dyssolve the Yfe,
 In temperate heat, where he is felt, and sene,
 In presence prest of people, madde, or Wise;
 Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree,
 In Longest night, or in the shortest day;
 In clearest Skye, or where cloudes thickest be,
 In lusty Youth or when my heares are graye:
 Set me in Heaven, in Earth, or else in Hell,
 In Hyll, or dale, or in the foaming flood;

Thrall,

Thrall, or at large, alyve where so I dwell,
Sicke, or in helthe, in evyll fame or good ;
Hers will I be, and only with this thought,
Content my fel, although my chaunce be nought.

*Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his pleasure
there passed.*

SO cruell prifon howe could betyde, alas !
As proude Windsor : Where I in Lust and Joy,
Wythe a Kynges Sonne, my chyldyſh yeres dyd paſſe,
In greater feaſt, than Priams Sonnes of Troye :
Where eche ſwete place returnes a taſtfull ſower :
The large grene where we were wont to rove,
Wyth Eyes caſt up into the Maydens tower,
And eaſy ſighes, ſuch as folkes draw in Love :
The ſtately ſeates, the Ladies brighte of hewe ;
The Daunces ſhort, long tales of greate delight
Wyth woordes and lookes, that Tygers could butrewe,
Where eche of us dyd pleade the others ryghte.
The palme play, where deſpoyled for the game,
With dared Eyes oft we by gleames of Love,
Have myſt the Ball, and got ſighte of our Dame
To bayte her Eyes, whyche kept the leads above:
The gravel ground, wythe ſleves tyde on the helme

On

On fomyng horse, with swordes and friendly hartes;
Wythe chere as though one shoulde another whelme;
Where we have fought, and chased oft wyth dartes.
With Silver droppes the meade yet sprede for ruthe,
In actives games of Nimbleness and Strength,
Where wedid strayne trayned wyth swarmes of youthe
Our tender limmes, that yet shot up in lengthe.
The secrete groves which oft we made resounde,
Of pleasant playnte, and of our Ladies prayse,
Recordyng of what grace eche one had founde,
What hope of speede, what dreade of long delayes.
The wylde forreste, the clothed holes with grene,
With raynes-availed and swiftly breathed horse;
Wyth cry of Houndes andy merry blaftes betwene,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The wyde vales eke, that harborde us eche nyghte,
Wherewyth, (alas) reviveth in my breste;
The swete accorde, such slepes as yet delyght,
The pleasant dreames the quyet bed of rest:
The secret thoughtes imparted with such trust,
The wanton talke, the dyvers chaunge of playe;
The Friendship sworne, eche promise kept to fast,
Wherewith we past the Winter nyght away.
And wyth thys thoughte, the bloud forsakes the face,

The tears berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
The whyche as soone as sobbyng fighes, (alas!)
Upsupped have, thus, I my playnt renew:
O place of blisse! renewer of my Woes!
Give me accompt where is my noble fere,
Whom in thy walles thou doest eche nyghte enclose,
To other luse, but unto me most clere:
Eccho (alas!) that doth my sorrow rewe,
Returns thereto a hollowe sounde of playnt;
Thus I alone, where all my freedome grewe,
In pryson pyne, wythe bondage and restraynt:
And with remembrance of the greater grieve,
To banishe the lesse I fynd my chief reliefe.

*Complaint of the absence of her Lover being upon
the Seas.*

O Happy Dames that may Embrace,
The fruite of your delyghte;
Helpe to bewayle the woefull case,
And eke the heavy plyghte
Of me that wanted to reioyce,
The fortune of my pleasant choice:
Good Ladyes helpe to fyll my mourning voice.
In Shippe freighte wythe remembraunce
Of thoughtes and pleasures past,

He

He sayles that hath in governaunce,
My Life while it will last,
With scalding fyghes for lacke of Gale,
Furdering hys hope that is his sayle,
Toward me, the swete port of hys awayle.
Alas ! how oft in Dreams I see
Those Eyes that were my foode,
Whych sometyme so delyted me
That yet they do me goode ?
Wherewith I wake wythe his returne,
Whose absent flame dyd make me burn,
But when Ifyndethelacke, Lord, how I mourne!
When other Lovers in armes acrosse,
Reioyce their encchyfe delyght ;
Drowned in teares to mourne my Losse
I stand the bytter Nyghte
In my Window, where I may see
Before the wyndes how the Cloudes flee
Lo ! what a Mariner Love hath made me.
And in grene waves when the salt floode
Doth ryse by rage of wynde,
A thousand fanfies in that mood
Affayle my restlesse Mynde :

Alas !

Alas! how drencheth my sweet so,
That wyth the spoyle of my hart did go,
And left me? But alas! why did he so?
And, when the seas were calme agayne,
To chace from me annoye,
My doubtful hope doth cause my playne;
So drede cuts of my Ioye.
Thus is my wealth myngled with woe,
And of eche thought a doubt doth growe
Now he comes! will he come? alas! no!

*A praise of his Love, wherein he reproveth them that
compare their Ladies with his.*

GIVE place ye Lovers here before,
That spent your boastes and bragges in vain!
My Ladies beuty passeth more,
The best of yours I dare well fayne,
Then doth the funne the Caundle-lyght,
Or bryghtest Day the darkeſt Nyght:
And thereto hath a troth as juſt,
As had *Penelope* the fayre;
For what ſhe fayeth ye may it truſt,
As it by wrytyng ſealed were:

F

And

And virtues hath she many moe,
Than I wyth Pen have skill to shoue.
I could reherse, if that I would,
The whole effecte of Natures playnt,
When she had lost the perfect moulde,
The lyke to whome she could not paynte,
With, wringeing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.
I knowe she swore with rageing Mynde,
Her Kyngdome only set aparte,
There was no losse by Law of kynde,
That could have gone so nere her hearte ;
And this was chiefly all her payne,
She could not make the lyke agayne.
Syth Nature thus gave her the prayse,
To be the chiefest worke she wroughte ;
In fayth me thynke some better wayes,
On your behalfe myghte well be foughte.
Then to compare (as you have done)
To matche the candle with the funne.

The meanes to attayne happy lyfe.

M*Artiall*, the thinges that doe attayne
The happy lyfe, be these I fynde ;
The riches left, not got with payne,
The fruitfull ground, the quiet mynde,
The egall frend, no grudge, no strife,
No charge of rule nor governaunce ;
Without disease the healthful lyfe,
The household of continuance ;
The meane dyet, no delicate fare,
True wisdom joynde with simplenesse ;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the witte may not oppresse.
The faithfull wyfe without debate,
Such slepe as may beguile the night,
Contented with thine owne estate,
Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

*How no age is content with his owne estate, and how
the age of Children is the happiest if they had skill
to understand it.*

LAyd in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head, a heap of
thoughts appear,

And every thought did shew so lively in myne eyes,
That, now I fight, and then I smilde, as cause of
thoughtes did ryse.

I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wishe of God, to scape the rod, a tall young man
to be,

The young man eke, that feles his bones with paines
opprest,

How he would be a riche, old man, to live and lye at rest:
The riche, olde man that sees his end draw on so fore,
How he would be a boy againe to live so much the more.
Whereat full oft I smylde, to see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and
change degree.

And musing thus, I think, the case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in wo, doth ever seke
to change,

Thus, thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my withered skyn,
How it doth shew my dented Jawes, the flesh was
worn so thin,

And eke my totheless chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuttes, as I do speak, do thus unto me
say ;

The

The white and horish heres, the messengers of age,
That shew like lines of true belief, that this life doth
affuage,

Biddes thee lay hand, and feel them hanging on thy chin,
The which doth write to Ages past, the third now
coming in,

Hang up therefore the bitte, of thy yong wanton tyme,
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life desyne:
Wherat I sighed, and sayde, farewell my wonted toye,
Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from me to every
little boy,

And tell them thus from me, their time most happy is,
If to theyr time they reason had, to know the truth
of this.

Sir Thomas Wyat,

Commonly call'd the *Elder*, to distinguish him from another Knight of the same Name, was a Gentleman of an ancient Family, settled at *Allington-Castle* in *Kent*, and Contemporary with the Earl of *Surrey*, who held him in great Esteem. --- His Integrity, and many other valuable Talents recommended Him to the Favour of the King, and, tho' an Enemy to a State-Life, as appears by his Writings, He was, at last, prevail'd on to undertake an Embassy to the Emperor *Charles the Fifth*; but dy'd of the Plague, by the Way, greatly lamented by all Lovers of Learning, and Politeness. In his Poet-

tical Capacity, he does not appear to have much Imagination; neither are his Verses so musical or well polish'd as Lord *Surrey's*. Those of Gallantry, in particular, seem to me too artificial for a Lover, and too negligent for a Poet; for which Reason I have quoted but very few of them. His Letters to *John Poynes*, and *Sir Francis Bryan* deserve more Notice; They argue him a Man of great Sense, and Honour, a critical Observer of Manners, and very well qualified for an elegant, and genteel Satirist.

The Lover complaineth the unkindness of his love.

MY Lute, awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waſt,
And ende that I have now begunne;
And when this ſong is ſong and paſt,
My Lute, be ſtyll, for I have done!

As to be heard where eare is none,
As leade to grave in Marble ſtone,
My ſong may pearce her hart as ſoon!
Should we then ſigh, or ſing, or mone?
No, no, my lute, for I have done!

The Rocks do not ſo cruelly
Repuſe the waves continually,
As ſhe my ſuite and Affection:
So that I am paſt remedy,
Whereby my Lute and I have done.

Proude of the spoyle that thou hast gotte,
Of simple hearts through loves shot,
By whome unkind thou hast them wonne,
Think not he hath his Bow forgott,
Although my lute and I have done!

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine
That makest but Game of Earnest payne,
Think not alone under the Sunn,
Unquit the cause thy lovers playne,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lye withred and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Playning in vaine unto the Moon:
Thy wishes then dare not be told!
Care then who list for I have done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent
The time, that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers fighe and swone:
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waft,

And ended is that we begonne,
 Now is this song both sung and past.
 My lute, be still, for I have done.

The Courtiers Life,

IN Court to serve decked with freshe araye,
 Of sugared Meates feling the swete repast,
 The Life in Bankets and sundry kyndes of playe,
 Amid the presse the worldly lookes to waste,
 Hath with it joyned oft such bitter taste,
 That who so joyes such kinde of life to holde,
 In prison joyes, fettred with chaines of Golde.

Of the Courtiers life, written to John Poynes.

MYne own *John Poynes*, fins ye delight to know
 The causes why that homeward I me draw,
 And flee the prease of Courtes, wherefo they goe,
 Rather then to live thrall under the awe
 Of Lordly lookes, wrapped within my Cloke,
 To will and lust learning to set a Law;
 It is not, that because I storne or mocke
 The power of them whom fortune here hath lent
 Charge over us, of right to strike the Stroke;
 But true it is, that I have always ment

Less to esteeme them, then the common sort,
Of Outward things that Judge in their entent,
Without regarde, what inward doth resort :
I graunt, some time of Glory that the fyre,
Doth touch my heart, me list not to report :
Blame by honour and honour to desyre.
But how may I this honour now attaine,
That cannot dye the colour blacke a lyer ?
My *Poynes*, I cannot frame my tune to fayn.
To cloke the truth, for praise, without desert,
Of them that list all vice for to retayne :
I cannot honour them that set theyr part
With *Venus* and *Bacchus* all their life long ;
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.
I cannot crouche nor knele to such a wronge,
To worship them like God on Earth alone,
That are as Wolves these sely Lambes among ;
I cannot with my Woordes complayne and mone,
And suffer nought ; nor smart without complaint,
Nor turne the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot speake and looke like a Saint,
Use wyles for wit, and make desceit a pleasure,
Call craft Counsaile, for lucre still to paynt :
I can not wrest the Law to fyll the Coffre

74 *The Muses Library.*

With innocent blood to feed my self fatte,
 And do most hurt where that most helpe I offer.
 I am not he that can allow the State,
 Of hye *Caeser*, and damne *Cato* to dye,
 That with his death did scape out of the gate,
 From *Caeser's* hands, if *Livy* doth not lye;
 And would not live where Liberty was lost,
 So did his heart the Common wealth apply.
 I am not he, such eloquence to boast,
 To make the crow in singing, as the Swanne;
 Nor call the Lyon of Coward beasts the most,
 That cannot take a Mouse, as the Cat can,
 And he that dyeth for hunger of the Golde,
 Call him *Alexander*, and say that *Pan*
 Passeth *Apollo* in Musike many folde,
 Praise Syr *Topas* for a noble tale,
 And scorne the Story that the Knight tolde.
 Praise him for Counsell that is dronke of Ale,
 Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the Sway,
 Frowne when he frownes, and grone when he is pale;
 On others lust, to hang both night and day,
 None of these Paines would ever frame in me,
 My wit is nought, I can not learn the way.
 And much the les of things that greater be,

That

That asken helpe of colours to devise,
To joyne the meane with eche extremitie,
With nereft vertue ay to cloke the vyce;
And as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
To presse the vertue that it may not ryse;
As Dronkenness good felowship to call,
The frendly foe with his faire double face,
Say he is Gentle, and Curties therewithall;
Affirme that Favill hath a goodly grace.
In eloquence; and cruelty to name,
Zeale of Justice; and change in time and place:
And he that suffereth offence without blame,
Call him pitiefull, and him true and playne,
That rayleth rechless unto eche mans shame,
Say he is rude, that cannot lye and fayne;
The lecher a lover, and tyranny
To be right of a princes raigne.
I cannot I, no no, it will not be.
This is the cause that I could never yet,
Hang on their Sleves the weigh (as thow maist see)
A chippe of chaunce, more then a pound of Wit:
This makes me at home to hunt and hawke,
And in foul weather at my book to sit,
In frost and Snow, then with my bowe stalke,

No man doth marke wherefo I ryde or goe,
In lusty leas at libertie I walke ;
And of these Newes I fele no weale no woe,
Save that a clogge doth hang yett at my hele,
No force for that, for that is Ordred so,
That I may leape both hedge and dyke full wele.
I am not now in *France* to judge the wyne,
With favery Sauce those delicates to feele,
Nor yet in *Spayne*, where one must him incline,
Rather then to be, Outwardly to seme,
I meddle not with wittes that be so fyne,
Nor *Flanders*-chere lettes to my Sight to deme,
Of black and white, nor takes my wittes away,
With Beastlines, such doe those beastes esteeme !
Nor I am not, where truth is geven in pay
For Money, pryson and treason; of some
A common practice used night and daye :
But I am here in *Kent* and Christendome,
Among the Muses, where I reade and ryme,
Where if thou list, mine own *John Poynes* to come,
Thou shalt be judge, how I do spende my tyme.

How

*How to use the Court and himself therein, written to
Sir Fraunces Bryan.*

A Spending hand that alway powreth out,
Had nede to have a bringer in as fast,
And on the stone that still doth turn about,
There groweth no Mosse: These proverbes yet doe last,
Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
That length of yeres their force can never waste,
When I remember this and eke the case
Wherein thou standst, I thought forthwith to write
(*Bryan*) to thee, who knowes how great a grace,
In writing is to counsayle Man the right,
To thee therefore that trottes styll up and downe,
And never rests, but running day and Night,
From Realme to Realme, from Citie, strete, and
Towne;

Why doest thou weare thy Body to the bones,
And mightest at home slepe in thy bedde of downe,
And drink good Ale so nappy for the nones,
Fede thy self fatte and heape up pounce by pound?
Lykest thou not this? No! why? for swine so groines
In sty, and chaw dung moulded on the ground,
And drivel on pearles, with head still in the Manger,
So

So of the harpe the Assē doth heare the sound,
So sackes of durt be filde. The neat Courtier
So serves for lesse, then do these fatted swine,
Though I seme leane and drye without a Moister,
Yet will I serve my prince, my Lord and thyne,
And let them live to fede the paunch that list,
So may I live to fede both me and myne.
By God well sayd! But what and if thou wist
How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spende,
That would I learne, and it shall not be mist
To tell the how. Now harke what I intende!
Thou knowest well first, who so can seke to please,
Shal purchase frendes, where trouth shall but offende.
Flee therefore truth! it is both welth and ease!
For, though that trouth of every man hath praise,
Full near that wynde goth trouth in great misease:
Use vertue, as it goeth now a dayes,
In woord alone to make thy language swete;
And of the dede, yet do not as thou sayes!
Els be thou sure, thou shalt be farre unmete,
To geat thy bread, eche thing is now so skant!
Seke still thy profit upon thy bare fete!
Lend in no wise, for fear that thou do want;
Unlesse it be, as to a Calfe a chese,

But

But if thou can be sure to win a cent
Or half at least, it is not good to leese.
Learn of the Ladde, that in long white cote,
From under the stall, withouten landes or fee,
Hath lepte into the shoppe, who knowes by rote,
This rule that I have tolde thee here before!
Sometime allso riche Age begynnes to dote,
Se thou when there thy gayne may be the more,
Stay him by the Arme where so he walk or goe,
Be nere alway, and if he cough to fore,
What he hath spyt treade out, and please him so!
A diligent knave, that pykes his Maisters purse,
May please him so, that he withouten mo,
Executor is, and what is he the worse?
But if so chance, thou get nought of the Man,
The Widow may for all thy payne disburse;
A riveled skinne, a stinking breath, what than?
A toothlesse Mouth shall do thy Lippes no harme;
The Gold is good, and though she curse or banne,
Yet where thee list, thou mayst lye good and warme;
Let the old Mule byte upon the brydle,
Whilst there do lye a sweter in thine Arme!
In this also see that thou be not ydle,
Thy Nece, thy Cofin, sister or thy Daughter

If

If she be fayre, if hanfome be her middle,
If thy better hath her love befought her,
Avaunce his cause and he shall helpe thy nede,
It is but love, turne thou it to a laughter.
But ware I say, so Gold the helpe and spede,
That in this case thou be not so unwyse,
As *pander* was in such a lyke dede !
For he the foole of Conscience was so nyce,
That he no gayne would have for all his payne.
Be next thy selfe, for Friendship bears no pryce.
Laughst thou at me? why? do I speak in vayne?
No not at thee, but at thy thryfty jest.
Wouldest thou, I shoulde for any losse or gayne
Change that for golde that I have tane for best?
Next godly thinges, to have an honest name,
Should I leave that? then take me for a beast!
Nay then farewell, and if thou care for shame
Content the with honest povertie,
With free tong, what the mislykes, to blame,
And for thy trouth some time Adversitie:
And therewithall this gyft I shall thee give,
In this world now little prosperitie,
And quoyne to kepe, as water in a sive !

As it is not only the Intention of this Work to do Justice to Names and Characters, but collect, and preserve such scatter'd Poems as have been, in a Manner, lost to the Publick, I have thought it not improper to insert the following Miscellaneous Pieces; the Authors of which are unknown, but suppos'd Contemporary with Lord Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt.

They of the meane Estate are happiest.

IF right be ract and overronne,
And power take part with open wronge,
If feare by force do yelde too sone,
The lacke is like to last too long.

If God for goodes shal be unplaced,
If right for riches loses hys shape,
If World for Wisedome be embraced,
The gesse is great much hurt may hap.

Among good things I prove and finde,
The quiet lyfe doth most abound,
And sure, to the contented mynde,
There is no riches may be founde.

For riches hates to be content,
Rule is enemy to quietnesse,
Power is most part impacient,
And seldome lykes to live in peace.

I heard a heardman once compare,
 That quiet nights he had mo slept
 And had mo mery dayes to spare,
 Then he which ought the beast, he kept.

I would not have it thought hereby,
 The Dolphin Swimme I mean to teach,
 Nor yet to learne the Fawlcon flye
 I rowe not so farre past my reache.

But as my part above the rest,
 Is well to wish and well to will,
 So tyll my breath shall fayle my brest,
 I will not cease to wish you still.

*Upon consideration of the State of this Life he wisheth
 Death.*

THE longer Life the more Offence,
 The more Offence the greater paine,
 The greater paine the lesse defence,
 The lesse defence the lesser gaine;
 The los of gaine long yll doth trye,
 Wherefore come death and let me dye!

The shorter Life, lesse count I finde,
 The les account the sooner made,
 The account soon made, the merier mind,

The merier mynd doth thought evade ;
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
Wherefore come death and let me dye !

Com gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of Care, the floode of Life,
The floode of life, the joyfull fare,
The joyful fare, the end of Strife,
The end of Strife, that thing wish I.
Wherefore come death and let me dye !

Of a New Married Student that plaied fast and lose.

A Student, at his boke so placed,
That welth he might have wonne ;
From boke to wife did flete in hast,
From welth to wo to runne.
Now who hath plaied a feater cast
Since jugling first begonne ?
In knitting of himselfe so fast,
Himselfe he hath undoone.

A praise of his ladie.

GEVE place, you Ladies, and be gone,
Boast not your selves at all !

For, here at hande, approacheth one,
Whose face will stayne you all.

The vertue of her lively lookes
Excels the precious stone,
I wishe to have none other bookes
To reade or look upon.

In eche of her two christall eyes,
Smyleth a naked boy ;
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lampe of joye.

I think nature hath lost the moulde,
Where she her shape did take ;
Or else I doubt if nature coulde
So fayre a creature make.

She may be well comparde
Unto the *Phenix* kinde,
Whose like was never seene nor heard,
That any man can fynde.

In lyfe she is *Diana* chaste
In trouth *Penelopy*,
In Woord and eke in dede stedfast ;
What will you more we say ?

If all the world were sought so farre,
Who could finde suche a wight,

Her

Her beauty twinkleth lyke a starre
Within the frosty night.

Her roseall colour comes and goes,
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too, then doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At *Bacchus* feast none shall her mete,
Ne at no wanton playe,
Nor gasing in an open strete,
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest myrth that she doth use,
Is mixt with shamefastnesse,
All vyce she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth ydleneffe.

O lord, it is a world to see,
How Vertue can repayre,
And decke in her such honestie,
Whome nature made so fayre.

Truely she doth as farre excede,
Our Women now adayes,
As doth the Jelifloure, a wede,
And more a thousand wayes.

How might I doe to get a grasse
Of this unspotted tree :

For all the rest are playne but chaffe
Which seeme good corne to bee.

This gyft alone I shall her geue,
When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live,
Within the mouth of man.

Andrew Bourd

Was born in *London*, and Educated at *Oxford* ; by Profession a Physician, and in that Capacity had the Honour to serve King *Henry* the Eighth ; But, falling into ill Circumstances, whether thro' Idleness, Extravagance, or Misfortune, is not known. He dy'd in the *Fleet-Prison*, Anno Dom. 1549.

He publish'd several Pieces ; one of which is call'd, *A Breviary of Health* ; and another, in Prose and Verse, *The Introduction to Knowledge*, Languages, Fashions, and Geniuses of all Countries, Dedicated to Princess *Mary*, afterwards Queen. --- He had a tolerable share of Reputation, as a Writer ; and seems to be turn'd particularly for Satire. --- For the Characteristick of an *Englishman*, under the Picture of a naked Man, (with a pair of Sheers in one Hand, and a Roll of Cloth in the other) He inserted the following Lines, which may serve as a Specimen of his Muse.

I AM an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my minde, what garment I shall weare,
For now I will weare this, and now I will weare that,
Now I will weare I cannot tell what :

All

All new fashions be pleasant to mee,
I will have them whether I thrive or thee :
Now I am a frisker, all men on me looke,
What should I do but set cocke on the hoope?
What do I care, if all the world me faile,
I will have a garment reach to my taile ;
Then am I a minion, for I wear the new guise,
The next yeare after I hope to be wise :
Not only in wearing my gorgeous aray,
For I will go to learning a whole Summers day ;
I will learne Latine, Hebrew, Greeke, and French,
And I will learne Dutch sitting on my bench.
I do feare no man, each men feareth me,
I overcome my adverstaries by land and by sea :
I had no peere, if to my selfe I were true.
Because I am not so, divers times do I rue.
Yet I lacke nothing, I have all things at will,
If I were wise and would hold my selfe still,
And meddle with no matters but to me pertaining,
But ever to be true to God and my King.
But I have such matters rowling in my pate,
That I will and do --- I cannot tell what.
No man shall let me, but I will have my minde,
And to father, mother, and friende Ile be unkinde :

I will follow mine own minde and mine old trade,
 Who shall let me? the divels nailes are unparde,
 Yet above all things new fashions I love well,
 And to weare them my thrift I will fell.
 In all this world I shall have but a time:
 Hold the cup good fellow, here is thine and mine!

T. Sackville,

A Gentleman of very eminent Family, the Ancestor of the late truly Noble Lord *Dorset*, and the present *Duke*; and so distinguish'd for his Address, Understanding, and Politeness, even in the Court of the Great Queen *Elizabeth*, that he was soon created a Peer; and honoured with a remarkable share of her Confidence and Favour.

He was born at *Withyam* in *Suffex*, received his Education both at *Oxford*, and *Cambridge*; was, sometime a Student in the *Inner-Temple*, and, afterwards call'd to the Bar. He then undertook his Travels, and was, on some occasion, imprison'd at *Rome*: During which Time his Father dy'd, and left a vast Inheritance; which, as soon as he regain'd his Liberty, He hasten'd Home to take Possession of. Some Years after, He had the Honour to be sent Ambassador to several Princes, was elected Chancellor of the University of *Oxford*, appointed Lord High Treasurer of *England* by Queen *Elizabeth*; and created Earl of *Dorset* by King *James*: Continuing a great Encourager of Polite Literature till his Death, which happen'd, suddenly, at the Council-Board, *Anno Dom. 1608.*

It appears to me, by a Preface of Mr. *Niccol's*, that the Original Plan of the *Mirror of Magistrates*,
 was

was principally owing to Him ; (though neither *Philips*, or *Winstanly* have done him the Justice, or Themselves the Honour to mention him) a Work of great Labour, Use, and Beauty, and so well received, that Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his *Essay on Poetry*, has quoted it, as worthy of much Esteem, and Approbation. --- The Induction by Mr. *Sackville*, is, indeed, a Master-Piece ; and, if the whole could have been compleated with the same Spirit, it wou'd have been an Honour to the Nation at this Day ; nor could have sunk under the Ruins of Time. --- But the *Courtier* put an End to the *Poet*, and he has left just enough to eclipse all the Writers that succeeded Him in the same Task ; and makes us wish that his Preferment had been, at least, a little longer delay'd. --- The Reader, in this Performance, will see that *Allegory* was brought to great Perfection, before *Spencer* appear'd, and that, if Mr. *Sackville* did not surpass him, 'twas because he had the Disadvantage of Writing first. Agreeable to what *Tasso* exclaim'd on seeing *Guarini's Pastor-Fido*. --- *If he had not seen my Aminta He had not excell'd it !* Mr. *Sackville* was likewise Joint-Author of a Tragedy, call'd *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, with one Mr. *Norton*.

Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates.

THE wrathfull winter hastning on apace,
 With blustering blasts had all ybard the treene,
 And old *Saturnus* with his frosty face
 With chilling cold had pearst the tender greene :
 The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped beene

The

The gladfome groues that now lay ouerthrowne,
The tapets torne, and euery tree downe blowne.

The foil that erst so seemly was to feene,
Was all despoyled of her beauties hew,
And soote fresh flowers (wherewith the summers
 Queene
Had clad the earth) now *Boreas* blasts downe blew.
And small fowles flocking, in their song did rew
 The winters wrath, wherewith ech thing defaste,
In woefull wise bewaild the summer past.

Hawthorne had lost his motley liuery,
The naked twigs were shiuering all for cold;
And dropping downe the teares abundantly,
Ech thing (me thought) with weeping eye me told
The cruell season, bidding mee withhold
 My selfe within, for I was gotten out
 Into the fields, whereas I walkt about.

When loe the night with mistie mantels spred
Gan darke the day, and dim the azure skies,
And *Venus* in her message *Hermes* sped

To

To bloody *Mars*, to will him not to rise,
While she her selfe approcht in speedy wise:
And *Virgo* hiding her disdainfull brest,
With *Thetis* now had laid her downe to rest.

Whiles *Scorpio* dreading *Sagittarius'* dart,
Whose bowe prest bent in fight, the string had slipt,
Downe slide into the Ocean-floud apart.
The Beare that in the Irish seas had dipt
His grizly feet, with speed from thence he whipt:
For *Thetis*, hasting from the Virgins bed,
Pursude the Beare, that, ere she came, was fled.

And *Phaeton* now neare reaching to his race
With glistring beames, gold streaming where they bent,
Was prest to enter in his resting place.
Erythius that in the cart first went,
Had euen now attain'd his iourneys stent:
And fast declining hid away his head,
While *Titan* coucht him in his purple bed.

And pale-fac'd *Cinthea* with her borrowed light,
Beginning to supplie her brothers place,
Was past the Noonesteed fixe degrees in sight,

When

When sparkling starres amid the heauens face,
With twinkling light shone on the earth apace,
That while thy brought about the nights black chare,
The darke had dim'd the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to see the summer flowers,
The liuely greene, the lusty leafe forlorne :
The sturdie trees so shattred with the showers,
The fields so fade that florisht so beforne,
It taught me well all earthly things be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may last,
The summers beautie yeelds to winters blast.

Then, looking vpward to the heauens leames
With nights bright starres thick powdred euery where,
Which erst so glistred with the golden streames,
That chearfull *Phæbus* spred downe from his sphere,
Beholding dark, oppressing day, so neere.

The sudden sight reduced to my mind,
The fundry changes that in earth we find.

That, musing on this wordly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faster then we see
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,

My

My busie minde presented vnto me

Such fall of Peeres as in the realme had be :

That oft I wisht some would their woes descriue,

To warne the rest whom Fortune left aliue.

And strait forth stalking with redoubled pace,

For that I saw the night drew on so fast,

In black all clad, there fell before my face

A piteous wight, whom woe had all forewaft :

Forth on her eyes the cryftall teares out braft,

And sighing fore her hands she wrung and fold,

Tearing her haire that *Ruth* was to behold.

Her body small, forwithered and forespent,

As is the stalke that summers drought opprest,

Her wealked face with woeful teares be-sprent,

Her colour pale (at it seemed her best)

In woe and plaint reposed was her rest.

And, as the stone that drops of water weares,

So dented were her cheeks with fall of teares.

Her eies, full swollen with flowing streames aflote,

Were with her looks throwne vp full piteously ;

Her forcelesse hands together oft she smote,

With

With dolefull shriekes, that echoed in the skye :
Whose plaint such sighs did straight accompany;
That in my doome was neuer man did see
A wight but halfe so woe-begone as shee.

I stood agast, beholding all her plight,
Tweene dread and dolour so distraind in hart,
That, while my haire vpsstart with the fight,
The teares outstreamed for sorrow of her smart :
But, when I saw no end that could appart
The deadly dole, which shee so sore did make,
With dolefull voice then thus to her I spake :

Vnwrap thy woes! What euer wight thou bee,
And stint in time to spill thy selfe with plaint,
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure with sorrow thus attaint.
And with that word of sorrow all forfaint,
She looked vp, and, prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo thus she gan to say !

Alas, I wretch whom thus thou seest distrain'd
With wasting woes that neuer shall aslake,
Sorrow I am, in endlesse torments pain'd

Among

Among the Furies in th' infernall lake :

Where *Pluto*, God of Hell so grizly black !

Doth hold his throne, and *Læthe's* deadly taft

Doth reue remembrance of each thing forepast :

Whence come I am, the drery destiny

And luckleffe lot for to bemone of those,

Whom Fortune, in this maze of misery,

Of wretched chance, most wofull *Mirors* chose ;

That when thou seest how lightly they did lose

Their pomp, their power, and that they thought
more sure,

Thou mayst soone deeme no earthly ioy may dure.

Whose rufull voice no sooner had out-brayed

Those wofull words, wherewith she sorrowed so :

But out, alas ! she shrighr and neuer stayed,

Fell downe, and all to dasht her selfe for wo.

The cold, pale dread my limmes gan ouergo ;

And I so sorrowed at her sorrowes eft,

That what with grieve and feare my wits were reft.

I stretcht my selfe, and straight my heart reuiues,

That dread and dolour earst did so appale,

Like him that with the feruent feuer striues,

When

When sicknesse seekes his castell-health to scale :
With gathred sprites so forst I feare t'auale.

And rearing her with anguish all foredone,
My sp'rits return'd, and then I thus begon :

Sorrow, alas! fith *Sorrow* is thy name,
And that to thee this drere doth well pertaine,
In vaine it were to seeke to cease the same :
But as a man himselfe with sorrow flaine,
So I alas doe comfort thee in paine,
That here in sorrow art foresunke so deepe,
That at thy fight I can but sigh and weepe.

I had no sooner spoken of a stike,
But that the storme so rumbled in her brest,
As *Eolus* could neuer rore the like,
And showres downe rained from her eyes so fast,
That all bedreint the place: till at the last
Well eased they the dolour of her mind,
As rage of raine doth swage the stormie wind.

For forth she pased in her fearfull tale :
Come, come, quoth she, and see what I shall show!
Come heare the plaining, and the bitter bale

Of worthy men, by Fortunes ouerthrow :

Come thou and see them rewing all in row.

They were but shades that erst in mind thou rold :

Come, come with me, thine eyes shall them behold.

What could these words but make me more agast,

To heare her tell whereon I mus'd while ere?

So was I maz'd there with : till at the last,

Musing vpon her words, and what they were,

All suddainly well lessoned was my feare :

For to my mind returned how she teld

Both what she was, and where her wun she held.

Whereby I knew that she a Goddesse was,

And therewithall resorted to my mind

My thought, that late presented me the glas

Of brittle state, of cares that here we find,

Of thousand woes to silly men assign'd :

And how she now bid me come and behold,

To see with eye that erst in thought I rold,

Flat downe I fell, and with all reuerence

Adcred her, perceiuing now that shee

A Goddesse sent by godly prouidence,

In earthly shape, thus shew'd her selfe to me,
To waile and rue this worlds vncertainty :

And, while I honoured thus her Godheads might,
With plaining voice these words to me she shrigh.

I shall thee guide first to the griesly lake,
And thence vnto the blisfull place of rest,
Where thou shalt see and heare the plaint they make,
That whilome here bare swinge among the best.
This shalt thou see, but great is the vnrest
That thou must bide, before thou canst attaine
Vnto the dreadfull place where these remaine.

And with these words as I vpraised stood,
And gan to follow her that straight forth paste,
Ere I was ware, into a desert wood
We now were come: where hand in hand imbrasse
She led the way, and through the thicke so trasse,
As but I had bene guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortall wight.

But loe, while thus amid the desert darke,
We passed on with steps and pace vnmeete,
A rumbling rore confus'd with howle and barke

Of Dogs, shooke all the ground vnder our feete,
And strooke the din within our eares so deepe,
As halfe distraught vnto the ground I fell,
Besought returne; and not to visit hell.

But she, forthwith vplifting mee a pace;
Remou'd my dread, and with a stedfast minde;
Bad me come on, for here was now the place,
The place where we our trauailes end should finde.
Wherewith I rose, and to the place assingde
Aftond I stalkt; when straight we approched neere
The dreadfull place, that you will dread to heare :

An hideous hole all vaste, withouten shape,
Of endlesse depth, orewhelm'd with ragged stone,
With ougly mouth, and griesly iawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.
Heere entred we, and yeeding forth, anone
A dreadfull lothly lake we might discerne
As blacke as pitch, that cleped is *Auerne*.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbish growes,
With foule, black swelth in thickned lumps that lies,
Which vp in th' aire such stinking vapors throwes

That ouer there, may flie no fowle but dies,
Choakt with the noysome fauours that arise.

Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadfull feare amid the dreadful place.

And first, within the porch and iawes of hell,
State deepe *Remorse* of conscience, all besprent
With teares: and to her selfe oft would she tell
Her wretchednesse, and cursing neuer stent
To sob and sigh: but euer thus lament,
With thoughtfull care, as she that all in vaine
Would weare, and waste continually in paine.

Her eyes, vnstedfast, rolling here and there,
Whurl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in feare,
Tossed and tormented with tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:
With dreadfull cheere and lookes throwne to the skie,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we *Dread*, all trembling how he shooke,
With foote vncertaine profered here and there,
Benumb'd of speech, and with a ghastly looke

Searcht euery place, all pale and dead for feare!
His cap borne vp with staring of his heare,
Soyn'd and amaz'd at his owne shade for dreed,
And fearing greater dangers then was need!

And next, within the entrie of this lake,
Sate fell *Reuenge* gnashing her teeth for ire,
Deuising meanes how shew she may vengeance take,
Neuer in rest till she haue her desire:
But frets within so farforth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When fell *Reuenge* with bloudie, foule pretence
Had shew'd her selfe as next in order set,
With trembling limbes we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met:
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing, alas, vpon the wofull plight
Of *Miserie*, that next appear'd in fight.

His face was leane, and some deale pin'd away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
But what his bodie was I cannot say,

For on his carkas rayment had he none,
Saue clouts and patches pieced one by one,
With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulder cast,
His chiefe defence against the winters blast.

His food, for most, was wilde fruits of the tree,
Vnlesse sometime some crums fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long God wot kept he,
As one the which full daintily would fare.
His drinke the running streame : his cup the bare
Of his palme closde, his bed the hard cold ground.
To this poore life was *Miserie* ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his feeres,
In thoughtfull cares, forth then our pace we held :
And by and by, another shape appeeres
Of greedie *Care*, still brushing vp the breers,
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light, euen peeping in our eyes,
When he is vp and to his worke yrun.

But let the nights blacke, mistie mantles rise
And with foule darke neuer so much disguise
The faire, bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toile.

By him lay heauie *Sleepe*, cosin of *Death* !
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, faue yeelding forth a breath.
Small keepe tooke he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted vp into the throne
Of high renowne, but as a liuing death,
So dead aliue, of life he drew the breath,

The bodies rest, the quiet of the hart,
The trauailes ease, the still nights fere was he !
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reuer of fight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that neuer bee ;
Without respect esteeming equally
King *Cræsus* pompe, and *Irus* pouertie !

And next in order sad *Old Age* we found,
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drouping cheere still poring on the ground,

As on the place where nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had vntwin'd
His vitall thred, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broke, and hollow plaint
Rew with himselfe his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment,
With sweete remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delites of lustie youth forewaft.

Recounting which, how would he sob and shreek ?
And to be yong againe of *Ioue* beseeke ?

But, and the cruell fates so fixed be,
That time forepast cannot returne againe,
This one request of *Ioue* yet prayed he :
That in such withred plight, and wretched paine,
As *eld* (accompanied with lothsome traine)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grieve,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soone descend into the pit :
Where Death, when he the mortall corps hath flaine,
With wretchlesse hand in graue doth couer it,

There.

Thereafter neuer to enioy againe
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylaïne,
In depth of darknesse, waste and weare to nought,
As he had nere into the world been brought.

But who had seene him, sobbing how he stood
Vnto himselfe, and how he would bemone
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good
To talke of youth, all were his youth forgone,
He would haue musde and maruail'd much whereon
This wretched Age should life desire to faine.
And knowes ful wel life doth but length his paine.

Crookebackt he was, tooth shaken, and blere eyde,
Went on three feete, and sometime crept on foure,
With old, lame bones, that ratled in his side,
His scalpe all pil'd, and he with eld forlore :
His withred fist still knocking at Deaths dore,
Fumbling and driueling as he drawes his breath.
For brieft, the shape and messenger of Death !

And fast by him pale *Maladie* was plaste,
Sore sicke in bed, her colour all foregone,
Bereft of stomacke, sauour, and of taste,

Ne could she brooke no meate but broths alone ;
Her breath corrupt, her keepers euery one
Abhorring her, her sicknesse past recure,
Detesting phyficke, and all phyfickes cure.

But, oh the dolefull fight that then we see!
We turn'd our looke, and on the other side
A griesly shape of *Famine* mought we see,
With greedie lookes, and gaping mouth that cried,
And roar'd for meate as she should there haue died,
Her bodie thin, and bare as any bone,
Where to was left nought but the case alone :

And that alas was gnawne on euery where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refraine
From teares, to see how she her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vaine :
When all for nought she faine would so sustaine
Her staruen corps, that rather seem'd a shade,
Then any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stonewall could not stay,
Her tearing nailes snatching at all she saw :
With gaping iawes, that by no meanes ymay

Be satisfi'd from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her selfe as she that hath no law :
Gnawing, alas, her carcase all in vaine,
Where you may count each finew, bone, and veine.

On her while we thus firmly fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a driery fight,
Loe suddenly she shrinkt in so huge wise,
As made hell gates to shiuer with the might ;
Wherewith a dart we saw how it did light
Right on her brest, and therewithall pale *Death*
Enthrilling it to reauue her of her breath.

And by and by a dumb, dead corps we saw,
Heauie and cold, the shape of death aright,
That dants all earthly creatures to his law :
Against whose force in vaine it is to fight.
Ne Peeres, ne Princes, nor no mortall wight,
No Towne, ne Realmes, Cities, ne strongest Tower,
But all perforce must yeeld vnto his power.

His dart anon out of the corps he tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadfull fight to see)
With great triumph eftsoones the same he shooke,
That

That most of all my feares affrayed mee ;
His bodie dight with nought but bones perdie,
The naked shape of man there saw I plaine,
All faue the flesh, the finew, and the veine.

Lastly stood *Warre* in glittering armes yclad,
With visage grim, sterne looks, and blackely hewed,
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood embrued :
And in his left (that King and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithall
He raced townes, and threw downe towers and all.

Citiee he sackt, and Realmes, that whilome flowred
In honor, glorie, and rule aboue the best,
He ouerwhelm'd, and all their fame deuoured,
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted and neuer ceast,
Till he their wealth, their name and all opprest :
His face forehew'd with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targ, with gashes deepe and wide.

In midst of which, depainted there we found
Deadly Debate, all full of snakie heare,
That with a bloodie fillet was ybound,

Out breathing nought but discord euery where.
And round about were portrai'd heere and there
The hugie hofts, *Darius* and his power,
His Kings, Princes, his Peeres, and all his flower,

Whom great *Macedo* vanquisht there in fight,
With deepe slaughter, despoiling all his pride,
Pierst through his Realmes, and danted all his might.
Duke *Hannibal* beheld I there beside,
In *Cannas* field, victor how he did ride,
And wofull *Romans* that in vain withstood,
And Consul *Paulus* couered all in blood.

Yet saw I more the fight at *Trafimene*,
And *Treberie* field, and eke when *Hannibal*
And worthie *Scipio*, last in armes were sene
Before *Cartbago* gate, to trie for all
The worlds Empire, to whom it should befall.
There saw I *Pompey*, and *Cæsar* clad in armes,
Their hofts allied and their ciuill harmes;

With Conquerers hands forbath'd in their owne blood,
And *Cæsar* weeping ouer *Pompeyes* head.
Yet saw I *Scilla* and *Marius* where they stood,

Their

Their great crueltie, and the deepe bloodshead
 Of friends: *Cyrus* I saw and his host dead;
 And how the Queene with great despite hath slong
 His head in blood of them she ouercome.

Xerxes the Persian King yet saw I there,
 With his huge host that dranke the riuers drie,
 Dismounted hilles, and made the vales vprere,
 His host; and all yet saw I slaine perdie.
Thebes I saw all rac'd how it did lie
 In heapes of stones, and *Tyrus* put to spoile,
 With walles and towers flat euened with the foile.

But *Troy* alas (me thought) aboue them all,
 It made mine eyes in very tears consume:
 When I beheld the wofull werd befall,
 That by the wrathfull will of *God* was come:
 And *Ioues* vnmoued sentence and foredoome
 On *Priam* King, and on his towne so bent,
 I could not lin, but I must there lament.

And that the more, sith dest'ny was so sterne
 As force perforce, there might no force auaille,
 But she must fall: and by her fall we learne,

That

That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all shall quaille.
No manhood, might, nor nothing mought preuaile;
All were there prest full many a Prince and Peere,
And many a Knight that sold his death full dere.

Not worthie *Hector* worthiest of them all,
Her hope, her ioy, his force is now for nought:
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale,
The hugie horse within thy walles is brought:
Thy turrets fall, thy Knights, that whilome fought
In armes amid the field, are flaine in bed,
Thy gods defil'd, and all thy honour dead.

The flames vprise, and cruelly they creepe
From wall to rooffe, till all to cinders waft!
Some fire the houses where the wretches sleepe,
Some rush in heere, some run in there as fast!
In euery where or sword or fire they tast!
The wals are torne, the towers whurl'd to the ground,
There is no mischiefe but may there be found!

Cassandra yet there saw I how they haled
From *Pallas* house, with spercled tresse vndone,
Her wrists fast bound, and with *Greekes* rout empaled:
And

And *Priam* eke in vaine how he did runne
To armes, whom *Pyrrbus* with despite hath done
To cruel death, and bath'd him in the baine
Of his sonnes blood before the altar flaine.

But how can I describe the dolefull fight,
That in the shield so liuely faire did shine?
Sith in this world I thinke was neuer wight
Could haue set forth the halfe, not halfe so fine.
I can no more but tell how there is seene
Fair *Ilium* fall in burning-red gledes downe,
And on the soile great *Troy*, *Neptunus* towne.

Here-from, when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw
That fil'd with teares as doth the springing well,
We passed on so far forth till we saw
Rude *Acheron*, a lothsome lake to tell,
That boyles and bubs vp swelth as blacke as hell,
Where grieslie *Charon* at their fixed tide
Still ferries ghost vnto the farther side.

The aged God no sooner *Sorrow* spied,
But hasting straight vnto the bancke apace,
With hollow call vnto the rout he cried,

To

To swarue apart, and giue the Goddesse place.
Straight it was done, when to the shoare we pace,
Where, hand in hand as wee then linked fast,
Within the boate wee are together plaste.

And forth we lanch full fraughted to the brinke,
When, with th'vnwonted waight, the rusty keele
Began to cracke, as if the same should sinke.
We hoise vp mast and saile, that in a while
We fet the shoare, where scarcely we had while
For to arriue, but that we heard anone
A three-sound barke confounded all in one.

We had not long forth past, but that we saw
Blacke *Cerberus*, the hideous hound of hell,
With bristles reard, and with a three-mouth'd Iaw,
Foredinning th'aire with his horrible yell,
Out of the deepe, darke caue where he did dwell.
The Goddesse straight he knew, and by and by
He ceast and couched, while that we past by.

Thence come we to the horroure and the hell,
The large, greate Kingdomes, and the dreadful raigne
Of *Pluto* in his throne where he did dwell,

The wide waste, places, and the hugie plaine :
 The wailings, shrikes, and sundry sorts of paine :
 The sighs, the sobs, the deepe and deadly groane,
 Earth, aire, and all resounding plaint and moane !

Thence did we passe the three-fold emperie
 To th' vtmost bounds, where *Radamanthus* raignes,
 Where proud folke waile their woefull miserie,
 Where dreadfull din of thousand dragging chaines,
 And balefull shriekes of ghosts in deadly paines
 Tortur'd eternally, are heard most brim
 Through silent shades of night so darke and dim.

From hence vpon our way we forward passe,
 And through the groues and vncoth paths we goe,
 Which leade vnto the *Cyclops* walles of brasse :
 And where that maine-broad flood for aye doth floe,
 Which parts the gladsome fields from place of woe,
 Whence none shall euer passe t' *Elizium* plaine,
 Or from *Elizium* euer turne againe.

With *Sorrow* for my guide, as there I stood,
 A troope of men, the most in armes bedight,
 In tumult clusterd 'bout both sides the flood :

'Mongst

'Mongst whom, who were ordaind t'eternall night,
Or who to blissefull peace and sweet delight
I wot not well, it seem'd that they were all
Such as by deaths vntimely stroke did fall.

Some headlesse were, some body, face and hands,
With shamefull wounds despoil'd in euery part:
Some strangled, some that dide in captiue bands,
Some smothered, drown'd, some stricken thro' the hart
With fatall Steele; all, drown'd in deadly smart,
Of hastned death, with shriekes, sobs, sighs and teares,
Did tell the woes of their forepassed years.

We staid vs straight, and with a rufull feare,
Beheld this heauie sight, while from mine eies
The vapored teares downe stilled here and there,
And *Sorrow* eke in far more wofull wise,
Tooke on with plaint, vp heauing to the skies
Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout
Gan all in heapes to swarme vs round about.

Lo here (quoth *Sorrow*) Princes of renowne,
That whilome fate on top of Fortunes wheele,
Now laid full low, like wretches whurled downe

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Euen with one frowne, that staid but with a smile,
And now behold the thing that thou erewhile
Saw only in thought, and what thou now shalt heare,
Recount the same to Kesar, King, and Peere.

Then first came *Henry Duke of Buckingham*,
His cloake of blacke all pild and quite forworne,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a Duke hath made him now her skorne.
With gasty lookes as one in maner lorne :
Oft spred his armes, stretcht hands he ioines as fast
With rufull cheare, and vaped eyes vpcast.

His cloake he rent, his manly brest he beat,
His haire all torne, about the place it lay,
My heart so molt to see his grieve so great,
As feelingly me thought it dropt away:
His eyes they whurld about withouten stay.
With stormy fighes the place did so complaine,
As if his heart at each had burst in twaine.

Thrice he began to tell his dolefull tale,
And thrice the fighs did swallow vp his voice :
At each of which he shrieked so withall,

As

As though the heauens riued with the noise :
Till at the last recouering his voice,
Supping the teares that all his brest beraind,
On cruell Fortune weeping thus he plaind.

Thomas Churchyard,

One of the Assistants in the *Mirror of Magistrates*; and, therefore, rang'd in order of Time, after Mr. *Sackville*; tho' he was known, as a Writer, some Years before Him. --- This Gentleman was born at *Sbrewsbury*, liberally educated, and inherited some Fortune, Real and Personal; but, soon, lavish'd away both in a Court-Attendance, without gaining any other Equivalent, but the Honour of being retained a Domestick in the Family of the Princely Lord *Surrey*, during which Time, he commenc'd Poet, and, on his Lordship's Death, turn'd Soldier; being in many Engagements, frequently wounded; twice a Prisoner, as often redeemed by the Charity of two noble Ladies; yet still distress'd, and unrewarded. Neither of his Employments affording him a Patron, who knew, or wou'd do Justice to his Merit, and as unfortunate in his Amours as his Circumstances. 'Tis true, he dedicated his Works to Sir *Christopher Hatton*; but Addresses of that Nature don't always imply a Provision for their Authors. 'Tis conjectur'd that he died about the eleventh Year of Queen *Elizabeth*, and, according to Mr. *Wood*, was bury'd near *Skelton*, in the Chancel of St. *Margaret's Church, Westminster*. By such of his Writings, as I have had an Opportunity to examine, He appears generally a Man of Sense; and sometimes a Poet, tho' Inven-

tion does not seem to be remarkably his Talent.--- His Language is tolerably pure, and his Numbers not wholly inharmonious. --- The Legend of *Jane Shore*, here annex'd, I think, has some Merit, and his Stanzas on the Poets, much more ; in those the Stile is rich, the Turns elegant, and the Judgment such, as intitles him to a much better Character than former Writers have condescended to allow him.

Jane Shore.

Among the rest, by Fortune ouerthrowne,
 I am not least, that most may waile her fate :
 My fame and brute, abroad the world is blowne :
 Who can forget, a thing thus done so late ?
 My great mischance, my fall, and heauie state,
 Is such a marke, whereat each tongue doth shoot,
 That my good name, is pluckt vp by the root.

This wandring world, bewitched me with wiles,
 And won my wits, with wanton, sugred ioyes :
 In Fortunes frekes, who trusts her when she smiles,
 Shall find her false, and full of fickle toyes,
 Her triumphes all, but fill our eares with noise,
 Her flattring gifts, are pleasures mixt with paine,
 Yea, all her words, are thunders threatning raine.

The fond desire, that we in glorie set,
Doth thirle our hearts, to hope in slipper hap :
A blast of pompe, is all the fruit we get,
And vnder that, lies hid a sudden clap.
In seeking rest, vnwares we fall in trap,
In groping flowres, with nettles stung we are,
In labring long, we reape the crop of care.

Oh darke deceit, with painted face for sho,
Oh poisned bait, that makes vs eager still,
Oh fained friend, deceiuing people so,
Oh world, of thee, we cannot speake too ill !
Yet fooles we are, that bend so to thy skill!
The plague and scourge, that thousands daily feele,
Should warne the wise, to shun thy whirling wheele.

But who can stop, the streame that runnes full swift ?
Or quench the fire, that is kept in the straw ?
The thirstie drinkes, there is no other shift,
Perforce is such, that need obeyes no law.
Thus bound we are, in worldly yokes to draw,
And cannot stay, nor turne againe in time,
Nor learne of those, that sought too high to clime.

My selfe for prooffe, loe heere I now appeare,
In womans weed, with weeping, watred eyes,
That bought her youth, and her delights full deare,
Whose loud reproch, doth sound vnto the skies,
And bids my corse, out of the graue to rise,
As one that may, no longer hide her face,
But needs must come, and shew her pitious case.

The sheete of shame, wherein I shrowded was,
Did moue me oft, to plaine before this day,
And in mine eares did ring the trumpe of brasse,
Which is defame, that doth each thing bewray.
Yea though full dead, and low in earth I lay,
I heard the voice, of me what people said,
But then to speake, alas, I was afraid!

And now a time, for me I see prepar'd,
I heare the liues, and falles of many wights:
My tale therefore, the better may be heard,
For at the torch, the little candle lights.
Where pageants be, small things fill out the fights.
Wherefore giue eare good *Churchyard*! do thy best,
My tragedie, to place among the rest!

Because

Because the truth, shall witnes well with thee,
I will rehearse, in order as it fell,
My life, my death, my dolefull destinie,
My wealth, my woe, my doing euery deale,
My bitter blisse, wherein I long did dwell :

A whole discourse, by me *Shores* wife by name,
Now shalt thou heare, as thou hadst seene the same.

Of noble blood, I cannot boast my birth,
For I was made out of the meanest mold,
Mine heritage, but seuen foot of th' earth,
Fortune ne gaue, to me the gifts of gold :
But I could brag, of nature, if I wold,
Who fil'd my face, with fauour fresh and faire,
Whose beautie shone, like *Phæbus* in the aire.

My shape, some said, was seemely to each sight,
My countenance, did shew a sober grace,
Mine eyes in lookes, were neuer proued light,
My tongue in words was chaste in euery case ;
Mine eares were deafe, and would no louers place,
Saue that, alas, a Prince did blot my brow ;
Loe, there the strong, did make the weake to bow,

The

The maiesty, that Kings to people beare,
The stately port, the awfull cheere they show,
Doth make the meane, to shrink and couch for feare,
Like as the hound, that doth his master know :
What then? since I, was made vnto the bow,
There is no cloke, can serue to hide my fault :
For I agreed, the fort he should assault.

The Eagles force, subdues ech bird that flies,
What metall may, resist the flaming fire?
Doth not the Sun, dazell the clearest eies,
And melt the ice, and make the frost retire?
Who can withstand, a puissant Kings desire?
The stiffest stones, are pierced through with tooles,
The wisest are, with Princes made but fooles.

If kinde had wrought my forme in common frames,
And set me forth, in colours blacke and browne,
Or beautie had, been parcht in *Phæbus* flames,
Or shamefast waies, had pluckt my fethers downe,
Then had I kept, my fame and good renowne :
For natures gifts, were cause of all my grieve.
A pleasant prey, entiseth many a thiefe.

Thus

Thus woe to thee, that wrought my peacocks pride,
By clothing me with natures tapestry :
Woe worth the hew, wherein my face was dide,
Which made me thinke, I pleased euery eye.
Like as the starres, make men behold the skie,
So beauties shew, doth make the wise full fond,
And brings free harts, full oft to endlesse bond.

But cleare from blame, my friends can not be found,
Before my time, my youth they did abuse :
In mariage, a prentise was I bound.
Then that meere loue, I knew not how to vse.
But, wel alway ! that cannot me excuse,
The harme is mine, though they deuifde my care,
And I must smart, and sit in slanderous snare.

Yet giue me leaue, to pleade my cause at large !
If that the horse, do run beyond his race,
Or any thing that keepers haue in charge,
Do breake their course, where Rulers may take place:
Or meat be set, before the hungries face,
Who is in fault ? th' offender yea or no,
Or they that are, the cause of all this wo ?

Note

Note well what strife, this forced mariage makes,
What lothed liues, do come where loue doth lacke,
What scratching breers, do grow vpon such brakes,
What common weales, by it are brought to wracke,
What haue loades, is put on patients backe,
What strange delights, this branch of vice doth breed,
And marke what graine, springs out of such a seed!

Compell the hauke, to fit that is vnman'd,
Or make the hound, vntaught to draw the Deere,
Or bring the free, against his will in band,
Or moue the fad, a pleasant tale to heere,
Your time is lost, and you no whit the neere!
So loue ne learns, of force the knot to knit:
She serues but those, that feele sweet fancies fit,

The lesse defame, redounds to my dispraise,
I was entist, by traines, and trapt by trust:
Though in my powre, remained yeas and naves,
Vnto my friends, yet needs consent I must,
In euery thing, yea lawfull or vniust.
They brake the boughes, and shakt the tree by sleight,
And bent the wand, that might haue growne full
streight. What

What helpe in this, the pale thus broken downe,
The Deere must needs, in danger run astray :
At me therefore, why should the world so frowne ?
My weaknesse made my youth a Princes prey.
Though wisdom should the course of nature stay,
Yet trie my case, who list, and they shall proue,
The ripest wits, are soonest thralles to loue.

What need I more, to cleare my selfe so much ?
A King me wan, and had me at his call,
His royall state, his princely grace was such,
The hope of will, that women seeke for all,
The ease and wealth, the gifts, which were not small,
Besieged me so strongly round about,
My powre was weake, I could not hold him out.

Duke *Hanniball*, in all his conquest great,
Or *Cæsar* yet, whose triumphs did exceed,
Of all their spoiles, which made them toile and sweat,
Were not so glad, to haue so rich a meed,
As was this Prince, when I to him agreed,
And yeelded me a prisoner willingly,
As one that knew no way away to flie.

The Nightingale, for all his merry voyce,
Nor yet the Larke, that still delights to sing,
Did neuer make, the hearers so reioyce,
As I with words, haue made this worthie King:
I neuer iar'd, in tune was euery string,
I tempred so, my tongue to please his eare,
That what I said, was currant euery where.

I ioyn'd my talke, my gestures and my grace,
In wittie frames, that long might last and stand,
So that I brought the King in such a case,
That to his death, I was his chiefeft hand.
I gouern'd him, that ruled all this Land :
I bare the sword, though he did weare the Crowne,
I strake the stroke, that threw the mightie downe.

If *iustice* said, that iudgement was but death,
With my swete words, I could the King perswade,
And make him pause, and take therein a breath,
Till I with suite, the faultors peace hath made :
I knew what way, to vse him in his trade ;
I had the art, to make the Lion meeke :
There was no point, wherein I was to seeke.

If I did frowne, who then did looke awrie?
If I did smile, who would not laugh outright?
If I but speake, who durst my words denie?
If I persude, who would forsake the flight?
I meane, my powre, was knowne to euery wight.
On such a height, good hap had built my bowre,
As though my sweete, should nere haue turnd to fowre.

My husband then, as one that knew his good,
Refusde to keepe a Princes Concubine,
Forseeing th'end, and mischief as it stood,
Against the King did neuer much repine:
He saw the grape, whereof he dranke the wine.
Though inward thought, his heart did still torment,
Yet outwardly, he seemd he was content.

To purchase praise, and win the peoples zeale,
Yea rather bent of kinde to do some good,
I euer did vphold the common weale,
I had delight to saue the guiltlesse blood:
Each futers cause, when that I vnderstood,
I did prefer as it had bene mine owne,
And help them vp, that might haue been orethrowne.

My

My powre was prest to right the poore mans wrong,
My hands were free to giue where need required :
To watch for grace, I neuer thought it long,
To do men good, I need not bee desired.
Nor yet, with gifts my heart was neuer hired.

But, when the ball, was at my foote to guide,
I plaid to those, that Fortune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at will,
My robes were rich, and brauer then the funne :
My Fortune then was far aboue my skill,
My state was great, my glasse did euer runne.
My fatall threed, so happely was spunne,
That then I fate, in earthly pleasures clad,
And, for the time, a Goddesse place I had.

But I had not so soone this life posselt,
But my good hap began to slip aside :
And Fortune then did me so fore molest,
That, vnto plaints, was turned all my pride.
It booted not to row against the tide :
Mine oares were weake, my heart and strength did faile,
The winde was rough, I durst not beare a faile.

What

What steps of strife belong to high estate ?
The climbing vp is doubtfull to endure ;
The seat it selfe doth purchase priuie hate,
And honors fame is fickle and vnſure,
And all ſhe brings is flowres that be vnpure :
Which fall as faſt, as they do ſprout and ſpring,
And cannot laſt, they are ſo vaine a thing.

We count no care to catch that we do wiſh,
But what we win is long to vs unknowen :
Till preſent paine be ſerued in our diſh,
We ſcarce perceiue whereon our grieve hath growen :
What graine proues well, that is ſo raſhly ſowen ?
If that a meane did meaſure all our deeds,
In ſteed of corne, we ſhould not gather weeds.

The ſetled mind is free from Fortunes power,
They need not feare who looke not vp aloft :
But they that climbe, are carefull euery hower,
For, when they fall, they light not very ſoft.
Examples haue the wiſeſt warned oft,
That, where the trees the ſmalleſt branches here,
The ſtormes do blow, and haue moſt rigour there.

Where is it strong, but neere the ground and roote?
Where is it weake, but on the highest sprays?
Where may a man so surely set his foote,
But on those bowes that growen low alwayes?
The little twigs, are but vnstedfast stayes,
If they breake not, they bend with euery blast;
Who trusts to them shall neuer stand full fast.

The winde is great vpon the highest hilles;
The quiet life is in the dale below:
Who treads on ice shall slide against their willes,
They want not cares, that curious arts would know.
Who liues at ease, and can content him so,
Is perfect wise, and sets vs all to schoole:
Who hates this lore, may well be call'd a foole.

What greater grieve may come to any life,
Then, after sweete, to taste the bitter sowre?
Or, after peace, to fall at warre and strife,
Or, after mirth, to haue a cause to lowre?
Vnder such props false Fortune builds her bowre,
On sudden change her flittering frames be set,
Where is no way for to escape the net.

The hastie smart, that Fortune sends in spite,
Is hard to brooke, where gladnesse we embrace :
She threatens not, but suddenly doth smite ;
Where ioy is most, there doth she sorow place.
But sure, I thinke, this is too strange a case,
For vs to feele, such grieve amid our game,
And know not why, vntill we taste the same.

As erst I said, my blisse was turn'd to bale,
I had good cause to weepe and wring my hands,
And shew sad cheare, with countenance full pale :
For I was brought in sorowes wofull bands.
A pirat came, and fet my ship on sands.
What should I hide, or colour care and noy ?
King *Edward* di'd, in whom was all my ioy.

And, when the earth receiued had his corse,
And that in tombe this worthie Prince was laid,
The world on me began to shew his force ;
Of troubles then, my part I long assai'd :
For they, of whom I neuer was afrai'd,
Vndid me most, and wrought me such despite,
That they bereft me of my pleasure quite.

As long as life remain'd in *Edwards* brest,
 Who was but I? who had such friends at call?
 His bodie was no sooner put in cheft,
 But well was he that could procure my fall:
 His brother was mine enemy most of all:
 Protector then, whose vice did still abound,
 From ill to worse, till death did him confound.

He falsely fain'd, that I of counsell was
 To poison him; which thing I neuer ment:
 But he could set thereon a face of brasse,
 To bring to passe his leaud and false intent.
 To such mischief this tyrants heart was bent,
 To God, ne man, he neuer stood in awe,
 For, in his wrath, he made his will a law.

Lord *Hastings* blood for vengeance on him cries,
 And many moe, that were too long to name:
 But, most of all, and in most wofull wise,
 I had good cause this wretched man to blame;
 Before the world I suffred open shame:

Where people were as thicke as is the sand,
 I penance tooke, with taper in my hand.

Each eye did stare, and looke me in the face,
As I past by, the rumours on me ran ;
But patience then had lent me such a grace,
My quiet lookes were prais'd of euery man :
The shamefast blood brought me such colour than,
That thousands said, who saw my sober cheere,
It is great ruth to see this woman heere.

But what prevail'd the peoples pitie there ?
This raging wolfe would spare no guiltlesse blood.
Oh wicked wombe that such ill fruit did beare !
O cursed earth that yeeldeth forth such mud !
The hell consume all things that did thee good !
The heauens shut, their gates against thy spreete !
The world tread downe thy glorie vnder feete !

I aske of God a vengeance on thy bones,
Thy stinking corps corrupts the aire I know ;
Thy shamefull death no earthly wight bemones,
For, in thy life, thy workes were hated so,
That euery man did wish thy ouerthro :
Wherefore I may, though partiall now I am,
Curse euery cause whereof thy bodie came.

Woe worth the man that fathered such a child !
Woe worth the houre wherein thou wast begate !
Woe worth the brefts that haue the world beguil'd,
To nourish thee, that all the world did hate!
Woe worth the gods that gaue thee such a fate,
To liue fo long, that death deferu'd fo oft !
Woe worth the chance that fet thee vp aloft!

Ye Princes all, and Rulers euery one,
In punifhment, beware of hatreds ire!
Before yee fcouge, take heed, looke well thereon :
In wroths ill will if malice kindle fire,
Your hearts will burne in fuch a hot defire,
That, in thofe flames, the fmoke fhall dim your fight,
Yee fhall forget to ioyne your iuftice right.

You fhould not iudge till things be well difcerned,
Your charge is ftill to maintaine vpright lawes :
In confcience rules ye fhould be throughly learned,
Where clemencie bids wrath and rafhnes pause :
And, further faith, ftrike not without a caufe!
And, when ye fmite, do it for iuftice fake,
Then, in good part, each man your fcouge wil take.

If that such zeale had mou'd this tyrants mind,
To make my plague a warrant for the rest,
I had small cause such fault in him to find,
Such punishment is vsed for the best :
But by ill will and powre I was opprest ;
 He spoil'd my goods, and left me bare and poore,
 And caused me to beg from dore to doore.

What fall was this, to come from Princes fare,
To watch for crums among the blind and lame ?
When almes were delt, I had a hungrie share,
Because I knew not how to aske for shame ;
Till force and need had brought me in such frame,
 That starue I must, or learne to beg an almes,
 With booke in hand to say *S. Davids* Pfalmes.

Where I was wont the golden chaines to weare,
A paire of beads about my necke was wound,
A linnen cloth was lapt about my heare,
A ragged gowne that trayled on the ground,
A dish that clapt, and gaue a heauie found,
 A staying staffe, and wallet therewithall,
 I bare about, as witnesse of my fall.

I had no house wherein to hide my head,
The open streete my lodging was perforce :
Full oft I went all hungrie to my bed,
My flesh consum'd, I looked like a corse.
Yet, in that plight, who had on me remorse?
O God thou know'st my friends forsooke me then,
Not one holpe me, that succourd many a man.

They frown'd on me, that faun'd on me before,
And fled from me that followed me full fast :
They hated me by whom I set much store,
They knew full well my fortune did not last.
In euery place I was condemn'd and cast ;
To pleade my cause at barre it was no boote,
For euery man did tread me vnder foote.

Thus long I liu'd, all wearie of my life,
Till death approcht, and rid me from that woe :
Example take, by me, both maid and wife,
Beware, take heed, fall not to follie so!
A mirour make, by my great ouerthro,
Defie the world, and all his wanton waies,
Beware by me, that spent so ill her daies !

On

On the English Poets.

IF Sloth, and Tract of Time,
(That wears eche Thing away)
Should rust, and canker worthy artes,
Good works would soen decay.
If such, as present are,
For-goe the people past ;
Our selues should soen in silence slepe,
And loes renom at last.
No foyll nor land so rude,
But som wise men can sho :
Than should the learned pas unknowne,
Whoes pen and skill did floe ?
God sheeld our sloth wear such,
Or world so simple now :
That knowledge scapt without reward,
Which sercheth vertue thro,
And paints forth vyce aright,
And blames abues in men :
And shos what lief defarues rebuke,
And who the prays of pen.
You see howe forrayn realms,
Aduance their Poets all :

And

And ours are drowned in the dust,
Or flong againſt the wall.

In *Fraunce* did *Marrot* raigne,

And, neighbour thear-vnto ;

Was *Petrark*, marching full with *Dantte*.

Who erſt did wonders do

Among the noble *Grekes*,

Was *Homere* full of ſkill :

And, where that *Ouid* noriſht was,

The *Soyll* did florish ſtill

With letters hie of ſtyle :

But *Virgill* wan the bayes,

And paſt them all for deep engyen ;

And made them all to gaes

Upon the bookes he made.

Thus eche of them you ſee

Wan prayſe and fame, and honor had ;

Eche one in their degree !

I pray you then my friends,

Diſdaine not for to vewe

The works and ſugred verſes fine,

Of our ra'er poetes newe !

Whoes barb'rous language rued,

Perhaps ye may miſlike :

But

But blame them not that ruedly playe
If they the ball do strike.
Nor skorne your mother-tunge,
O babes of *Englishe*-breed !
I haue of other language seen ;
And you, at full, may reed
Fine verses, trimly wrought,
And coucht in comly fort ;
But neuer I, nor you, I troe,
In sentence plaine, and short,
Did yet beholde with eye,
In any forraine tonge,
A higher verse, a staetlyer style,
That may be read, or sung,
Than is this daye, in deede,
Our *Englishe* verse and ryme ;
The grace wherof doth touch the Gods,
And reach the cloudes sometime !
Thorow earth and waters deepe,
The pen, by skill, doth passe ;
And featly nyps the worldes abuse,
And shoes vs in a glasse,
The vertu and the vice,
Of evry wyght al्यूe :

The hony-combe that bee doth make,
Is not so sweete in hyue,
As are the golden leues,
That drop from poets head ;
Which do furmount our common talke
As farre as gold doth lead.
The flowre is sifted cleane,
The bran is cast aside :
And so good corne is known from chaffe,
And each fine graine is spide.
Piers plowman, was full plaine.
And *Chausers* spreet was great :
Earle Surry had a goodly vayne,
Lord *Vaux* the marke did beat.
And *Phaer* did hit the pricke,
In thinges he did translate :
And *Edwards* had a special gift :
And diuers men of late,
Have helpt our *Enlishe*-tounge,
That first was baes and brute.
Oh shall I leaue out *Skelton's* name,
The bloffome of my frute !
The tree wheron in deed,
My branchis all might groe !

Nay *Skelton* wore the Lawrell-wreath,
And past in schoels ye knoe?
A poet for his arte,
Whoes iudgment fuer was hie,
And had great practies of the pen :
His works they will not lie.
His terms to taunts did lean,
His talke was as he wraet :
Full quick of witte, right sharp of words,
And skilful of the staet !
Of reason riep and good,
And, to the haetfull mynd,
That did disdaine his doings still,
A skorner of his kynd !
Most pleasant euery way,
As poets ought to be ;
And seldom out of Princis grace,
And great with eche degre !
Thus haue you heard at full,
What *Skelton* was in deed :
A further knowledge shall you haue,
If you his bookes do reed.
I haue of meer good will,
These verses written heer,

To

To honour vertue as I ought,
 And make his fame apeer,
 That wan the Garland gay,
 Of lawrel leaues but laet.
 Small is my pain, great is his prayes,
 That did fuch honour gaet !

John Higgins,

The Writer of a large Addition to the *Mirror of Magistrates*, and Contemporary with Those who first began the Design. --- But, as to his Birth, Fortune, or other Contingencies, Time has not left us the least Remains. --- 'Tis true he has no great Claim on Posterity for Acknowledgments, yet as his Induction, with that of Mr. *Sackvil's* will give the Reader a View of this Work, so often quoted ; it appear'd necessary to annex it ; and so much the rather as 'tis the best of his Performances.

Second Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates.

WHEN Sommer sweete, with all her pleasures, past,
 And leaues began to leaue the shadie tree,
 The winter cold encreased on full fast,
 And time of yeare to sadnes moued me :
 For moistie blasts not halfe so mirthfull be,
 As sweet *Aurora* brings in spring-time faire,
 Our ioyes they dimme, as winter damps the aire.

The

The nights began to grow to length apace,
Sir *Phœbus* to th' *Antarctique* gan to fare :
From *Libraes* lance to th' *Crab* he tooke his race,
Beneath the line, to lend of light a share.
For then with vs the daies more darkish are,
More short, cold, moist, and stormie cloudie clit,
For sadnes more then mirths or pleasures fit.

Deuising then what bookes were best to reade,
Both for that time, and sentence graue also,
For conference of friend to stand in stead ;
When I my faithfull friend was parted fro,
I gate me straight the Printers shops vnto,
To seeke some worke of price I surely ment,
That might alone my carefull mind content.

Amongst the rest, I found a booke so sad,
As time of yeare or sadnesse could require :
The *Mirour* nam'd for *Magistrates* he had,
So finely pen'd, as heart could well desire :
Which, when I read, so fet my heart on fire,
Eftsoones it me constrain'd to take the paine,
Not left with once, to reade it once againe.

And

And as againe I view'd this worke with heed;
 And marked plaine each partie paint his fall:
 Me thought in mind, I saw those men indeed;
 Eke how they came in order Princely all;
 Declaring well: This life is but a thrall;
 Sith those, on whom for Fortunes gifts we stare;
 Oft sooneft sinke in greatest seas of care.

For some, perdie, were Kings of high estate,
 And some were Dukes, and came of regall race:
 Some Princes, Lords, and Iudges great that Sate
 In counsell still, decreeing euery case:
 Some other Knights that vices did embrace,
 Some Gentlemen, some poore exalted hie:
 Yet euery one had plai'd his tragedie.

A *Mirrour* well it might be call'd, a glasse
 As clear as any crySTALL vnder Sun:
 In each respect the Tragedies so passe,
 Their names shall liue that such a worke begun.
 For why, with such *Decorum* is it done,
 That *Momus* spight with more then *Argus* eies,
 Can neuer watch to keep it from the wise.

Examples

Examples there for all estates you find,
For Iudge (I say) what iustice he should vse:
The noble man to beare a noble mind,
And not himselfe ambitiously abuse;
The Gentleman vngentlenesse refuse:
The rich and poore, and eu'ry one may see,
Which way to loue, and liue in due degree.

I wish them often well to reade it than,
And marke the causes why those Princes fell:
But let me end my tale that I began.
When I had read these Tragedies full well,
And past the winter euenings long to tell,
One night at last I thought to leaue this vse,
To take some ease before I chang'd my Muse.

Wherefore away from reading I me gate,
My heauie head waxt dull for want of rest:
I laid me downe, the night was waxed late,
For lacke of sleepe mine eyes were sore opprest:
Yet fancie still of all their deaths encreast,
Me thought my mind from them I could not take,
So worthie wights, as caused me to wake.

At last appeared, clad in purple blacke,
Sweet *Somnus*, rest which comforts each aliue ;
By ease of mind, that weares away all wracke,
That noysome night from wearie wits doth driue,
Of labours long the pleasures we atchieue.

Whereat I ioy'd, sith, after labours past,
I might enioy sweet *Somnus* sleepe at last.

But he, by whom I thought my selfe at rest,
Reuiued all my fancies fond before :
I, more desirous, humblie did request
Him shew th'vnhappy *Albion* Princes yore :
For well I wist, that he could tell me more,
Sith vnto diuers, *Somnus* erst had told
What things were done in elder times of old.

Then straight he forth his seruant *Morpheus* call'd,
On *Higgins* heere thou must (quoth he) attend ;
The *Britaine* Peeres to bring (whom Fortune thral'd)
From *Letbean* lake, and th'ancient shapes them lend,
That they may shew why, how, they tooke their end.
I wil (quoth *Morpheus*) shew him what they were ;
And so me thought I saw them straight appeare.

One after one, they came in strange attire,
But some with wounds and blood were so disguis'd,
You scarcely could by reasons aid aspire,
To know what warre such fundrie deaths deuise'd ;
And feuerally those Princes were surpris'd.

Of former state, these States gaue ample show,
Which did relate their liues and ouerthrow.

Of some the faces bold, and bodies were
Distain'd with *woad*, and *Turkish* beards they had :
On th'ouer lips mutchatoes long of haire,
And while they seem'd, as men despairing, mad ;
Their lookes might make a constant heart full sad :
And yet I could not so forsake the view,
Nor preface, ere their minds I likewise knew.

For *Morpheus* bad them each in order tell
Their names and liues, their haps and haplesse daies,
And by what meanes from Fortunes wheele they fell,
Which did them erst vnto such honors raise.
Wherewith the first not making moe delaies,
A noble Prince, broad wounded brest that bare,
Drew neere, to tell the cause of all his care.

Which when me thought to speak he might be bold,
Deepe from his brest he threw an vnquoth sound :

I was amaz'd his gestures to behold ;

And blood that freshly trickled from his wound :

While echo so did half his words confound,

That scarce a while the sense might plaine appeare :

At last, me thought, he spake as you shall heare.

As there were many others concern'd in this Work ; *Baldwin, Ferrers, Cauil, Phaer*, I thought it proper to mention their Names ; but, except what belongs to *Draiton* and *Niccols* (who must be treated of in their Place) if I add any more, it must be to their Disadvantage. --- 'Tis true, the Beginning of the Tale of *Michael Joseph* the Black-Smith, set up for a Prince of the Blood, by Lord *Audley* ; has something in it like Merit, and therefore 'tis added to give Mr. *Cauil*, his Pittance of Praise.

The Prologue of Michael Joseph the Black-Smith.

WHO is more bold then is the *Bayard* blind ?

Where is more craft then in the clouted shone ?

Who catch more harme then do the bold in mind ?

Where is more guile then where mistrust is none ?

No plaisters helpe before the grieve be knowne,

So seemes by me who could no wisdome leare,

Vntill such time I bought my wit too deare.

Who

Who being boystrous, stout, and brainlesse bold,
Puft vp with pride, with fire and furies fret,
Incenst with tales so rude and plainly told,
Wherein deceit with double knot was knit,
I trapped was as filly fish in net,

Who, swift in swimming, carelesse of deceit,
Is caught in gin wherein is laid no bait.

Such force and vertue hath this dolefull plaint,
Set forth with fighes and teares of Crocodile,
Who seemes in fight as simple as a Saint,
Hath laid a baite the warelesse to beguile,
And, as they weepe, they worke deceit the while,
Whose rufull cheere the rulers so relent,
To worke in haste that they at last repent.

Take heed therefore yee Rulers of the Land,
Be blind in sight, and stop your other eare:
In sentence slow, till skill the truth hath scand,
In all your doomes both loue and hate forbear,
So shall your iudgement iust and right appeare.
It was a southfast sentence long agoe,
That hastie men shall neuer lacke much woe.

Is it not truth? *Baldwine* what saiest thou?
Say on thy mind: I pray thee muse no more:
Me thinke thou star'st and look'st I wot not how,
As though thou neuer saw'st a man before:
Belike thou musest why I teach this lore,
Else what I am, that heere so boldie dare,
Among the prease of Princes to compare.

Though I be bold, I pray thee blame not mee,
Like as men sow, such corne needs must they reape,
And nature planted so in each degree,
That Crabs like Crabs will kindly crawle and creepe;
The futtle Fox vnlike the silly sheepe.
It is according to my education,
Forward to prease in rout and congregation.

Behold my coate burnt with the sparkes of fire,
My leather apron fild with horse shoos nailes,
Behold my hammer and my pinfers here,
Behold my lookes, a marke that seldome failes:
My cheekes declare I was not fed with quails,
My face, my cloathes, my tooles with all my fashion,
Declare full well a Prince of rude creation.

A Prince I said, a Prince I say againe,
Though not by birth, by crafty vsurpation.
Who doubts but some men princehood do obtaine,
By open force, and wrongfull domination?
Yet while they rule are had in reputation.
Euen so by me, the while I wrought my feate,
I was a Prince, at least in my conceite.

I dare the bolder take on me the name,
Because of him whom here I leade in hand,
Tychet Lord *Awdley* one of birth and fame,
Who with his strength and power seru'd in my band,
I was a Prince while thus I was so mand :
His Butterfly still vnderneath my shield
Displaied was, from *Welles*, to *Blakebeatb* field.

But now behold he doth bewaile the fame :
Thus after-wits their rashnes do deprae.
Behold! dismaid he dare not speake for shame :
He lookes like one that late came from the graue,
Or one that came forth of *Trophonius'* caue,
For that in wit he had so litle pith,
As he a Lord to serue a traytour-Smith.

Such is the courage of the noble hart,
 Which doth despise the vile and baser sort,
 He may not touch what fauours of the cart,
 Him listeth not with each Iack-lout to sport,
 He lets him passe for pairing of his port:
 The iolly Eagles catch not litle flees,
 The courtly filkes match seeld with homely frees.

But surely, *Baldwine*, if I were allow'd
 To say the troth, I could somewhat declare:
 But clerkes will say, this Smith doth waxe too proud,
 Thus in precepts of wisdome to compare.
 But Smiths must speake what Clerkes for feare ne dare.
 It is a thing that all men may lament,
 When Clerkes keepe close the truth lest they be shent.

The Hostler, Barbar, Miller and the Smith,
 Heare of the sawes of such as wisdome ken,
 And learne some wit, although they want the pith,
 That Clerkes pretend: and yet, both now and then,
 The greatest Clerkes proue not the wisest men:
 It is not right that men forbid should bee
 To speake the truth, all were he bond or free.

And

And, for because I vs'd to fret and fome,
Not passing greatly whom I should displease,
I dare be bold a while to play the mome,
Out of my sacke some others faults to lease,
And let mine owne behinde my back to pease.

For he that hath his owne before his eie,
Shall not so quicke anothers fault espie.

I say was neuer no such wofull case,
As is when honor doth it selfe abuse :
The noble man that vertue doth embrace,
Repreffeth pride, and humblenes doth vse,
By wisdome workes ; and rashnesse doth refuse.

His wanton will and lust that bridle can,
Indeed is gentle both to God and man.

But, where the Nobles want both wit and grace,
Regard no rede, care not but for their lust,
Oppresse the poore, set will in reasons place,
And in their words and doomes be found vniust,
Wealth goeth to wracke till all lie in the dust :

There Fortune frownes, and spite begins to grow,
Till high, and low, and all be ouerthrow.

Then

Then, sith that vertue hath so good reward,
And after vice so duely waiteth shame,
How hap'th that Princes haue no more regard,
Their tender youth with vertue to inflame?
For lacke whereof their wit and will is lame,
Infect with folly, prone to lust and pride,
Not knowing how themfelues or theirs to guide!

Whereby it hapneth to the wanton wight,
As to a ship vpon the stormie seas,
Which lacking sterne to guide it selfe aright,
From shore to shore the winde and tide to tease,
Finding no place to rest or take his ease,
Till at the last it sinke vpon the sand:
So fare they all that haue no vertues scand.

The plowman first his land doth dresse and tourne,
And makes it apt, or ere the seed he sowe,
Whereby he is full like to reape good corne,
Where otherwise no seed but weed would grow:
By which ensample men may easely know,
When youth haue wealth before they can well vse it,
It is no wonder though they do abuse it.

How

How can he rule well in a commonwealth,
Which knoweth not himselfe in rule to frame?
How should he rule himselfe in ghostly health,
Which neuer learn'd one lesson for the same?
If such catch harme their parents are too blame:
For needs must they be blind, and blindly led,
Where no good lesson can be taught or read.

Some thinke their youth discreet and wisely taught,
That brag, and boast, and weare their feather braue,
Can roist and rout, both loure and looke aloft,
Can sweare and stare, and call their fellowes knaue,
Can pill and poll, and catch before they craue,
Can card and dice, both cog and foist at fare,
Play on vnthriftie, till their purse be bare.

Some teach their youth to pipe, to sing and dance,
To hauke, to hunt, to choose and kill their game,
To wind their horne, and with their horse to prounce,
To play at tenis, set the lute in frame,
Run at the ring, and vse such other game:
Which feats, although they be not all vnfit,
Yet cannot they the marke of vertue hit.

For

For noble youth there is nothing so meete
As learning is, to know the good from ill:
To know the tongues and perfectly endite,
And of the lawes to haue a perfect skill,
Things to reforme as right and iustice will :
For honour is ordeined for no cause,
But to see right maintained by the lawes.

It spites my heart to heare when noble men
Cannot disclose their secrets to their frend,
In sauegard sure, with paper, inke, and pen,
But first they must a secretary find,
To whom they shew the bottome of their mind :
And be he false or true, a blab or close,
To him they must their counsaile needs disclose.

And, where they rule that haue of law no skill,
There is no boote, they needes must seeke for ayd:
Then rul'd are they, and rule as others will,
As he that on a stage his part hath plaid :
But he was taught, nought hath he done or said.
Such youth therfore seek science of the sage,
As thinke to rule when that ye come to age.

William

William Warner,

An Author only unhappy in the Choice of his Subject, and Measure of his Verse. His Poem is an Epitome of the *British* History, and wrote with great Learning, Sense, and Spirit. --- In some Places fine to an extraordinary Degree, as I think, will eminently appear in the ensuing Episode. A Tale full of beautiful Incidents, in the Romantick Taste, extreemly affecting, rich in Ornament, wonderfully various in Stile; and, in short, one of the most beautiful Pastorals I ever met with. --- What were the Circumstances, and Accidents of his Life, we have hardly light enough to Conjecture, any more than, by his Dedication, it appears he was in the Service of the Lord *Hunsdon*, and acknowledges very gratefully both Father and Son for his Patrons, and Benefactors.

THE *Brutons* thus departed hence, seven Kingdomes here begonne:

Where diuersly in divers Broyles the *Saxons* lost and wonne.

King *Edell* and King *Adelbright* in *Diria* joyntly rayne:
In loyall concorde, during life, these Kingly friends remayne.

When *Adelbright* should leave his life, to *Edell* thus he saies.

By those, same Bonds of happy love, that held us friends alwaies,

By

By our by-parted Crowne, of which the Moyetie is Myne,
 By God, to whom my Soule must passe, and so in
 Tyme may thyne,

I pray thee, nay, Conjure thee too, to nourish as thyne
 owne

Thy Neice, my Daughter *Argentile*, till she to age
 be growne,

And then, as thou recievest it, resigne to her my Throne.

A promise had for this Bequest, the Testator he dyes
 But all that *Edell* undertooke, he afterward denyes.

Yet well he fosters for a Tyme the Damsell, that was
 growne

The fayrest Lady under Heaven: whose Beautie being
 knowne,

A many Princes seeke her love, but none might her
 obtaine :

For *Grippel-Edell* to himselfe, her Kingdome sought
 to gaine,

By chance one *Curan*, Son unto a Prince in *Danske*
 did see

The Mayde, with whom he fell in loue as much as
 one might bee.

Unhappie Youth! what should he do? his Saint was
 kept in Mewe,

Nor he, nor any Noble-man admitted to her vewe.

One

One while in Melancholy fits he pynes himselfe away,
Anon he thought by force of Armes to winne her if
he may,

And still against the Kings restraint did secretly invay.
At length the high controller Love, whom none may
disobay,

Imbasd him from Lordlyness, unto a Kitchin-drudge:
That so, at least, of Life or Death she might become
his Judge.

Accesse so had to see, and speak, he did his lovebewray
And telles his Birth: her Answer was; she Hus-
bundles would stay.

Mean while, the King did beat his Braines his
Bootie to achue,

Not caring what became of her, so he by her might
thrive :

At last his resolution was some Pessant should her wiue.

And, which was working to his wish, he did observe
with joye

How *Curan*, whom he thought a Drudge, scapt many
an amorous Toye.

The King, perceiving such his vayne, promotes his
Vassal still,

Least that the baceness of the Man should let perhaps
his Will.

Assured

Affured therefore of his Love, but not suspecting who
 The Lover was, the King himself in his behalfe did woe.
 The Lady, resolute from loue, unkindly takes that hee
 Should barre the Noble, and unto so base a Match agree:
 And therefore, shifiting out of Doores, departed thence
 by stealth,

Preferring Povertie before a Dangerous life in Wealth.

When *Curan* heard of her escape, the anguish in
 his Harte

Was more then much; and, after her, from Court he
 did departe:

Forgetfull of himself, his Birth, his Countrie, Friends,
 and all;

And only minding whom he mist; the foundresse of
 his Thrall!

Nor meanes he, after to frequent or Court, or stately
 Townes,

But solitarily to live, amongst the Countrie Grownes.

A brace of years he lived thus; well pleased so to live!

And shepheard-like to feede a Flocke, himself did
 wholly give.

So wasting love, by Worke, and want, grewe almost to
 the Waene:

But then began a second Love, the worser of the twane!

A Countrie-Wench, a Neatheard's Mayd, where
Curan kept his sheepe
Did feed her Droue: and now on her was all the Shep-
heard's keepe.

He borrow'd, on the working Daies, his holly Ruffets
oft :

And of the Bacons fat, to make his Starttups blacke
and soft :

And leaft his Tar-Box should offend he left it at the
Folde :

Sweete Growte, or Whigge, his Bottle had as much as
it would holde :

A Sheeue of Bread as brown as Nut, and Cheefe as
white as Snowe,

And Wyldings, or the Seasons Fruite, he did in
Scrippe bestowe :

And, whilst his py-bald Curre did sleepe, and Sheep-
hooke lay him by,

On hollowe Quilles of oten-strawe he pyped Melodie.

But, when he spyed her his Saint, he wipte his Greasie
Shooes,

And clear'd the drivell from his Beard, and thus the
Shepherd woes.

I have, sweete Wench, a peece of Cheese as good as
Tooth may chawe :

And Bread, and Wyldings, fouling well : (and there-
withall did drawe

His Lardrie :) and, in eating, See yon crumpled Ewe,
quoth hee,

Did twinne this fall, faith thou art too elvish, and to^o
coye :

Am I, I pray thee, beggerlie, that such a Flock enioye :
I wis I am not : yet that thou doest hold me in disdaine
Is brimme abroade, and made a gibe to all that keep
this Plaine.

There be as quaint, at least that think themselves as
quaint, that craue

The match, which thou (I wot not why) mayst, but
mislik'st to have.

How wouldest thou match : (for well I wot, thou art
a female) I,

I know not her that, willingly, with Mayden-head
would dye.

The Plowmans Labour hath no end, and he a Churle
will proue :

The Craftsman hath more work in hand, then fitteth
unto loue :

The Merchant, trafficking abroad, suspects his wife at
home :

A Youth will play the Wanton, and an old Man prove
a Mome :

Then chuse a Shepherd: with the Sunne he doth his
Flock unfold,

And all the Day on Hill or Plaine, he merrie chat can
hold ;

And with the Sunne doth folde againe: then, jogging
home betyme,

He turnes a Crabb, or tunes a Rounde, or sings some
merrie ryme ;

Nor lackes he gleefull Tales to tell, whilst that the
Bole doth trot :

And sitteth singing Care-away, till he to Bed hath got.
There sleeps he soundly all the Night, forgetting
Morrow-Cares,

Nor feares he blasting of his Corne, or uttring of his
wares,

Or stormes by Seae, or stirres on Land, or cracke of
Credit lost,

Nor spending franklier then his Flocke shall still de-
fray the cost.

164 *The Muses Library.*

Well wot I, sooth they say, that say: more quiet
Nights and daies

The Shepherd sleepest and wakes then he whose Cattel
he doth graize.

Believe me Lasse, a King is but a Man, and so am I:
Content is worth a Monarchie, and Mischiefs hit the hye.
As late it did a King and his, not dying farre from hence:
Who left a Daughter (save thy selfe) for faire, a
matchles Wench.

Here did he pause, as if his Tongue had made his
Harte offence.

The Neatresse, longing for the rest, did egge him
on to tell

How faire she was, and who she was. She bore (quoth
he) the Bell

For Beautie: though I clownish am, I know what
Beautie is,

Or did I not, yet seeing thee, I fencel was to mis.
Suppose her Beautie *Hellen's*-like, or *Hellen's* some-
what less,

And every starre consorting to a puer complexion gesse.
Her stature comely tall, her gate well graced, and her
wit

To marvell at, not meddle with, as matchles I omit.

A Globe-like Head, a Gold-like Haire, a Forhead
smooth and hye,

An even Nose, on either side stood out a graish Eye:
Two rosie Cheekes, round ruddie Lippes, with just-set
Teeth within,

A mouth in meane, and underneath a round and dimpled
Chin,

Her snowy Necke, with Blewish Vaines, stood bolt
upright upon

Her portly Shoulders: beating Balles, her vayned
Breasts, anon,

Add more to Beautie: wand-like was her middle,
falling still,

And riseing whereas Women rise: but overskip I will,
What Males in Females overskip; ymagin nothing ill!
And more, her long and limber Armes, had white and
azure Wristes,

And slender Fingers answer to her smooth and lillie
Fistes:

A Leg in print, and prettie Foote: conjecture of the rest!
For amorous Eyes, observing forme, think parts obscured best.

With these (oh thing divine!) with these, her Tongue
of speech was spare :

But, speaking, *Venus* seem'd to speak the Ball from *Ida*
to bear !

With *Pallas*, *Juno*, and with both herself contends in
Face ;

Where equal mixture did not want of milde and stately
grace :

Her smyles were sober, and her looks were chearfull
unto all,

And such as neither wanton seeme, nor waward ; mell,
nor gall.

A quiet Minde, a patient-moode, and not disdayning
any,

Not gybing, gadding, gawdie, and her faculties were
many.

A Nymph, no tounge, no harte, no eye, might praise,
might wish, might see,

For Life, for Love, for forme, more good, more worth,
more faire, then shee ?

Yet such an one, as such was none, faue only she was
such :

Of *Argentile* to say the most were to be silent much.

I knew the Lady very well, but worthles of such
prais,

The Neatresse sayd: and muse I doe, a Shepeard thus
should blaze

The coate of Beautie. Credit me thy latter speach
bewraies

Thy clownish shape, a coyned shew. But wherefore
dost thou weep?

(The shepeard wept, and she was woe, and both did
silence keep.)

In troth, quoth he, I am not such as, seeming, I professe:
But then for her, and now for thee, I from my self di-
gresse.

Her loued I, (wretch that I am, a Recreant to bee)

I loued her, that hated loue: but now I dye for thee.

At *Kirkland* is my Fathers Court, and *Curan* is my
Name,

In *Edels* Court sometymes in pompe, till Loue con-
trould the fame:

But now. What now? dear Hart! how now? what
ayleyst thou to weepe?

(The Damfell wept, and he was woe, and both did
silence keep.)

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much, that you did
loue so much :

But whom your former could not moue, your second
loue doth touch.

Thy twise-beloued *Argentile*, submitteth her to thee :
And for thy double loue presents her selfe a single
fee :

In Passion, not in Person chaung'd, and I my Lord
am shee.

They sweetly surfeiting in joye and silent for a space,
Whereas the extasie had end, did tenderly imbrace:
And for their Wedding, and their Wish, got fitting
tyme and place,

G. Gascoigne,

A Gentleman of *Gray's-Inn*, intended by his Parents to practise the Laws ; but as it appears, misled by his Pleasure into Poetry ; or by Poetry into Pleasure ; He afterwards follow'd the Wars in *Flanders*, and, in his Winter Quarters, wrote his Poem call'd, *The Fruits of Warre*, The Lord *Gray of Wilton*, was his Patron ; and from whom, He professes to have received many signal Favours ; His Verse is by far the smoothest of any of his Time ; and in that lies his principal Merit : Scarce any one of his Designs being regularly conducted ; or uniform in Stile, and Manner. Upon the Whole, I think, He neither deserves to be slighted, as he is by *Winstanly*, and *Philips* ; nor greatly to be prais'd ; as will best appear

pear from the following Passages. --- In my humble
Opinion some of the most shining of his Works.

The Araignment of a Lover.

AT *Beauty's* Barre as I dyd stande,
When false *Suspect* accused mee,
George (quod the *Judge*) holde vp thy Hande,
Thou art arraignde of Flatterye :
Tell therefore howe wylt thou bee tryde ?
Whose Judgment here wylt thou abyde ?

My Lorde (quod I) this Lady here,
Whom I esteeme aboue the rest,
Doth know my Guilt if any were :
Wherefore her Doome doth please me best,
Let her be Judge and Jurour both,
To trye me guyltlesse by mine Oath !

Quoth *Beauty*, no, it fitteth not,
A Prince her selfe to iudge the Cause :
Wyll is our Justice well you wot,
Appoynted to discusse our Lawes :
If you wil guiltlesse seeme to goe,
God and your Countrey quitte you so !

Then

Then *Craft*, the *Cryer* calde a quest,
Of whom was *Falshoode* formost feere :
A packe of Pickthankes were the rest,
Which came false Witnes for to beare.
The Jury such, the Judge vniust,
Sentence was sayd I should be trust.

Jelous the Jayler bound me fast,
To heare the Verdite of the bill :
George (quoth the Judge) now thou art cast,
Thou must goe hence to heauy Hill.
And there be hangd all but the head,
God rest thy soule when thou art dead !

Downe fell I then vpon my Knee,
All flatte before Dame *Beauties* face,
And cryed ; good Ladye pardon mee,
Who here appeale vnto your Grace,
You know if I have beene vntrue,
It was in too much praying you.

And,

And, though this Judge doe make such Haste,
To shed with Shame my guyltlesse Blood :
Yet let your Pittie first bee plaste,
To saue the Man that meant you good,
So shall you shewe your selfe a Queene,
And I maye bee your Seruant seene !

(Quod *Beautie*) well : because I guesse,
What thou doest meane hence forth to bee,
Although thy Faultes deserue no lesse,
Than Justice here hath iudged thee,
Wylt thou be bounde to stynt all Strife,
And be true Prisoner all thy Lyfe?

Yea Madame (quod I) that I shall,
Loe *Fayth* and *Trueth* my suerties :
Why then (quod she) come when I call,
I aske no better Warrantise.
Thus am I *Beauties* bounden Thrall,
At her commaunde when she doth call.

From

From his Dan Bartholomew, &c.

AND now (wyth care) I can record those dayes,
And call to mind the quiet Life I led,
Before I first beheld thy golden Rayes,
When thine Untruth yet troubled not my Head.
Remember thou, as I cannot forget,
How I had laid both Loue and Lust aside,
And how I had my fixed Fancie set
In constant Vow for euer to abide.
The bitter Prooffe of Pangs in Pleasure past,
The costly Tast of Hony, mixt with Gall,
The painted Heauen, which turnd to Hell at last,
The Freedome faind, which brought me but to Thrall,
The lingring Sute, well fed wyth fresh Delays,
The wasted Vowes which fled wyth euery Wind,
The restless Nights to purchase pleasing Dayes,
The toiling Daies to please my restless Mind.
All these (wyth mo) had brused so my Brest,
And graft such Griefe within my groaning Hart,
That had I left dame *Fansie* and the rest,
To greener Yeers, which might indure the Smart.

From

From the same.

O louing Youths! thys glasse was made for you,
And in the same you may your Selues behold,
Beleeue me now not one in all your crew,
Which (where he loues) hath courage to be bold,
Your *Cressides* Climes are alwayes vncontrold.
You dare not say the Sunne is cleare and bright,
You dare not sweare that darke some is the night!

Terence was wise who taught by *Pamphilus*,
How Courage quailles where Loue beblinds the Sense,
Though Prooffe oft times makes Louers quarellous,
Yet small Excuse serues *Loue* for iust Defense.
These *Curtisans* haue Power by Pretense,
To make a Swan of that whych was a Crow,
As though blacke Pitch were turned into Snow.

From the Fruits of War.

THE Poets olde, in their fond Fable faine
That mighty *Mars* is *God* of war and strife,
These Astronomers thinke, where *Mars* doth raygne,
That all Debate and Discord must be rise;
Some thinke *Bellona* Goddess of that Life:

So

So that some One and some Another iudge
To be the cause of euey greeuous Grudge.

Among the Rest that Paynter had some Skil,
Who thus in armes did once set out the same,
A field of *Geules*, and, on a Golden-Hil,
A stately Towne consumed all with Flame,
On Cheafe of *Sable* (taken from the dame)
A sucking Babe (oh) borne to byde Mischaunce !
Begoarde with Blood, and peerced with a Launce.

On high the Helme, I beare it wel in minde,
The Wreath was Siluer poudred all with shot,
About the which (*goutte de sang*) did twinde,
A roll of *Sable*, black and foule beblot !
The Crest two hands, which may not be forgot ;
For in the Right, a trenchant Blade did stand ;
And in the Left a fiery burning Brand.

Thus Poets, Paynters, and Astronomers,
Haue geuen their Gesse this Subject to define,
Yet are those Three, and with them Trauellers,
Not best betrust among the Worthyes nine ;
Their words and works are deemed not deuine.

But

But why? *God* knowes : (my Matter not so marre.)

Vnlesse it be because they fayne too farre.

Wel then, let see what sayth the common Voyce,
These old sayd sawes, of *Warre* what can they say :
Who list to harken to their whispring Noyce,
May heare them talke and tattle Day by Day,
That Princes Pride is cause of *Warre* alway.
Plenty brings Pride, Pride Plea, Plea Pine, Pine Peace,
Peace Plentie, and so (say they) they neuer cease.

Then what is *Warre* : define it right at last,
And let vs fet all old sayd Saws aside ;
Let Poets lie, let Painters faine as fast,
Astronomers let marke how starres doo glide,
And let these Trauellers tell wonders wide !
But let vs tell by trusty prooffe of Truth,
What thing is *Warre* which raiseth all thys Ruth !

And for my part my fanfie for to wright,
I say that *Warre* is euen the Scourge of *God*,
Tormenting such as dwell in princely Plight,
Yet not regard the Teaching of his Rod,
Whose Deedes and Dueties oftentimes are odde,

Who range at random iesting at the iust,
As though they raignd to do euen what they lust.

Whome neyther Plague can pull into Remorce,
Nor Dearth can draw to mend that is amis,
Wythin those Hearts no Pitie findeth Force,
Nor Right can rule to iudge what Reason is.
Whom Sicknesse salueth not, nor Bale brings Blis :
Yet can high *Joue* by wast of bloodie *Warre*,
Send Schoolemaisters to teach them what they are.

Then since the Case so plaine by Proofoe doth stand,
That *Warre* is such, and such always it was,
How chanceth then that Many take in Hand
To ioy in *Warre*, whyle greater Pleasures passe ?
Who count the quiet *Burgher* but an Ass,
That liues at Ease contented wyth his owne,
Whiles they seeke more and yet are ouerthrowne.

If *Mars* mooue *Warre*, as Star-conners can tell,
And Poets eeke in Fables vse to faine,
Or if *Bellona* cause Mens Hearts to swell
By deadly Grudge, by Rancor or Disdaine,
Then what Delight may in that life remaine ?

Where

Where Anger, Wrath, Teene, Mischiefe and Debate,
Do still vphold the Pillars of the State?

If Painters Craft haue truly *Warre* displaide,
Then is it wore (and bad it is at best)
Where Townes destroid and Fields with Blood beraide,
Yong Children slaine, old Widows foule opprest,
Maids rauished, both Men and Wiues distrest :
Short Tale to make, where Sword and cindring Flame
Consume as much as Earth and Aire may frame.

If *Pride* make *Warre* (as common People prate)
Then is it good (no doubt) as good may bee ;
For *Pride* is roote of Ill in euery State,
The Sowrse of Sinne! the very Feend his Fee!
The Head of Hell, the Bough, the Branch, the Tree,
From whych doo spring and sprout such fleshly Seed,
As nothing else but Mone and Mischiefe breeds !

But if *Warre* be (as I haue said before)
God's Scourgewhich doth both Prince and People tame,
Then warne the wiser Sort by learned Lore,
To flee from that which bringeth naught but blame,
And let Men count it Grief and not a Game,

To feele the Burden of *God's* mightie Hand,
When he concludes in Judgement for to stand.

Oh *Prince* be pleas'd with thine owne Dyademe,
Confine thy Countreys with their common Bounds!
Enlarge no Land, ne stretch thou on thy Streame!
Penne vp thy Pleasure in Repentance Pounds,
Least thine own Sword be cause of al thy Wounds.
Clayme nought by *Warre* where Title is not good!
It is *God's* scourge, then *Prince* beware thy blood!

Oh Dukes, oh Earls, oh Barons, Knights and 'Squiers!
Keepe you content with that which is your owne!
Let *Bravery* neuer bring you in his Briers!
Seeke not to mowe where you no Seed haue fowne!
Let not your Neighbors House be ouerthrowne,
To make your Garden straight, round, euen and square!
For that is *Warre* (*God's* scourge) then Lords beware!

Oh Bishops, Deacons, Prelates, Priests and all,
Striue not for Tythes, for Glebeland, nor for Fees,
For polling *Peter-pence*, for Popish-pall,
For proud Pluralities, nor new Degrees;
And though you thinke it lubberlike to leese,

Yet

Yet should you lend that one halfe of your Cote,
Then Priestes leaue *Warre*, and learne to sing that note!

Oh lawlesse Lawyers stop your too long Nose,
Wherewith you smel your needy Neighbour's Lacke,
Which can pretend a little to suppose,
And in your Rules vplandish Louts can racke
Til you haue brought their Wealth vnto the wrack!
This is playne *Warre* although you terme it Strife:
Which *God* wil scourge, then Lawyers leaue this life!

Oh Merchants make more Conscience in an Oath,
Sell not your Silkes by Danger nor Deceite,
Breake not your Bankes with Coyne and Credit both,
Heape not your Hoords by Wylines of Weight,
Set not to Sale your Suttleties by Slight,
Breede no Debate by bargayning for Dayes!
For *God* wil scourge such guyles ten thousand wayes!

Oh Countrey Clownes, your Clofes see you keepe,
With Hedge and Ditch, and marke your Meade with
Meares,
Let not dame *Flattery* in your bosome creepe,
To tel a Fittone in your Landlords Eares,
And say the Ground is his as playne appeares,

Where you but set the Bounders forth too farre:
 Ply you the Plough and be no cause of *Warre* !

Oh common People clayme nothing but Right
 And cease to seeke that you haue neuer lost,
 Strive not for Trifles : make not all your Might
 To put your Neighbors Purse to needles Cost,
 When your owne Gilt is spent, then farewell Frost !
 The Lawyer gaynes and leades a lordly Life,
 Whiles you leese all and beg to stint your Strife.

Knew Kings and Princes what a Pain it were
 To win mo Realms then any Wit can weeld,
 To pine in Hope, to fret as fast for Feare,
 To see their Subiects mured in the Field,
 To lose at last, and then Themselves to yield,
 To breake found Sleepe with Carke and inward Care,
 They would loue Peace, and bid *Warre* well to fare !

His Works are bound altogether in Quarto ; and
 contain Poems, which he calls *Flowers, Herbs, and*
Weeds : The History of *Dan Bartholemew of Bath,*
 The Tale of *Ferdinando Jeronimi* : The *Steel-Glass* ;
 a Satire in Blank Verse, and, according to *Langbane,*
 &c. The *Glass of Government*, a Tragi-Comedy, (but
 not in my Edition.) The Complaint of *Philo-*
mene ; The *Supposes*, a Comedy ; *Jocasta*, a Tragedy,
 from

from the *Greek*. ---- In this he was assisted by one Mr. *Francis Kinwelmarsh*: And the Pleasures of *Kenelworth-Castle*, an Entertainment for the Queen.

Thomas Nash,

Descended from a Family in *Hertfordshire*; but born at *Leostoff* in *Suffolk*. He received his Education at *St. John's College, Cambridge*, and was design'd for Holy Orders; But whether ever prefer'd, or honour'd with any great Man's Patronage is no where determin'd. --- I am inclin'd to think the Contrary, because good Fortune is seldom without the Evidence of Flattery, or Envy: Whereas Distress, and Obscurity are almost inseparable Companions.--- This is farther confirm'd by some Lines, vehemently passionate, in a Performance of his, call'd, *Piers Penniless*; which, to say nothing of the Poetry, are the strongest Picture of Rage, and Despair that I ever met with.

WHY is't Damnation to despair and die,
When Life is my true Happiness' Disease?
My Soul! my Soul! thy Safety makes me fly
The faulty Means that might my Pain appease,
Divines, and dying Men may talk of Hell;
But, in my Heart, her several Torments dwell!

Ah worthless Wit to train me to this Woe!
Deceitful Arts that Nourish Discontent!
Ill Thrive the Folly that bewitch'd me so!

Vain Thoughts adieu ; for now I will repent !
 And yet my Wants persuade me to proceed ;
 Since none take Pity of a Schollar's Need !

Forgive me *God* altho' I curse my Birth,
 And ban the Air wherein I breathe a Wretch !
 Since Misery hath daunted all my Mirth
 And I am quite undone thro' Promise-Breach
 O Friends ! no Friends, that then ungently frown,
 When changing Fortune casts us headlong down !

Without Redress complains my careless Verse.
 And *Midas* Ears relent not at my Moan !
 In some far Land will I my Grievs rehearse
 Amongst them that will be mov'd when I shall groan !
England adieu ! the Soil that brought me forth !
 Adieu unkin'd where Skill is nothing worth !

His Works are various, both in Verse and Prose ;
 tho' all Biting, and Satirical. --- By some he is call'd
 the *English Aretine* ; By others, a Buffoon in Print.
 --- But that he had a sufficient Quantity of Spleen,
 at least, is apparent by the following Lines, occasion'd
 by a Controversy with Doctor *Gabriel Harvey* of *Saffron-Walden*.

Were

Were there no Wars, poor Men should have no Peace;
Unceſſant Wars with Waſps, and Drones I cry !
He that begins, oft knows not how to ceaſe ;
He hath begun ; I'll follow till I die !

I'll hear no Truce, Wronge gets no Grave in me !
Abuſe Pell Mell, incounter with Abuſe !
Write he again, I'll write eternally !
Who feeds Revenge, hath found an endleſs Muſe !

If Death ere made his black Dart of a Pen,
My Pen his ſpecial Bayly ſhall become :
Somewhat Ile be reputed of 'mongſt Men,
By ſtriking of this Duncce or dead or dumb :
Await the World the Tragedy of Wrath !
What next I paint ſhall tread no common Path !

As I have not been able to meet with his Poems
myſelf, I beg Leave to inſert his Character, as it
ſeems impartially ſumm'd up, ſoon after his Death,
in an old Comedy, call'd, *The Return from Parnaffus,*
or *a Scourge for Simony.*

Let all his Faults ſleep in his mournful Cheſt,
And there for ever with his Aſhes reſt !
His Style was Witty ; tho' he had ſome Gall :
Something he might have mended --- ſo may all ?

George Turberville,

A Gentleman of an antient Family in *Dorsetshire*, educated at *Oxford*, chosen perpetual Fellow of *New College*, and, afterwards Secretary to an Embassy to *Russia*.-- Sir *John Harrington* Complements him in one of his Epigrams; but, by others, he is barely mention'd, as one of the Poetical Hive, that swarm'd, so profusely in the Reign of *Q. Elizabeth*. --- Some of the very best of his Poems, I mean such as I think so, are here inserted; that if he deserves a Character, his Merit may be remember'd as well as his Name.

The Speech of Reason against Love.

A T length, when *Reason* saw
 Me fotted so in Love,
 As I ne would, ne might at all
 My Fanfie thence remoue :
 Shee caus'd her Trumpe be blowne
 To cyte her Servants all
 Into the Place, by whose Aduise
 I might be rid from Thrall.
 Then *Plato* first appearde,
 With Sage and solemne Sawes :
 And in his Hand a golden Booke
 Of good and *Greekish* Lawes ;

Whose Honie-Mouth such wise,
And weightie Wordes did tell :
Gainst thee and all thy Troupe at once
As *Reason* lykte it well.
When *Plato's* Tale was done,
Then *Tullie* preft in Place :
Whose filed Tongue with sugred Talke,
Would good a fimple Cafe.
With open Mouth I heard
And Jawes yftretched wyde,
How He gainst *Venus* Dearlings all,
And *Cupid's* Captiues cryde.
Then *Plutarch* gan to preache
And by Examples proue,
That thoufand Mifchiefes were procurde
By meane of guilefull Loue.
Whole Cities brought to Spoyle,
And Realmes to shamefull Sack :
Where Kings and Rulers good Aduice
By means of Loue did lack ?
Next *Plutarch*, *Senec* came,
Seuere in all his Sawes!
Who cleane defide your wanton Tricks,
And fcornd your childifh Lawes.

I neede not name the Rest

That stoode as then in Place :

But Thousahdes more there were that fought
Your Godhead to deface.

When all the Hall was husht,

And Sages all had done :

Then *Reason* that, in Judgement, fate
Her skilfull Talke begonne.

Gramercie Friends (quoth she)

Your Counsell likes me well :

But now lend Eare to *Reasons* Wordes.

And listen what I tell !

What Madnesse may be more

Than such a Lorde to haue,

Who makes the Chiefetaine of his Bande

A rude and Raskall-Slaue ?

Who woonted is to yeelde

In Recompence of Paine ?

A ragged Recompence *God* wote !

That turnes to meere Disdaine ?

Who gladly would ensue

A Conduct that is blinde ?

Or thrall himfelfe to such a one

As shewes himself vnkinde ?

What

What Ploughman would be glad
To sowe his Seede for Gaine,
And reape when Haruest-time comes on
But Trauaile for his Paine?
What Madman might endure
To watch and warde for nought:
To ride, to runne, and last to loose
The Recompence he sought?
To waste the Day in Wo,
And restlesse Night in Care,
And haue, in stead of better Foode,
But sobbing for his Fare?
To bleare his Eies with Brine,
And salted Teares ythead:
To force his fainting Flesh to fade,
His Colour pale and dead?
And to foredoe with Carke
His wretched, witherd Hart?
And so to breede his bitter Bale
And hatch his deadly Smart?
I speake it to this Fine,
That plainely might appere,
Cupidos Craft, and guilefull Guise
To him that standeth here,

Whose Eies, with Fanfies mist
And Error's Clowdes are dim,
By means that hee in *Venus* Lake
And *Cupids* Goulfe doth swim;
And hath, by sodaine Sight
Of vnacquainted Shape,
So fixt his Hart, as Hope is past
For euer to escape.
Unlesse to these my Wordes,
A listning Eare hee lende:
Which oft are wont the Lbuers Minde
And Fanfie to offende.
But he that would his Health,
Sowre Sirops must assay:
For ev'ry Griefe hath Cure againe
By cleane repugnant Way.
And who so mindes to quite,
And rid himselfe from Wo,
Must seeke, in Time, for to remooue
The Thing that hurtes him so.
For, longer that it lastes,
It Frets the farder in,
Untill it growe to curelesse Maine
By passing Fell and Skin.

The Pyne, that beares his Head
Up to the haughtie Skie,
Would well haue beene remoouede at first
As daylie Proofoe doth trie :
Which, now, no force of man
Nor Engine may subvert :
So wyde the creeping Rootes are run
By Natures subtile Art:
So Loue, by slender Sleight
And little paine at furst,
Would haue beene stopt, but hardly now
Thou thou wouldst doe thy wurst.
The wanted Saw is true,
Shun Loue, and Loue will flee,
But follow Loue and, spite thy nose,
Then Loue will follow thee.
And, though such grafted Thoughts,
On sodaine, may not die,
Ne be forgone; yet Proesse shall
Their farther Growth destrie.
No Giaunt for his Lyfe
Can cleaue a knarrie Oke,
Though he would seeke to doe his wurst
And vtmost at a Stroke:

But

But let the meanest Man
Haue Space to fell him downe,
And he will make him bende his Head
And bring his Boughes to Grownde.

No Force of falling Showre
Can pierce the Marble-Stone,
As will the often Drops of Raine
That from the Gutters gone :

Wherefore, thou retchlesse Man !
My Counsell with thee mo
Is, that thou Peecemeale doe expell
The Loue that paines thee so.

Renounce the Place where shee
Doth make Soiourn and Stay :
Force not hir trayning, truthlesse Eies,
But turne thy Face away !

Thinke that the hurtfull Hooke
Is coverde with such Baite :
And that in such a pleasant Plot
The Serpent lurkes in waite.

Weigh well her scornefull Cheere,
And thinke shee seekes thy Spoyle :
And though thy Conquest were atchivde,
May not acquite thy Toyle :

Not ydle fee thou bee,

Take aye some Charge in Hande :

And quickly shalt thou quench the Flame

Of carelesse *Cupid's* Brande.

For what (I pray you) bred

Ægistus foule Defame ?

And made him spoken of so yll ?

What put him to the shame ?

What forste the Foole to loue ?

This beastly, ydle Lyfe

Was Cause that he besotted was

Of *Agamemnons* Wyfe.

If he had fought in Field,

Encountring with his Foe ;

On stately Steede, or else on Foote

With Glaue had giuen the Bloo :

If he, that Lecher lewde !

Had warlick Walles assailde

With Cannon shot, or bownsing Ramme

His fenced Enemies quailde :

He had not felt such Force

Of vile and beastly Sin ;

Cupidos Shafts had fallen short,

If he had busie bin,

What

What *Myrrha* made to loue?

Or *Byblis* to desire,

To quench the Heate of hungrie Lust

And Flames of filthy Fire?

What *Canace* enforcde

To frie with frantick Brandes,

In sort as vp to yeelde hir selfe

Unto hir Brothers Handes?

And other Thousand mo

Of whome the Poets wright?

Nought else (good Fayth!) but for they had

In ydle Thoughts Delight.

They spent their youthfull Yeares

In foule, and filthie Trade,

They busied not their ydle Braines

But *God* of Pleasure made.

Wherefore if thou (I say)

Dost couet to auoyde

That Bedlam-Boyes deceitfull Bowe

That Others hath anoyde:

Eschewe the ydle Lyfe,

Flee, flee from doing nought!

For neuer was their ydle Braine

But bred an ydle Thought.

And

And, when those Stormes are past
And Clowdes remov'd away :
I know thou wilt on (*Reason*) thinke
And minde the Wordes I say.
Which are : that *Loue* is Roote,
And onely Crop of Care,
The Bodies Foe, the Harts annoy :
And Cause of Pleasures rare !
The Sicknesse of the Minde !
The Fountaine of Vnrest !
The Gotlfe of Guile, the Pit of Paine !
Of Grief the hollow Chest !
A fierie Frost, a Flame
That frozen is with Ice !
A heauie Burden light to beare,
A Vertue fraught with Vice !
It is a warlike Peace,
A Safetie fet in Dred,
A deepe Dispaire annex to Hope,
A Famine that is fed,
Sweete Poyson for his Tasse,
A Porte *Charybdis*-leeke,
A *Scylla* for his Safetie Thought,
A Lyon that is meeke

And (by my Crowne I swear)
 The longer thou dost loue,
 The longer shalt thou liue a Thrall
 As Tract of Time will proue.
 Wherefore retire in Haste
 And speed thee Home againe,
 And pardon'd shall thy Trespasse bee,
 And thou exempt from Paine.]
 Take *Reason* for thy Guide
 As thou hast done of yore :
 And Spite of *Loue* thou shalt not loue
 Ne be a Thrall no more.
 Repaire to *Plato's* Schoole,
 And *Tullies* true Aduice :
 Let *Plutarch* be and *Seneca*
 Thy Teachers to be wise.

*That Louers ought to shunne no paines
 to attaine their Loue.*

IF Merchants, in their warped Keales
 Commit themselues to Waue,
 And dreadfull Daunger of the Goulfe,
 In Tempest that doth raue,
 To fet from farre, and Forraine Lands
 Such Ware as is to sell,

And

And is not in their Natiue Soile
Where they themfelues doe dwell:
If Souldiars ferue in Perill's place
And dread of Cannon Shot,
Ech Day in Daunger of their Liues,
And Countrie, Losse God wot,
Whose Musick is the Dreadfull Drumme
And dolefull Trumpets Sounde,
Who haue, in stead of better Bed,
The colde, and stonie Grounde,
And all t'attaine the Spoile with Speede
Of such as do withstande,
Which slender is sometime we see
When so it comes to Hande:
If they for Lucre light sustaine
Such Perill as ensues,
Then those that ferue the Lorde of *Loue*
No Trauaile ought refuse.
But, lauish of their liuely Breath
All Tempest to abide,
To maintaine *Loue* and all his Lawes,
What Fortune so betide.
And not to shrink at erie Shoure
Or stormie Flawe that lights,

Ne yet to yeeld themfelues as Thrall
To fuch as with them fights.
Such are not fit for *Cupids* Campe,
They ought no Wages win
Which faint before the Clange of Trump
Or Battels Broyle begin.
They must not make account of Hurt,
For *Cupid* hath in Store
Continually within his Campe
A Salue for erie Sore.
Then Ensigne-Bearer is so stoute,
Ecleaped *Hope* by name,
As if they follow his Aduise
Eche Thing shall be in Frame.
But if, for want of Courage stoute,
The Banner be bereft,
If *Hope* by hap be stricken downe,
And no good Hope yleft :
Tis Time with Trump to blow Retreate,
The Field must needs be woon :
So *Cupid* once be Captiue tane
His Souldiers are vndoone.
Wherefore, what so they are that Loue
As waged Men doe serue ;

Must shun no Daunger drift at all,
Ne from no Perill swerue,
Keepe Watch and Warde the wakefull Night
And neuer yeelde to Rest:
For feare, lest thou, a waiting naught,
On sodaine be opprest.
Though Hunger gripe thy emptie Maw,
Endure it for a while,
Till Time do serue with good Repast
Such Famine to beguile.
Be not with chilly Colde dismaide,
Let Snow nor Ice procure
Thy lustfull Limmes from painfull plight
Thy Ladie to allure.
That is the Spoyle that *Cupid* giues,
That is the onely Wight
Whereat his Thralls are woont to roue,
With Arrowes from their Sight.
My selfe, as one among the moe,
Shall neuer spare to spend
My Life, my Limmes, yea Hart and all
Loues Quarrell to defend.
And so in Recompence of Paines,
And Toile of Perills past,

He yeelde me but my Ladies Loue :
 I will not be agast.
 Of Fortune, nor her frowning Face,
 I naught shall force her Cheere,
 But tend on erie Turne on her
 That is my louing Feere.

That no man should write but such as do excell.

SHOULD no Man write (say you,)
 But such as doe excell
 This fonde Deuise of yours deserues
 A Bable and a Bell.
 Then one alone should doe
 Or verie few in Deede :
 For that in erie Art there can
 But One alone exceede.
 Should others ydle bee,
 And waste their Age in vaine,
 That myght perhaps in after Time
 The Prick and Price attaine?
 By Practise Skill is got,
 By Practise Wit is wonne.
 At Games you see how many doe
 To win the Wager roonne,

Yet one among the moe,
Doth beare away the Bell :
Is that a Cause to say the Rest
In running did not well ?
If none in Phisick should
But only *Galene* deale,
No doubt a Thousand perish would
Whom Phisick now doth heale.
Eche one his Talent hath,
To vse at his Deuise :
Which makes that many Men, as well
As One, are counted wise.
For if that Wit alone
In one should rest and raine.
Then God the Skulles of other Men
Did make but all in vaine.
Let eche One trie his Force,
And do the best he can ;
For therevnto appointed were
The Hande and Hed of Man.
The Poet *Horace* speakes
Against thy Reason plaine,
Who sayes, 'tis somewhat to attempt
Although thou not attaine

The Scope in erie thing :

To touch the highest Degree
Is passing hard, to doe thy best
Sufficing is for thee.

In praise of Ladie P.

P. seemes of *Venus* stock to bee
For Beautie's comely Grace,
A *Grysell* for her Grautie,
A *Helen* for her Face :
A second *Pallas* for her Wit,
A Goddesse rare in Sight,
A *Dian* for her Daintinesse,
Shee is so chaste a Wight.
Doe vew her Corse with curious Eie,
Eche Lim from Top to Toe,
And you shall say I tell but Truth
That doe extoll her so.
The Head, as Chiefe that standes aloft
And ouer looketh all,
With Wisedome is so fully fraught
As *Pallas* there did stall.
Two Eares that trust no trifling Tales
Nor credit blazing Brute :

Yet

Yet fuch againe as readie are
To beare the Humbles, Sute.
Her Eies are fuch as will not gaze
On Things not worthy Sight,
And, where ſhe ought to caſt a Looke
She will not winke in Spight.
The golden Graines that greedie Gueſtes
From forraine Countries bring,
Ne ſhining *Phæbus* glittering Beames
That on his Godhead ſpring:
No auncient Amber had in Price
Of *Roman* Matrons olde,
May be comparde with ſplendent Haires
That paſſe the *Venus-Golde*.
Her Noſe adorns her Countenance ſo
In middle iuſtly plaſte.
As it at no Time will permit
Her Beautie be deſaſte.
Her Mouth ſo ſmall, her Teeth ſo white
As any Whale his Bone,
Her Lips without ſo liuely red
That paſſe the Corall Stone.
What neede I to deſcribe her Cheekes?
Her Chin ? or elſe her Pap ?

For

For they are all as though the Rose
Lodged in the Lillies Lap.
What should I stand vpon the Rest
Or other Parts depaint :
As little Hand with Fingers long ?
My Wits are all too faint.
Yet this I say in her Behalfe
If *Helen* were her Like,
Sir *Paris* neede not to disdaine
Her through the Seas to seeke :
Nor *Menelaus* was vnwise,
Or Troupe of *Trojans* mad,
When he with them, and they with him,
For her such Combat had.
Leander's Labour was not lost
That swam the furing Seas,
If *Hero* were of such a Hue
Whome he so sought to please.
And if *Admetus* Darling deere
Were of so freshe a Face,
Though *Phæbus* kept *Admetu's* Flock
It may not him disgrace.
Nor mightie *Mauors* weigh the Floutes
And Laughing of the rest,

If such a one were shee with whome
He lay in *Vulcans* Nest.
If *Bryseis* Beautie were so braue,
Achylles needes no Blame
Who left the Campe and fled the Fielde
For loosing such a Dame.
If she in *Ida* had bene seene
With *Pallas* and the Rest,
I doubt where *Paris* would haue chose
Dame *Venus* for the best,
Or if *Pygmalion* had but tane
A Glimse of such a face,
He would not then his Jewell dumb
So feruently imbrace.
But what shall neede so many Wordes
In Things that are so plaine?
I say but that I doubt where *Kinde*
Can make the like againe.

Sir Philip Sidney,

By the common Consent of all *Europe*, allow'd to
be the compleatest Gentleman of his Time; Na-
ture, Fame, and Fortune seem'd to vie with each
other in showering down their Favours on Him: He
was Noble by Descent, amiable in his Person, in
Genius, and Judgment the Standard, by which all
his

his Contemporaries essay'd, and improv'd their own: As gallant in the Field, as wise, and learned in the Schools; and, at Court, so elegantly well-bred, as if He had never known the Pedantry of the One, or the Rudeness of the Other. Yet all these great Accomplishments sat so easy upon him, that no Body was offended at what they could not equal, nor envy'd the first Praises to his Character, tho' ever so jealous of their own. In a Word, He was a most illustrious Instance of the real Power of private Virtue: For, without Titles, Places, Court-Favour, or, any other common Bait for Respect and Veneration, He had Homage from all Eyes, commanded Attention from every Ear, and won the Affection of all Hearts. --- In so much, that *Don John of Austria*, Vice-Roy of the *Netherlands*, one of the proudest Men that ever was born, publicly treated Him with more Honour, (tho' only a Visitor at his Court, and then very young) than the Ambassadors of Sovereigns: Nay, so Universal was his Esteem, and to such a Height 'twas carry'd, that, tho' not born a Prince, 'twas the general Voice, no one was more Worthy of a Throne; and, I presume, 'twas rather owing to the Wishes of the Publick, than any real Fact, that 'tis said He was in Election for the Kingdom of *Poland*: A Circumstance infinitely more Glorious than if he had worn the Noblest Diadem in the World, by Inheritance! --- But Hyperbole it self was hardly thought able to do him Justice: Nor wou'd less than a Volume contain all the printed Testimonies the Learned have given of his unequal'd Virtues. Never had the *Muses* a greater Loss than when He dy'd, for, tho' by his own Pen He could command Immortality, He had the true Greatness of Mind to encourage Merit in others where ever He found it, without the interested Views of Policy or Ostentation. --- For which, may his Fame be ever

Dear to Memory! And no *English* Writer ever quote the *Roman Mænas*, without first acknowledging his Superior in the immortal *Sydney*!

I find my Zeal has led me into a strange Mistake, I have wrote his Character instead of His Life, whereas his Life had included his Character. ---- But 'tis in Study just as 'tis in Action; many People see their Faults, but are too fond of them to endeavour at a Cure. He was Son to Sir *Henry Sydney*, Knight of the *Garter*, and Three Times Lord Deputy of *Ireland*; and Lady *Mary Dudley*, Daughter to the Duke of *Northumberland*; and Nephew to that great Favourite, *Robert Earl of Leicester*: *Christ-Church College*, in *Oxford*, had the Honour of his Education, from whence he set out very early on his Travels, and was at *Paris*, when the Protestants were massacred; and, with other *English* Gentlemen, fled for Protection to the House of Sir *Francis Walsingham*, Ambassador from *Q. Elizabeth*. At his Return, her Majesty was one of the first that distinguish'd his great Abilities, and, as if proud of so rich a Treasure, sent him immediately Ambassador to the *Emperor*, to do Honour to Her self and his Country. --- Some Years after this He address'd, in Print, his humble Reasons to the Queen, to dissuade her from marrying the Duke of *Anjou*, Brother to the *French King*; which, 'tis presum'd, occasion'd him to retire from Court, and gave him Leisure to produce his *Arcadia*. Notwithstanding which, we find Him, Two Years after, in Favour again, and riding a Tilt with Sir *Fulk Greville*, for the Entertainment of the Duke, and waiting on him in his Return to *Antwerp*. The next Year He was Knighted, and in the Year 1585, intended an Expedition with Sir *Francis Drake*; but was employ'd nearer Home; The Queen appointing Him Governor of *Flushing*, in the *Low-Countries*, and
General

General of Horſe. --- There he ſignaliz'd Himſelf in ſo Heroical a Manner, that the very *Dutch*, who at firſt, hated Him, became his Admirers. --- But War is not the Province of our Sex. --- I therefore wave the Particulars of his Exploits, and have only to add that, mounting his Third Horſe at the Battle of *Zutphen*, He received a Mortal Wound, of which He languish'd Twenty Five Days; dying in the Flower of his Age, tho' arriv'd to the higheſt Point of honeſt Glory. --- He marry'd the Daughter of the great Sir *Francis Walsingham*, and left only one Child, who afterwards, marry'd the Earl of *Rutland*, and unfortunately dy'd without Iſſue to perpetuate the living Virtues of her illuſtrious Family. --- After the innumerable Compliments paid to this Great Man's Writings, it would be Preſumption in me, to attempt their Character. I chuſe therefore only to inſert Two of his Eſſays in Poetry, and leave the Readers to Judge for themſelves. --- His Body was brought to *England*, and bury'd at *St. Paul's*, with a Magnificence ſuitable to his Merit: Beauty, Wit, Piety, and Valour being the undiſſembled Mourners!

The true Picture of Love.

POORE Painters oft with ſilly Poetsj oyne,
 To fill the World with ſtrange, but vain Conceits:
 One brings the Stoffe, the other ſtamps the Coyne,
 Which breeds nought elſe but Gloſſes of Deceits.
 Thus Painters *Cupid* paint, thus Poets doe
 A naked God, blind, young, with Arrows Two.

Is he a God, that ever flies the Light ?
Or naked he, disguis'd in all Untruth ?
If he be blind, how hitteth he so right ?
How is he young that tam'd old *Phæbus* Youth ?
But Arrowes Two, and tipt with Gold or Lead ?
Some, hurt, accuse a Third with horney Head.

No, nothing so ; an old, false Knave he is,
By *Argus* got on *Io*, then a Cow :
What time for her *Juno* her *Jove* did misse
And charge of her to *Argus* did allow.
Mercury kill'd his false Sire for this Act,
His Damme a Beast was pardon'd beastly Fact.

With Fathers Death, and Mothers guiltie Shame,
With *Jove's* Disdaine at such a Rival's Seed :
The Wretch compeld, a Runnegate became,
And learn'd what ill a Miser-State doth breed :
To lye, to steale, to prie, and to accuse,
Nought in Himselfe, each Other to abuse.

Yet beares he still his Parents stately Gifts,
A horn'd Head, cloven Feet, and thousand Eyes,
Some

Some gazing still, some winking wily shifts,
With long, large Eares, where never Rumbour dies,
His horned Head doth seem the Heaven to spight,
His cloven Foot doth never tread aright.

Thus halfe a Man, with Man he daily haunts,
Cloath'd in the Shape which soonest may deceive :
Thus halfe a Beast, each beastly Vice he plants,
In those weak Hearts that his Advice receive.

He proules each Place in new Colours bedeckt,
Sucking One's Ill, another to infect.

To narrow Breasts he comes all wrapt in Gaine :
To swelling Hearts he shines in Honour's Fire :
To open Eyes all Beauties he doth raine ;
Creeping to each with flattering of Desire.

But for that Love is worst which rules the Eyes,
Thereon his Name, there his chief Triumph lyes.

Millions of Years this old Drivell *Cupid* lives,
While still more Wretch, More wicked he doth prove :
Till now at length that *Jove* him Office gives,
At *Juno's* suit, who much did *Argus* love.

In this our world a Hang-man for to be
Of all those Fooles, that will have all they see.

A Receipt to make a Cuckold. A Tale.

A Neighbour mine not long agoe there was,
(But namelesse he, for blamelesse he shall be)
That married had a tricke and bonny Lasse
As in a Sommer-Day a Man might see :
But he Himselfe a foule, unhandsome Groome,
And farre unfit to hold so good a Roome.

Now whether mov'd with Selfe-Unworthinesse,
Or with her Beauty, fit to make a Prey !
Fell *Jealousie* did so his Braine oppresse,
That, if he absent were but halfe a Day,
He ghest the worst (you wot what is the worst)
And in himselfe new, doubting Causes nurst.

While thus he fear'd the filly Innocent,
Who yet was good, because she knew none Ill,
Unto his House a jolly Shepheard went,
To whom our Prince did beare a great good Will,
Because in Wrestling and in Pastorall,
He farredid passe the rest of Shepherds all.

P

And

And therefore he a Courtier was benamed,
And as a Courtier was with Cheere received,
(For they have Tongues to make a poor Man blamed,
If he to them his Dutie misconceived :)

And for this Courtier should well like his Table,
The good Man bade his wife be serviceable.

And so She was, and all with good Intent ;
But, few Daies past, while she good Manner us'd,
But that her Husband thought her Service bent
To such an End as he might be abus'd ;

Yet like a Coward fearing Stranger's Pride,
He made the simple Wench his Wrath abide.

With churlish Lookes, hard Words, and secret Nips,
Grumbling at her when she his Kindnesse sought,
Asking her how she tasted Courtier's Lips,
He forc't her thinke that which she never thought.

In fine, he made her ghesse there was some Sweet,
In that which he so fear'd that she should meet.

When once this entred was in Woman's Heart,
And that it had inflam'd a new Desire,
There rested then, to play a Woman's Part,
Fuell to seeke and not to quench the Fire :

But

But (for his jealous Eye she well did finde)
She studied Cunning how the same to blinde.

And thus she did. One Day to him she came,
And (though against his will) on him she lean'd,
And out gan cry, Ah well away for Shame,
If you helpe not our Wedlock will be stained !
The good Man starting, askt what her did move ?
She sigh'd and said, The bad Ghest fought her Love.

He little looking that she should complaine
Of that, whereto he fear'd she was enclin'd ;
Buffing her oft, and in his Heart full faine,
He did demaund what Remedy to finde ;
How they might get that Guest, from them to wend,
And yet the Prince (that lov'd him) not offend.

Husband, quoth she, goe to him by and by,
And tell him you do finde I doe him love :
And therefore pray him that of Courtesie,
He will absent himselfe, lest he should move
A young Girle's Heart, to that were Shame for Both,
Whereto, you know, his honest Heart were loath.

Thus shall you shew that him you doe not doubt,
And as for me (sweet Husband !) I must beare.
Glad was the Man when he had heard her out,
And did the same, although with mickle Feare.

For feare he did, lest he the young Man might
In Choler put ; with whom he would not fight.

The Courtly Shepheard much agast at this !
Not seeing erst such Token in the Wife,
Though full of Scorne, would not his Duty misse,
Knowing that ill becomes a Household-Strife,
Did goe his Way ; but sojourn'd neare there by,
That yet the Ground hereof he might espie.

The Wife, thus having settled Husband's Braine,
Who would have sworne his Spouse *Diana* was,
Watched when she a further Point might gaine,
Which little Time did fitly bring to passe.

For to the Court her Man was call'd by Name,
Whether he needs must goe for fear of Blame.

Three Dayes before that he must sure depart,
She written had (but in a Hand disguis'd)

A Letter such, which might from either Part,
Seeme to proceed, so well it was devis'd.

She seald it first, then she the Sealing brake,
And to her jealous Husband did it take.

With weeping Eyes (her Eyes she taught to weep!)
She told him that the Courtier had it sent :

Alas (quoth she) thus Women's Shame doth creepe.

The good Man read on both Sides the Content,

It Title had, *unto my only Love :*

Subscription was, *Yours most , if you will prove.*

Th' Epistle selfe such kind of Words it had,

My sweetest Joy ! the Comfort of my Sprite!

So may thy Flockes increafe thy deare Heart glad,

So may each Thing, even as thou wishest light,

As thou wilt deigne to reade, and gently reed

This mourning Inke, in which my Heart doth bleed!

Long have I lov'd (alas thou worthy art)

Long have I lov'd (alas Love craveth Love)

Long have I lov'd thy self, alas my Heart

Doth breake, now Tongue unto thy Name doth move!

And thinke not that thy Answer Answer is,

But that it is my doome of Bale or Blisse!

The jealous Wretch must now to Court be gone :
Ne can he faile, for Prince hath for him sent :
Now is the time we may be here alone,
And give a long Desire a sweet Content.

Thus shall you both reward a Lover true,
And eke revenge his Wrong suspecting you.

And this was all, and this the Husband read
With Chafe enough, till she him pacified :
Desiring, that no Griefe in him be bred,
Now that he had her Words so truely tried :
But that he would to him the Letter show,
That with his Fault he might her Goodnesse know.

That straight was done, with many a boystrous Threat,
That to the King he would his Sinne declare :
But now the Courtier gan to smell the Feat,
And with some Words which shewed little Care,
He staid untill the good Man was departed,
Then gave he him the Blow which never smarted.

Thus may you see the jealous Wretch was made
The Pandar of the Thing he most did feare :

Take

Take heed therefore, how you ensue that Trade,
Left the same Markes of Jealousie you beare :

For sure no Jealousie can that prevent,

Whereto two Parties once be full content.

Sir Fulk Greville, Lord Brook,

For many Considerations, has an unquestionable Right to be rang'd next to *Sir Philip Sydney* ; He was born in the same Year, liv'd with Him, in the greatest Affection and Intimacy, to the Last, followed the same Study both in Arts and Arms ; and, tho' many Years his Survivour, order'd this eternal Memorial of their Friendship to be fix'd on his Grave.

Servant to Queen ELIZABETH,

Counsellor to King JAMES,

And Friend to Sir PHILIP SYDNEY.

He sprung from an Antient and Honourable Family in *Warwickshire*, was educated both at *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, and introduc'd to Court by an Uncle in the Service of the Queen ; who soon received him into Favour ; which He had the Honour to preserve without Interruption, to her Death. At the Coronation of *James* the First, He was created Knight of the *Bath*, and, soon after, obtain'd a Grant of the ruinous Castle of *Warwick*. He was next appointed Sub-Treasurer, Chancellor of the *Exchequer*, and Privy Counsellor, and then advanc'd to the Degree of a Baron, by the Title of *Lord Brook of Beauchamp's Court*, and lately to be one of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber to His Majesty.

He was a great Patron to Men of Learning, particularly *Cambden*, who, by his Lordship's sole Interest was made *King at Arms*. --- He likewise lov'd and admir'd the Ladies, tho' he lived and dy'd a Bachelor. Passing thro' a long Life in a Calm of Prosperity, and Honour; But when He was upwards of Seventy, closing it with a Tragical End. One *Haywood*, a Man, who had serv'd Him faithfully many Years, expostulated with Him fiercely (while they were alone) for his not having received a due Reward: His Lordship piqu'd at this unusual Freedom, and giving way to his present Passion, reprimanded him severely for his Presumption. --- For which the Villain, being now work'd up to the highest Pitch of Fury, took an Opportunity to stab Him with his Dagger thro' the Back into his Vitals. Of which Wound He instantly dy'd, *Sept. 30, 1628*. --- The Assassin then struck with Horror and Despair, retir'd to his Chamber, and having secur'd the Door, fell upon the same Weapon, before, the Instrument of Guilt, and now of Justice!

I don't know whether a Woman may be acquitted for endeavouring to sum up a Character so various, and important as his Lordship's. --- But, if the Attempt can be excus'd, I don't desire to have it pass for a decisive Sentence. ---- Perhaps few Men that dealt in Poetry had more Learning, or real Wisdom than this Nobleman, and yet his Stile is sometimes so dark, and mysterious, I mean it appears so to me, that one would imagine he chose rather to conceal, than illustrate his Meaning. --- At other Times again His Wit breaks out with an uncommon Brightness, and Shines, I had almost said, without an Equal. --- 'Tis the same Thing with his Poetry, sometimes so harsh, and uncouth, as if he had no Ear for Musick, at others so smooth and harmonious, as if He was Master of all its Powers. --- The first of the following

lowing Poems is but an Abstract ; the Whole being much too long for the Bounds of this Work ; Nothing is alter'd, but many Things omitted ; in which I have us'd all the Care and Judgment I am Mistress off ; as I hope will be manifest on comparing it with the Original. Upon the Whole, I flatter my self, that the bringing these Pieces forward to the Attention of the Publick, will be a Means of doing Justice to a great Name, that I fear has never yet received the Honours it deserved.

A Treatise of Humane Learning.

THE Mind of Man is this World's true Dimension ;

And *Knowledge* is the Measure of the Minde :

And as the Minde, in her vast Comprehension.

Contains more Worlds than all the World can finde.

So *Knowledge* doth it selfe farre more extend,

Than all the Minds of Men can comprehend.

A climbing Height it is without a Head,

Depth without Bottome, Way without an End,

A Circle with no Line inuironed,

Not comprehended, all it comprehends ;

Worth infinite, yet satisfies no Minde,

Till it that Infinite of the *God-head* finde.

For our Defects in *Nature* who sees not ?
Wee enter first, Things *present*, not conceiving,
Not knowing *future* ; what is *past* forgot :
All other Creatures instant Power receiving,
To helpe themselves ; *Man onely bringeth Sense*
To feele, and waile his native Impotence.

Which *Sense*, *Mans first Instructor* ! while it shoves
To free him from Deceit, deceiues him most ;
And, from this false Root, that Mistaking growes,
Which *Truth* in humane Knowledges hath lost :
So that by iudging *Sense* herein Perfection,
Man must deny his Natures Imperfection.

Which to be false, euen *Sense* it selfe doth proue,
Since euery *Beast* in it doth vs exceed ;
Besides, these *Senses* which we thus approue,
In vs as many diuerse Likings breed,
As there be different Tempers in Complexions,
Degrees in Healths, or Ages Imperfections.

Yet *These*, rack'd vp by *Wit* excessiuely,
Make *Fancy* thinke she such Gradations findes

Of Heat, Cold, Colors such Variety ;
Of Smels, and Tasts, of Tunes such diuers Kindes,
As that braue *Scythian* never could descry ;
Who found more Sweetnesse in his Horse's Neighing,
Than all the *Phrygian, Dorian, Lydian* Playing.

Knowledge's next Organ is *Imagination* ;
A Glasse, wherein the Obiect of our Sense
Ought to respect true Height, or Declination,
For *Understanding's* clear Intelligence !
But this Power also hath her Variation ;
Fixed in Some, in Some with Difference :
In all, so shadowed with Self-Application,
As makes her Pictures still too Foule, or Faire ;
Not like the Life in Lineament, or Ayre.

Hence our *Desires, Feares, Hopes, Loue, Hate, and*
Sorrow,
In *Fancy* makes us heare, feele, see Impressions,
Such as out of our *Sense* they doe not borrow ;
And are the efficient Cause, the true Progression
Of sleeping Visions, idle Phantasmes waking,
Life, *Dreames* ; and Knowledge, *Apparitions*
making!

Againe,

Againe, our *Memory, Register of Sense,*
And mould of Arts! as Mother of Induction,
 Corrupted with disguis'd Intelligence,
 Can yeeld no Images for Man's Instruction :
 But as, from stained Wombes, abortiue birth
 Of strange Opinions, to confound the Earth,

The last, chief Oracle of what Man knowes
 Is *Understanding* ; which, though it containe
 Some ruinous Notions, which our Nature shoves,
 Of generall Truths ; yet they have such a Staine
 From our Corruption, as all Light they lose ;
 Saue to conuince of Ignorance, and Sinne,
 Which, where they raigne, let no Perfection in.

Hence weake, and few those dazled Notions be,
 Which our fraile Understanding doth retaine ;
 So as Man's Bankrupt-Nature is not free,
 By any Arts, to raise it selfe againe ;
 Or to those Notions which doe in vs liue
 Confus'd, a well-fram'd, Art-like State to giue.

Nor,

Nor, in a right Line, can her Eyes ascend,
To view the Things that immateriall are ;
“ For as the Sunne doth, while his beams descend,
“ Lighten the Earth, but shadow euery Starre :
So *Reason*, stooping to attend the *Sense*,
Darkens the Spirit’s clear Intelligence.

Againe, we see the best Complexions vaine,
And in the worst more nimble Subtilty ;
From whence *Wit*, a *Distemper of the Braine*,
The Schooles conclude ; and our Capacity,
How much more sharpe, the more it apprehends
Still to distract, and lesse Truth comprehends.

But all these *natural Defects* perchance
May be supplied by *Sciences*, and *Arts* ;
Which wee thirst after, study, admire, aduance,
As if restore our Fall, recure our Smarts
They could, bring in Perfection, burne our Rods ;
With *Demades* to make us like our Gods.
But if these *Arts* containe this Mystery,
It proues them *proper* to the *Deity*.

So

So that, where our *Philosophers* confesse,
 That we a Knowledge *universall* haue,
 Our Ignorance in *Particulars* we expresse :
 Of perfect *Demonstration*, who e'er gaue
 One cleare Example ? Or, since Time began,
 What one *true Forme* found out by Wit of Man ?

Who those characteristickall *Ideas*
 Conceives, which Science of the *Godhead* be ?
 But, in their Stead, we raise, and mould Tropheas,
 Formes of Opinion, Wit, and Vanity ;
 Which we call *Arts*, and fall in loue with these,
 “ As did *Pygmalion*, with his carved Tree ;
 “ For which Men, all the Life they here enioy,
 “ Still fight, as for the *Helens* of their *Troy*.

Hence doe we out of *Words* create us *Arts* ;
 Of which the People notwithstanding be
Masters, and without *Rules*, doe them impart :
Reason we make an Art ; yet None agree
 What this true *Reason* is ; nor yet haue Powers,
 To leuell *Other's Reason* vnto *Ours*.

Nature

Nature we draw to *Art*, which, then forfakes
To be herfelfe, when ſhe with *Art* Combines;
Who, in the Secrets of her owne Wombe, makes
The Load-ftone, Sea, the Souls of Men, and Windes;

“ Strong Inſtances to put all *Arts* to Schoole,

“ And proue the *Science-Monger* but a Foole.

Nay we doe bring th’ Influence of each Star,
Yea *God* himfelfe euen vnder Moulds of *Arts*;
Yet all our *Arts* cannot preuaile ſo far,
As to confirme our Eyes, reſolue our Hearts,

“ Whether the Heauens doe ſtand ſtill or moue,

“ Were fram’d by *Chance*, *Antipathie*, or *Loue*?

Then what is our high-prais’d *Philofophie*,
But Bookes of *Poeſie*, in *Proſe* compil’d?
Far more delightfull than they fruitfull be,

“ Witty appearance! *Guile* that is *beguil’d*;

Corrupting Minds much rather than directing!

The Allay of Duty, and our Pride’s Erecting!

For as, among *Phyſitians*, what they call
Word-Magike, neuer helpeth the Diſeaſe,

Which Drugges, and Dyet ought to deale withall,
And by their real Working giue vs Ease :

So these *Word-sellers* haue no Power to cure
The *Passions*, which corrupted Lives endure.

Yet, not asham'd these *Verbalists* still are,
From Youth, till Age, or Study dim their Eyes,
To engage the *Grammar* Rules in ciuill-War,
For some small Sentence which they patronize ;
As if our End liu'd not in *Reformation*,
But Verbs, or Nouns *true Sense*, or *Declination*.

Musike instructs me which be *Lyrike-Moods* ;
Let her instruct me rather, how to show
No weeping Voyce for Loss of Fortune's Goods.
Geometrie giues Measure to the Earth below ;
Rather let her instruct me, how to measure
What is enough for *Need*, what fit for *Pleasure*.

She teacheth, how to lose nought in my Bounds,
And I would learne with Joy to lose them all :
This *Artist* shoves which way to measure Rounds,
But I would know how first Man's Mind did fall,
How

How great it was, how little now it is,
And what that *Knowledge* was which wrought vs this?

What Thing a *right Line* is, the *Learned* know;
But how auails that him, who in the right
Of Life, and Manners doth desire to grow?
What then are all these humane Arts, and Lights,
But Seas of Errors? In whose Depths who sound
For Truth, finde only Quick-sands, and no Ground.

Then, if our *Arts* want Power to make vs *better*,
What Foole will thinke they can vs *wiser* make,
Life is the *Wisdom*, *Art* is but the *Letter*,
Or *Shell*, which, oft, Men for the Kernell take;
In Moods, and Figures moulding vp Deceit,
To make each Science rather hard, than great.

And as, in Grounds which Salt by Nature yield,
No Care can make Returne of other Graine:
So who with Bookes their Nature ouer-build,
Lose that in Practise, which in Arts they gaine;

And, in the best, *where Science multiplies,*
Man multiplies with it his Care of Minde:

Q

While,

While, in the worst, these swelling Harmonies,
 Like Bellows, fill vnquiet Hearts with Winde,
 To blow the Fame of Malice, Question, Strife,
 Both into publicke States and priuate Life.

For which Respects, *Learning* hath found Distaste
 In Gouvernments, of great, and glorious Fame ;
 In *Lacedemon* scorned, and disgrac'd,
 As idle, vaine, effeminate, and lame :

Engins that did vn-man the Mindes of Men
 From Action, to seeke Glorie in a Den.

Here see we then the Vainenesse, and Defect
 Of *Schooles*, *Arts*, and all else that Man doth know.
 Yet shall wee straight resolve, that by Neglect
 Of Science, *Nature* doth the *richer* grow ?

That *Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion*,
Since Schooles giue them that teach this such Promo-
tion ?

No, no ; amongst the worst let her come in,
 As Nurse, and Monitor to euery Lust ;
 Since *who commit Injustice, often sinne*,
 Because they know not what to each is iust ;
 Intemperance doth oft our Natures winne,

Because

Because what's foule, vndecent, wee thinke best,
And by Misprifion, so grow in the rest.

Man must not therefore, rashly *Science* scorne,
“ But chose, and read with Care; since *Learning* is
“ A Bunch of Grapes sprung vp among the Thornes,
“ Where, but by Caution, none the Harme can misse;
“ Nor Arts true Riches read to vnderstand;
“ But shall, to please his Taste, offend his Hand.

Wherein to guide Man's Choice to such a Mood,
As all the World may iudge a Worke of Merit;
I wish all curious Sciences *let blood*,
Superfluous purg'd from Wantonneffe of Spirit:
For, though the World be built upon Excesse,
Yet, by Confusion, shee must needs grow lesse:

For Man, being finite both in Wit, Time, Might,
His Dayes in Vanitie may be mispent;
Vse, therefore, must stand higher than Delight;
The Actiue hate a fruitlesse Instrument:
So must the World those busie, idle Fooles,
That serue no other Market than the Schooles.

Againe, the actiue, necessarie Arts,
 Ought to be brieſe in *Bookes*, in *Practiſe* long ;
Short Precepts may extend to many Parts,
 The *Practiſe* muſt be large, or not be ſtrong.

And as, by artleſſe Guides, States euer waine :
 So doe they where theſe vſeleſſe Dreamers reigne.

For, if theſe Two be in One Balance weigh'd,
 The artleſſe Vſe beares down the vſeleſſe Art ;
 With Mad-Men, elſe how is the madd'ſt obey'd,
 But by Degrees of Rage in actiue Hearts ?

While *Contemplation* doth the World diſtract,
 With vain *Idea's*, which it cannot act.

The World ſhould, therefore, her Inſtructione draw
 Backe vnto Life, and Actions, whence they came ;
 That *Practiſe*, which gaue Being, might giue Law,
 To make them ſhort, clear, fruitfull vnto Man,
 As God made all for Vſe ; euen ſo muſt She,
 By Chance, and Vſe, vphold her Myſtery.

“ Befides, where *Learning*, like a *Caspian Sea*,
 “ Hath, hitherto, receiu'd all little Brookes,

“ Deuour’d their Sweetnesse, borne their Names away,
“ And in her Greenesse hid their Chrystal-Lookes ;
“ Let her turn *Ocean* now, and giue backe more
“ To those cleare Springs, than she receiu’d before.

And, where the *Progresse* was to finde the Cause,
First, by Effects out, now her *Regresse* should
Form *Art* directly vnder *Nature*’s Lawes ;
And all Effects so in their Causes mould ;
As fraile Man, liuely, without Schoole of Smart,
Might see Successes comming in an Art.

For *Sciences* from *Nature* should be drawne,
As *Arts* from *Practise*, neuer out of *Bookes* ;
Whose Rules are onely left with Time in Pawne,
To shew how in them *Vse*, and *Nature* looks :
Out of which Light, they that Arts first began,
Pierc’d further, than succeeding Ages can.

Againe, *Art* should not, like a *Curtizan*,
Change Habits, dressing Graces euery Day ;
But of her Termes one stable Counterpane
Still keepe, to shun ambiguous Allay ;

That Youth in Definitions once receiv'd,
(As in Kings standards) might not be deceiv'd.

To which true End in euery *Art* there should
One, or two *Authors* be selected out
To cast the Learners in a constant Mould;
Who if not falsely, yet else go about;
And, as the Babes by many Nurfs doe,
Oft change Conditions, and Complexions too.

The like Surueyes that Spirit of *Gouernment*,
Which moulds, and tempers all these seruing *Arts*,
Should take, in choofing out fit Instruments,
To iudge Men's Inclinations, and their Parts;
That *Bookes*, *Arts*, *Natures*, may well fitted be,
To hold vp this Worlds curious Myftery.

First dealing with her chiefe commanding *Art*,
The outward *Churches*, which their Ensignes beare
So mixt with *Power*, and *Craft* in euery Part,
As any shape, but *Truth*, may enter there:
All whose Hypocrisies, thus built on *Passion*,
Can yet nor Being giue, nor constant Fashion.

Be-

Besides their *Schoolemen's* sleepy Speculation,
“ Dreaming to comprehend the Deity
“ In humane Reason's finite Eleuation ;
While they make *Sense* Seat of *Eternity*,
Must bury *Faith*, whose proper Obiects are
God's mysteries, aboue our Reason far.

Since therefore she brookes no Diuinity,
But Superstition, Heresie, Schisme, Rites,
Traditions, Legends, and Hypocrisie ;
Let her yet forme those Visions in the Light,
To represent the *Truth* she doth despise ;
And, by that Likeness, prosper in her Lies.

To which End let her raise the Discipline,
And Practise of Repentance, Pity, Loue ;
To image forth those Homages-Diuine,
Which, euen by Showes, draw Honour from aboue ;
Embracing *Wisdome*, though she hate the Good ;
Since *Power*, thus vayl'd, is hardly vnderstood.

Lawes be her next chiefe Arts, and Instruments,
Of which the onely best deriued be,

Out of those *Tenne words* in *God's Testaments*,
Where Conscience is the base of Policie ;

But, in the World a larger Scope they take,
 And cure no more Wounds, than, perchance, they
 make.

Let this faire Hand-maid then the *Church* attend,
 And, to the Wounds of *Conscience*, adde her Paines,
 That priuate Hearts may vnto publike Ends
 Still gouern'd be, by *Order's* easie Reines ;
 And, by Effect, make manifest *the Cause*
Of happy States to be religious Lawes.

Their second, noble Office is, *to keepe*
Mankinde vpright in Trafficke of his owne,
 That fearlesse, Each may in his Cottage sleepe,
 Secur'd that *Right* shall not be ouerthrowne ;
 Persons indifferent, *reall Arts* in Prife,
 And, in no other Priuiledge made wise.

Lastly, as Linkes betwixt Mankinde, and Kings,
Lawes safely must protect *Obedience*,
 Vnder those Soueraigne, all-embracing Wings,
 Which from beneath expect a Reuerence :

That

That, like the *Ocean*, with their little Springs,
We for our *Sweete* may feele the *Salt* of Kings.

Physicke, with her faire friend *Philosophie*,
Come next in Ranke, as well as Reputation ;
Whose proper Subiect is *Mortalitie*,
Which cannot reach that principal Creation,
Mixtures of Nature, curious Myftery
Of timelesse Time, or Bodie's Transmutation !
Nor comprehend the infinite Degrees
Of Qualities, and their strange Operation ;
“ Whence both, vpon the *second Causes* grounded,
“ Most iustly by the *first Cause*, be confounded.

Therefore, let these which decke this House of Clay,
And, by Excesse of Man's Corruption gaine,
Know *Probabilitie* is all they may,
For to *demonstrate* they cannot attain :
Let Labour, Rest, and Dyet be their Way
Man's natue Heat ; and, Moisture to maintaine,
As *Health's* true Base, and in Disease, proceed,
“ Rather by what they *know*, than what they *read*.

Next after comes that *Politick Philosophie*,
Whose proper Objects, Forms and Manners are ;

In which she oft corrupts her Mystery,
By grounding *Order's* Offices too far

“ On Precepts of the Heathen, Humours of Kings,
“ Customes of Men, and Time's vnconstant Wings.

Once in an Age let *Gouernment* then trace
The Course of these Traditions, to their Birth ;
And bring them backe vnto their Infant-Dayes,
To keep her owne Soueraignty on Earth ;
Else, Viper-like, their Parents they deuoure :
For all Power's Children easily couet Power.

Logike comes next, who, with the Tyranny
Of subtile Rules, Distinctions, Termes, and Notions,
Confounds of *reall Truth* the Harmony ;
Distracts the Judgement, multiplies Commotion
In Memory, Man's Wit, Imagination ;
To dimme the cleare Light of his own Creation.

The wise *Reformers*, therefore, of this Art
Must cut off Termes, Distinctions, Axioms, Lawes,
Such as depend, either in Whole, or Part,
Vpon this strained Sense of Words, or Sawes :

Only

Only admitting Precepts of such Kinde,
As, without Words, may be conceiu'd in Minde.

Rhetorike, to this a Sister, and a Twinne !
Is growne a *Siren* in the Formes of Pleading,
“ Captiuing Reason ! which, the painted Skinne
“ Of many Words, with empty Sounds misleading
“ Vs to false Ends, by these false Forms Abuse,
“ Bring neuer forth that *Truth*, whose Name they
vfe.

For the true Art of *Eloquence* indeed,
Is not this Craft of Words, but Formes of Speech,
Such as from liuing *Wisdom's* doe proceed ;
Whose Ends are not to flatter, or beseech,
Insinuate, or perswade, but to declare
What things in Nature *good*, or *euill* are.

Poesie and *Musicke*, Arts of Recreation !
Succeed, esteem'd as idle Men's Profession ;
Because their Scope, being meere Contentation,
Can moue, but not remoue, or make Impression
Really, either to enrich the Wit,
Or, which is lesse, to mend our States by it.

This makes the solid Judgements giue them Place,
 “ Onely as pleasing Sauce to dainty Food ;
 Fine Foyles of Jewels, or Enammel’s Grace,
 Cast vpon Things which in themfelues are good :
 Since, if the Matter be in Nature vile,
 How can it be made pretious by a Stile ?

Let, therefore, humane Wisdom vse both these,
 As Things not pretious in their proper Kind ;
 The One a Harmony to moue, and please ;
 “ If studied for it selfe, Disease of Mind :
 The next (like Nature) doth *Idea’s* raise,
 Teaches, and makes ; but hath no Power to binde :
 Both, Ornaments to Life and other Arts,
 Whiles they doe serve, and not possesse our Hearts.

The Grace, and Disgrace of this following Traine,
Arithmetike, Geometrie, Astronomy,
 Rests in the *Artisan’s* Industrie, or Veine,
 Not in the Whole, the Parts, or Symmetrie :
 Which being onely Number, Measure, Time ;
 All following Nature, helpe her to refine.

And

And of these Arts it may be said againe,
That since their *Theoricke* is infinite ;
“ Of infinite there can no Arts remaine.
“ Besides, they stand by Curtesie, not Right ;
“ Who must their Principles: as granted craue,
“ Or else acknowledge they no Being haue.

Their *Theoricke* then must not wane their *Vse*,
But, by a Practise in materiall Things,
Rather awake that dreaming, vaine Abuse
Of *Lines*, without *Breadth* ; without Feathers, Wings:
So that their Boundlesnesse may bounded be,
In Workes, and Arts of our Humanity.

But for the most Part, those *Professors* are,
So Melted, and transported into these ;
And with the Abstract swallowed up so far
As they lose Trafficke, Comfort, Vse, and Ease :
And are, like Treasures with strange Spirits guarded,
Neither to be enjoy'd, nor yet discarded.

Then must the Reformation of them be,
By carrying on the Vigor of them all,

Through

Through each Profession of Humanity,
Military, and *Mysteries Mechanicall* :

Whereby their abstract Formes, yet atomis'd,
 May be embodied ; and by doing pris'd.

For thus, these Arts passe, whence they came, to Life,
 Circle not round in Selfe-Imagination,

Begetting *Lines* upon an *abstract-Wife*,
 As Children borne for idle Contemplation ;

“ But in the Practise of Man’s Wisedom giue,
 “ Meanes, for the World’s Inhabitants to liue.

Againe, the *use of Knowledge* is not Strife,
 To contradict, and Criticall become,
 As well in Bookes, as Practise of our Life ;
 Which yeelds dissoluing, not a building Doome,
 A Cobweb’s Work, the thinnest fruit of Wit!
 Like *Atomi*, Things reall seeme to it.

But as toward the Error, is one End,
 So is her worthiest to maintaine the Right ;
 Not to make Question, cavill or contend,
 Dazell the Earth with Visions infinite ;
 But nurse the World with charitable Food,
 Which none can doe that are not wise, and good.

The chiefe Vse, then, in Man of that he knowes,
Is his Paines- taking for the *good of all*,
Not fleshly weeping for our owne-made Woes,
Not laughing from a Melancholy Gall,
Not hating from a Soule that ouerflowes
With Bitternesse, breath'd out from inward Thrall :
“ But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or binde,
“ As Need requires, this fraile, fall'n *Humane Kinde*.

*Conclusion of the Prologue to the Tragedy of ALA-
HAM: Address'd by a Ghost to the Faries.*

NOW marke your Charge! Each Fury work his
Part,

In subtile Webs of Mischief ouerthwart!
You are not now to worke on priuate Thoughts,
One Instant is your Time to alter all ;
Corruption vniuersall must be wrought ;
Impossible to you is naturall.
Plots, and Effects together must be brought ;
Mischiefe, and Shame, at once must spring, and fall.
Vse more than Power of Man to bring forth that,
Which (it is meant) all Men shall wonder at !

Craft !

Craft! Go thou forth, worke Honour into Lust!
Malice! Sow in *Self-loue* vnworthinesse!
Feare! Make it safe for no Man to be iust!
Wrong! Be thou clothed in Power's Comlinesse.
 Wit! Play with Faith; take Glory in mistrust;
 Let Duty, and Religion goe by ghesse!
 Furies! Stirre you vp *War*; which follow must,
 When all Things are corrupt with Doublenesse!
 Frome Vice to Vice let *Error* multiply!
 With vncouth Sinnes, Murthers, Adulteries,
 Incorporate all Kinds of Iniquity!
 Translate the State to forraigne Tyrannies!
 Keepe downe the *Best*, and let the *Worst* haue Power,
 That *War*, and *Hell* may all at once deuoure!

Chorus Sacerdotum, *at the End of the Tragedy*
of Mustapha.

“**O**H wearisome Condition of Humanity!
 “ Borne vnder one Law, to another bound:
 “ Vainely begot, and yet forbidden *Vanity*,
 “ Created sicke, commanded to be sound!
 What meaneth *Nature* by these diuerse Lawes?
 Passion, and Reason, Self-Diuisiō cause:

Is it the Marke, or Maiefty of Power
To make Offences that it may forgiue?
Nature herselfe, doth her owne selfe defloure,
To hate those Errors she her selfe doth giue.
For how should Man thinke that, he may not doe,
If *Nature* did not faile, and punish too?
Tyrant to others, to her selfe vnjust,
Onely commands Things difficult and hard!
Forbids vs all Things, which it knowes is Lust,
Makes easie Paines, vnpossible Reward.
If *Nature* did not take Delight in Blood,
She would haue made more easie Waies to good.
We that are bound by Vowes, and by Promotion,
With Pompe of holy Sacrifice and Rites,
To teach Beleefe in good, and still Deuotion,
To preach of Heauen's Wonders, and Delights:
Yet, when Each of vs, in his owne Heart lookes,
He findes the *God* there, far unlike his Bookes.

Myra's Inconstancy.

I, With whose Colors *Myra* drest her Head,
I, that wore Posies of her owne Hand-making,
I, that mine owne Name in the Chimnies read
By *Myra* finely wrought e're I was waking:

R

Must

Must I looke on? in hope Time-comming may
With Change bring backe my Turne againe to play.

I, that on Sunday at the Church-stile found,
A Garland sweet, with true-loue Knots in Flowers,
Which I to weare aboute mine Arme was bound,
That each of vs might know that all was ours :
Must I now lead an idle Life in Wisheſ ?
And follow *Cupid* for his Loaues, and Fiſhes ?

I, that did weare the Ring her Mother left,
I, for whose Loue she gloried to be blamed,
I, with whose Eyes her Eyes committed Theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was named;
Must I lose Ring, Flowers, Blush, Theft and go naked,
Watching with Sighs, till dead Loue be awaked ?

I, that, when drowſie *Argus* fell asleep,
Like *Iealouſie* o'rewatched with *Deſire*,
Was euen warned Modeſtie to keepe,
While her Breath ſpeaking kindled Nature's Fire :
Must I looke on a-cold, while Others warme them?
Do *Vulcan's* Brothers in ſuch fine Nets arme them?

Was it for this that I might *Myra* see?
Washing the Water with her Beauties, white,
Yet would she neuer write her Loue to me;
Thinks Wit of Change while Thoughts are in Delight?
Mad Girles may safely loue, as they may leaue,
No Man can print a Kisse, Lines may deceiue.

Love for Love.

A Way with these Selfe-louing Lads,
Whom *Cupid's* Arrow neuer glads!
Away poore Soules, that sigh and weep,
In loue of those that lye asleepe!
For *Cupid* is a Merry-God,
And forceth none to kisse the Rod.

Sweet *Cupid's* Shafts like Destinie
Doe causelesse good or ill decree;
Desert is borne out of his Bow,
Reward vpon his Wing doth goe!
What Fooles are they that haue not knowne,
That *Loue* likes no Lawes but his owne?

My Songs they be of *Cynthia's* Praise,
I weare her Rings on Holy-Dayes,
In euery Tree I write her Name,
And euery Day I read the same.

Where *Honour Cupid's* riual is
There Miracles are seene of his !

If *Cynthia* craue her Ring of me,
I blot her Name out of the Tree,
If *Doubt* doe darken things held deare,
Then well-fare Nothing once a yeare !

For Many runne, but One must winne !
Fooles only bedge the Cuckoe in !

The Worth that Worthinesse should moue,
Is *Loue*, that is the Bow of *Loue*,
And *Loue* as well thee foster can,
As can the mighty Noble-man.

Sweet Saint 'tis true, you worthy be !
Yet, without *Loue*, nought worth to me !

The Dream.

MY senses all, like Beacon's Flame
Gaued *Alarum* to *Desire*

To take Armes in *Cynthia's* Name,
And set all my Thoughts on Fire:
Furie's Wit perswaded me,
Happy *Loue* was *Hazard's* Hire;
Cupid did best shoot and see
In the Night, where smooth is faire.
Vp I start, believing well,
To see if *Cynthia* were awake;
Wonders I saw, who can tell?
And thus vnto my selfe I spake.
Sweete God *Cupid* where am I,
That, by pale *Diana's* Light,
Such rich Beauties doe espie,
As harme our Senses with Delight?
Am I borne vp to the Skyes?
See where *Ioue* and *Venus* shine,
Shewing in her heauenly Eyes
That *Desire* is diuine!
Looke where lyes the Milkey-Way!
Way vnto that dainty Throne,

Where, while all the Gods would play,
Vulcan thinkes to dwell alone!

I gaue *Reyns* to this Concept,
Hope, went on the Wheel of *Lust* :

Phanfies Scales are false of *Weight*,
Thoughts take *Thought* that go of *Trust*.

I stept forth to touch the *Skye*,

I a God by *Cupid's* *Dreames*!

Cynthia, who did naked lye,

Runnes away like siluer *Streames*,

Leauing hollow *Banks* behind,

Who can neither forward moue,

Nor, if *Riuers* be vnkind,

Turne away, or leaue to loue.

There stand I, like *Articke Pole*,

Where *Sol* passeth o're the *Line*,

Mourning my benighted Soule,

Which so loseth *Light* diuine.

There stand I like *Men* that preach

From the *Execution-Place*,

At their *Death* content to teach

All the *World* with their *Disgrace*.

He, that lets his *Cynthia* lye

Naked on a *Bed* of *Play*,

To say Prayers ere she dye,
Teacheth *Time* to runne away :
Let no Loue-desiring Heart,
In the Starres goe seeke his Fate,
Loue is onely *Nature's Art* ;
Wonder hinders Loue and Hate.

*None can well behold with Eyes,
But what vnderneath him lies !*

Cælica, always amiable.

C*ælica*, when I did see you euery Day,
I saw so many Worths, so well vnited,
As, in this Vnion, while but One did play,
All others Eyes both wondred and delighted :

Whence I conceau'd you of some heauenly Mould,
Since *Loue*, and *Vertue*, noble *Fame* and *Pleasure*,
Containe in One no earthly Metall could ;
Such Enemies are *Flesh*, and *Blood* to Measure !

And, since my Fall, though I now onely see
Your Backe, while all the World beholds your Face ;
This Shadow still shewes Miracles to me,
And still I thinke your Heart a heauenly Place :

For what, before, was fil'd by me alone,
I now discerne hath Roome for euery One.

Loves Excuse.

L OUE, I did send you forth enammel'd faire
With *Hope*, and gaue you Sefin and Liurey
Of *Beauties* Skye, which you did claime as Heyre,
By Obiect's and Desire's Affinitie.

And doe you now returne leane with Despaire?
Wounded with Rivall's War, scorched with Iealoufie?
Hence Changeling; *Loue* doth no such Colours weare:
Find Suerties, or at *Honour's* Sessions dye!

Sir, know me for your owne! I onely beare,
Faiths ensigne, which is *Shame*, and *Miserie*,
My Paradise, and *Adams* diuerse were:
His fall was Knowledge, mine Simplicitie!

What shall I doe, Sir? doe me Prentice bind,
To *Knowledge*, *Honour*, *Fame* or *Honestie*;
Let me no longer follow Womenkinde,
Where Change doth vse all shapes of tyranny!

Court Favourites.

THE little Hearts, where light-wing'd Passion
reignes,

More easily vpward, as all Frailties doe ;
Like *Strawes to Iet*, these follow Princes Veines,
And so, by pleasing, do corrupt them too.

Whence, as their raising proues Kings can create ;
So *States proue sicke*, where *Toyes beare Staple-rates*.

" Like *Atomi* they neither rest, nor stand,
" Nor can erect ; because they nothing be
" But Baby-Thoughts, fed with Time's-present hand,
" Slaues, and yet Darlings of Authority !
" *Eccho's* of Wrong ; Shadowes of Princes Might !
" Which Glow-Worme-like, by shining, show 'tis
Night,

" Curious of Fame, as foule is to be faire ;
" Caring to seeme that which they would not be ;
" Wherein *Chance* helps, since *Praise is Power's Heyre*,
" Honor the Creature of *Authoritie* !
" So as borne high, in giddie *Orbes* of Grace,
" These Pictures are, which are indeed but Place.

“ And as the Bird in Hand, with Freedome lost,
 “ Serues for a Stale, his Fellowes to betray :
 “ So doe these Darlings, rais’d at Prince’s Cost,
 “ Tempt Man to throw his Libertie away ;
 “ And sacrifice Law, Church, all reall things
 “ To soare, not on his owne, but Eagles Wings,

Whereby, like *Æsop’s* Dogge, Men lose their Meat,
 To bite at glorious Shadowes, which they see ;
 And let fall those Strengths which make all States great
 By free *Truth’s* Change to seruile *Flatterie*.

Whence, *while Men gaze upon this blazing Star,*
Made Slaues, not Subiects, they to Tyrants are !

Nobilitie,

Rewards of Earth, Nobilitie and Fame,
 To Senses Glorie, and to conscience Woe !
 How little be you, for so great a Name ?
 Yet lesse is he with Men that thinks you so.

For earthly Power, that stands by fleshly Wit,
Hath banish’d that Truth, which should gouerne it.

Nobilitie, Power's golden Fetter is,
Wherewith wise Kings Subiection doe adorne,
To make Man thinke her beaury Yoke, a Blisse,
Because it makes him more than he was borne.
Yet, still a Slaue, dimm'd by Mists of a Crowne,
Lest he should see, what riseth, what puls downe,

Fame, that is but good Words of euill Deeds,
Begotten by the Harme we have, or do,
Greatest farre off, least euer where it breeds!
We both with Dangers and Disquiet woo.
And in our Flesh (*the Vanities false Glasse*)
We, thus decieu'd, adore these Calues of Brasse.

On the same.

V*irgula diuina*, Sorcerers call a Rod,
Gather'd with Vowes, and Magicke-Sacrifice;
Which borne about, by Influence doth nod,
Vnto the Siluer, where it hidden lyes;
Which makes poorMen to these blackeArts deuout,
Rich onely in the Wealth which *Hope* findes out.

Nobilitie, *this pretious Treasure is,*
Laid vp in secret Mysteries of State,

Kings

King's Creature! and *Subiection's* gilded Blisse,
Where Grace, not Merit, seemes to gouerne Fate!

“ Mankinde I think to be this Rod diuine,

“ For to the *greatest* euer they incline.

Eloquence, that is but *Wisdomes* speaking well,
(The Poets faigne) did make the Sauage tame;
Of Eares and Hearts chain'd vnto Tongues they tell;
I thinke Nobilitie to be the same:

“ For, be they Fooles, or speake they without Wit,

“ We hold them wise, we Fooles be-wonder it!

Inuisible there is an *Art* to goe,
(They say that studie *Natures* secret Works)
And Art there is to make Things greater show;
In Noblenesse I thinke this Secret lurks,

“ For place a Coronet on whom you will,

“ You straight see all great in him, but his Ill!

The Asse of Authority.

Isis (in whom the Poet's feigning Wit,
Figures the Goddesse of *Authority*,
And makes her on an *Asse* in Triumph sit,
As if Power's Throne were Man's Humility)

Inspires this Ass, as well-becomm'g it,
Even like a Type of Wind-blowne *Vanity*,
With Pride to beare Power's gilding, scorching Heat
For no Hire, but Opinion to be great.

So as this Beast, forgetting what he beares,
Bridled and burden'd by the Hand of Might,
While he beholds the Swarmes of *Hope* and *Fears*,
Which wait vpon *Ambition* infinite,
Proud of the glorious Furniture hee weares,
Takes all, to *Isis* offer'd, but his Right ;
Till Wearinesse, the Spurre, or Want of Food,
Makes gilded Curbs of all Beasts understood.

Edmund Spencer,

A Writer in so endearing, and amiable a Vein,
that, if I may judge of Others by my self, 'tis impossible to read his Works, without being in Love with the Author ; without the greatest Curiosity to inquire into the Circumstances of his Life ; or feeling the whole Soul interest'd in his good or evil Fortune.

He was a Native of *London*, and educated at *Pembroke-Hall*, in *Cambridge*, where he became a close Student ; But, devoting his Time to the *Classicks*, instead of the *Fathers*, had not Interest enough to obtain a Fellowship, which he was Candidate for, against a Gentleman in Holy Orders, afterwards a Bishop ; and, on this Disappointment, leaving the University, came in great Perplexity to *London*.

Here,

Here, without Friends, or Fortune, He was oblig'd to commence Author, and write for Bread ; and, tho' the only true Genius for Poetry, since *Chaucer*, might have liv'd, and dy'd in Obscurity, but for the most generous Patronage of the Noble Sir *Philip Sidney*. ----- To Him He address'd Himself, with no other Recommendation than the Merit of a Fragment of his own Work : The Picture of *Despair*, in his Legend of *Holinefs* ! and, so true, and determin'd was that great Man's Judgment, that, without waiting for the Sanction of the World's Opinion, He declar'd himself at once his Admirer ; and, in a Transport of Pleasure, as 'tis said, order'd him *Fifty Pounds* a Piece, for several Stanzas, with this excessive Compliment ---- *Make Haste ! lest I should be oblig'd to give Him my whole Estate !* --- On the other Hand, so grateful was our Author, and so struck with the Magnanimity of His Patron, that He thought him worthy to be the principal Hero of his Poem ; which represented *Magnanimity* it self !

Lord Grey of Wilton We find him, after this, exalted to be Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, possess'd of a large Tract of Land there, by Grant from the Crown, and marry'd to a Merchant's Daughter, whose Charms he has immortaliz'd, together with his own Affection, in that inimitable *Epithalamium*, which He presented her with on the Bridal-Day.

This Period was the only happy one of his Life. --- But the Sun-shine was soon over, and nothing but Darknes follow'd. --- The Rebellion broke out in *Ireland*, his Patron was recall'd, and He plunder'd of his Estate. --- In the same unfortunate Interval, his Friend, Sir *Philip Sidney*, was kill'd in *Flanders*, and, according to some Authors, a Servant, that He sent over to *England* with the Conclusion of his *Fairy Queen*, was never heard of more. ---- He follow'd soon after Himself in a very disconsolate Condition, and

and apply'd to the Queen in Person, for Encouragement, and Relief; upon which Her Majesty was graciously pleas'd to order Him *Five Hundred Pounds*; But her Treasurer *Burleigh* reduc'd it to *one*, by this sarcastick Turn. *All this for a Song?* ---- Some say this ill Office was occasion'd by certain satirical Expressions in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* (rather too true to be forgiven!) But it appears to me more likely that the Tale was written in Resentment of the Injury.--- But which ever it was, *Spencer's* Spirit was too delicate to bear such a Series of Misfortunes, and 'tis agreed on all Hands that They help'd to shorten his Days. --- A Circumstance, which no Reader who has a Taste for Poetry, can ever reflect on without Melancholy! No Writer ever found so near a Way to the Heart as He, and there is scarce a Beauty in his Verses, that has not the peculiar Happiness of recommending the Author to our Friendship, as well as our Admiration. --- For my own Part, when I read Him, I fancy myself conversing with the *Graces*, and am led away as irresistibly, as if enchanted by his own *Merlin*. ---- But to suspend as much as possible this Female Fondness: If the greatest Fertility and Elegance of Imagination are the distinguishing Characteristicks of a Poet, *Spencer* has the Advantage of all who have assum'd the Honour of that Name; and, had He never debauch'd his Taste with the Extravagancies of *Ariosto*, He might have vied in Fame (if we may judge by Translations) with the most venerated of the Antients, and deterr'd the most ingenious Moderns from hoping to equal Him. --- But, with all his Imperfections, no Writings have such Power as his, to awake the Spirit of Poetry in others: And 'tis probable many Geniuses, beside *Cowley's*, have ow'd their Inspiration, to the reflected Fire, they caught originally from Him.

The

The Gréat, tho' unfortunate Earl of *Essex*, a Munificent Patron to Men of Letters! was at the Charge of his Funeral, and Monument; which is still to be seen in *Westminster-Abbey*; tho' not with the same Epitaph it had in the Beginning; which I suppose was worn out by Time: The Tomb it self being much decay'd, and more likely to be remembred by the Works it was rais'd to Honour, than be a Memorial to Them!

As to the Quotation I have chosen from the *Fairy Queen*, I don't recommend it as what most deserves to be distinguish'd in that celebrated Piece; There being several other Episodes equal, if not superior to it: But they are either very well known already, or too long to be inserted entire. --- None, I think, shew more of the Author's Genius for Allegory, and, as that is the Turn of his principal Poem, this may be justly reckon'd one of the most remarkable Passages.

The Mask of Cupid, Fairy Queen, Book 3. Cant. 12.

THE first was *Fancy*, like a lovely Boy
 Of rare Aspect, and Beauty without Peere;
 Matchable eyther to that Impe of *Troy*,
 Whom *Joue* did love, and chose his Cup to bear,
 Or that same dainty Lad, which was so dear
 To great *Alcides*, that, when as he dide,
 He wailed Woman-like with many a Tear,
 And every Wood and every Valley wide
 He fil'd with *Hylas* Name; the Nymphes eke *Hylas*
 cride! His

His Garment neither was of Silk, nor Say,
But painted Plumes, in goodly Order dight,
Like as the Sun-burnt *Indians* do array
Their tawny Bodies, in their proudest Plight :
As those same Plumes, so seem'd he vain and light,
That, by his Gate, might easily appear ;
For still he far'd as dancing in Delight,
And in his Hand a windy Fan did beare,
That in the idle Aire he mov'd still here, and there.

And, him beside, march't amorous *Desire*,
Who seem'd of riper Yeares, then th' other Swaine ;
Yet was that other Swaine this Elder's Syre
And gave him Being, common to them Twaine !
His Garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embroidered Bonnet fat awry ;
Twixt both his Hands, few Sparks he close did straine,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soone they Life conceived, and forth in Flames
did fly.

Next, after him, went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a discolour'd Cote, of strange Disguise ;
That, at his Backe, a broad Capucio had,
And sleeves dependant *Albanese*-wise :

He lookt askew with his mistrustfull Eyes,
 And nicely trode, as Thornes lay in his Way,
 Or that the Flore to shrink he did avise,
 And on a broken Reed he still did stay
 His feeble Steps, which shrunk, when hard thereon
 he lay.

With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged Weed,
 Made of Bear's Skin, that him more dreadful made :
 Yet his own Face was dreadfull, ne did need
 Strange Horror, to deforme his griesly Shade ;
 A Net in the one Hand, and a rusty Blade
 In th' other was ; this Mischiefe, that Mishap ;
 With the one his Foes he threatned to invade ;
 With th' other, he his Friends ment to enwrap ;
 For whom he could not kill, he practiz'd to entrap !

Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from Top to Toe,
 Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
 But fear'd each Shadow, mouing to and fro :
 And his own Armes, when glittering, he did spy,
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
 As Ashes pale of hew, and wingy-heel'd ;
 And evermore on *Danger* fixt his Eye ;

Gainst

Gainst whom he alwaies bent a Brazen-Shield,
Which his right Hand, unarmed, fearefully, did wield.

With him went *Hope* in ranke, a handsome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold ;
In filken *Samite* she was light array'd,
And her faire Locks were wouen up in Gold ;
She always smil'd, and, in her Hand, did hold
An holy-Water-Sprinkle, dipt in Dewe,
With which she sprinkled Favours manifold,
On whom she list, and did great Liking shew ;
Great Liking unto Many, but true Love to Fewe!

And, after them, *Dissemblance* and *Suspect*
Marcht in one Ranke, yet an unequall Paire !
For she was gentle, and of mild Aspect,
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire :
Yet was that all but painted, and purloyn'd,
And her bright Browes were deckt with borrowed
 Haire,
Her Deeds were forged, and her Words false coyn'd,
And alwaies in her Hand two Clewes of Silke she
 twyn'd.

But *He* was foule, ill-fauoured, and grim,
Under his Eye-Brows looking still ascaunce ;
And ever, as *Dissemblance* laught on him
He lowrd on her with dangerous Eye-Glance ;
Shewing his Nature in his Countenance ;
His rolling Eyes did never rest in Place,
But walkt each where, for feare of hid Mischance,
Holding a Lattice still before his Face,
Through which he still did peep, as forward he did pass.

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* marcht yfere ;
Griefe all in Sable, sorrowfully clad,
Down-hanging his dull Head, with heavy Chere,
Yet inly being more, then seeming sad :
A paire of Pincers in his Hand he had,
With which he pinched People to the Hart,
That, from thenceforth, a wretched Life they led,
In wilfull Langour and consuming Smart,
Dying each Day, with inward Wounds of *Dolour's*
Dart.

But *Fury* was full ill-appareiled
In Rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastfull Lookes, and dreadfull Dreri-hed ;
For

For, from her Backe, her Garments she did teare,
And, from her Head, oft rent her snarled Heare :
In her right Hand a Fire-Brand she did tosse
About her Head, still roming here, and there ;
As a dismayed Deere, in Chace embost,
Forgetfull of his Safety, hath his right Way lost.

After them, went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance* ;
He looking lompish and full fullein-sad,
And hanging downe his heauy Countenance ;
She chearefull, fresh, and full of Joyance glad,
As if no Sorrow she ne felt, ne drad ;
That evil-matched-Paire they seem'd to bee :
And angry Wasp th' One in a Viall had :
Th' other in her's an hony-Lady-Bee.
Thus marched these fixe Couples forth in faire Degree.

After all these, there march't a most faire Dame,
Led of Two gryllie Villeines, th' one *Despight*,
The other cleped *Cruelty* by Name :
She, dolefull Lady ! like a dreary Spright,
Call'd, by strong Charmes, out of eternall Night.
Had *Death's* owne Image figur'd in her Face,
Full of sad Signes, fearefull to living Sight !

Yet in that Horror, shew'd a seemly Grace ;
And with her feeble Feet did move a comely Pace.

Her Breast all naked as net Iuory,
Without Adorne of Gold or Silver bright,
Wherewith the Crafts-Man wont it beautifie,
Of her due Honour was despoyled quight,
And a wide Wound therein (O ruefull fight !
Entrenched deepe with Knife, accursed keene !
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting Spright
The worke of cruell Hand !) was to be seene ;
That dyde in sanguine Red her Skin all snowy-cleane.

At that wide Orifice, her trembling Hart
Was drawne forth, and in Silver-Basin layd,
Quite through transfixd with a deadly Dart,
And in her Blood yet seeming-fresh embayd !
And these two Villeins, which her Steps up-stayd,
When her weake Feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading, vitall Powers gan to fade,
Her, forward still, with Torture did constraîne ;
And evermore encreased her consuming Paine.

Next,

Next, after her, the Winged *God* himself,
Came riding on a Lion rauenous,
Taught to obey the Menage of that Elfe,
That Man and Beast, with Power imperious,
Subdeweth to his Kingdome tyrannous :
His blindfold Eyes he bade a while unbind,
That his proud Spoyle of that fame dolorous,
Fair Dame he might behold in perfect Kind :
Which seen, he much rejoyced in his cruel Mind.

Of which full proud, himself uprearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne Disdaine ;
And did survey his goodly Company ;
And, marshalled the euill-ordered Traine :
With that, the Darts, which his right Hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shooke ; that all did quake ;
And clapt, on hie, his colour'd Winges Twaine ;
That all his Many it affraide did make :
Tho, blinding him againe, his Way he forth did take.

Behinde him was *Reproach*, *Repentance*, *Shame*,
Reproach the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind :
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull, and lame :

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Reproach despightfull, carelesse, and unkind ;
Shame most ill-favour'd, bestiall, and blind :
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* sigh't, *Reproach* did scould ;
Reproach sharpe Stings, *Repentance* Whips entwyn'd ;
Shame burning Brou'd-Yrons in her Hand did hold:
All Three to each unlike, yet all made in one Mould.

And, after them, a rude, confused Rout
Of Persons flock't, whose Names, are hard to read:
Amongst them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,
Unquiet *Care*, and fond *Unbristibed* ;
Lewd *Losse* of *Time*, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,
Inconstant *Change*, and false *Disloyaltie*,
Consuming *Riotise*, and guilty *Dread*
Of Heavenly Vengeance ; faint *Infirmity*,
Vile *Pouertie*, and lastly *Death* with Infamie.

The brave Courtier, from Mother Hobberds Tale.

YET the *braue Courtier*, in whose beautilous
Thought,
Regard of Honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath such base Condition, to backbite
Anies good Name for Envie or Despite :

He

He stands on Tearmes of honourable Mind,
Ne will be carried with the common Wind
Of Court's inconstant Mutabilitie,
Ne after every tattling Fable flie ;
But heares, and sees the Follies of the Rest,
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best :
He will not creepe, nor crouch with fained Face,
But walks vpright with comely, stedfast Pace,
And vnto all doth yeeld due Curtesie ;
But not with kissed Hand belowe the Knee,
As that same Apish Crue is wont to do :
For he disdaines himself t'embase there-to.
He hates foule Leafings, and vile Flatterie,
Two filthy Blots in noble Genterie !
And lothefull Idlenes he doth detest,
The Canker-Worme of every gentle Brest !
The which to banish with faire Exercise
Of knightly-Feates, he daily doth deuise :
Now menaging the Mouthes of stubborne Steedes,
Now practising the Proofs of warlike Deedes,
Now his bright Armes assaying, now his Speare,
Now the nigh-aymed Ring away to beare ;
At other Times he casts to sew the Chace
Of swift, wilde Beasts, or runne on Foote a Race,

T'enlarge his Breath (large Breath in Armes most
needful)

Or else by Wrestling to wex strong and heedful,
Or his stiffe Armes to stretch with Eughen-Bowe,
And manly Legs, still passing to and fro,
Without a gown'd Beast him fast beside ;
A vain Ensamble of the *Persian* pride !
Who after he had wonne th' *Assyrian* Foe,
Did euer after scorne on Foote to goe.
Thus, when this *Courtly Gentleman* with Toyle
Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Vnto his Rest, and there with sweet Delight
Of Musick's Skill reviuēs his toyled Spright :
Or else with Loues, and Ladies gentle Sports,
The ioy of Youth ! himselfe he recomforts.
Or lastly, when the Body list to pause,
His Minde vnto the Muses he with-drawes ;
Sweet Lady-Muses, Ladies of Delight,
Delights of Life, and ornaments of Light !
With whom he close confers with wise Discourse,
Of Nature's Workes, of Heauen's continuall Course,
Of forraine Lands, of People different,
Of Kingdom's Change, of diuers Gouvernement,
Of dreadfull Battles, of renowned Knights ;
With which he kindleth his ambitious Sprights

To

To like Desire and Praise of noble Fame,
The onely Vp-Shot where-to he doth aime;
For all his Minde on Honour fixed is,
To which he leuels all his Purposes,
And in his Prince's Seruice spends his Daies;
Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
Himselfe to high Degree; as for his Grace,
And in his Liking to winne worthy Place,
Through due Deserts and comely Carriage,
In what-so please employ his Personage,
That may be Matter meet to gaine him Praise:
For he is fit to vse in all Essayes,
Whether for Armes, and warlike Amenaunce,
Or else for wise, and ciuill Gouvernaunce:
For he is practiz'd well in Policie,
And there-to doth his Courting most apply:
To learne the Enterdeale of Princes strange,
To marke th' Intent of Counsells, and the Change
Of States, and eke, of priuate Men, some-while,
Supplanted by fine Falshood and faire Guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T'enrich the Storehouse of his powerfull Wit,
Which, through wise Speeches, and graue Conference
He daily eekes, and brings to Excellence.

Sir *Walter Raleigh*,

A Gentleman of so universal a Capacity, that 'twas said He seem'd *to be born only for what he undertook*: For which Reason, as he has oblig'd the World with some Writings in Verse 'tis but a just Acknowledgment of his Merits to admit him among the Number of the Poets; yet not so much to honour Him by that Distinction, as them by introducing so great, and noble a Fellow-Student; Nor is it the Poets alone, that put in for this Honour, but Soldiers both by Land, and Sea, Statesmen, Orators, Historians, Philosophers, and almost all the Professors of every other Science. ---- He was born at *East Budeleigh* in *Devonshire*, of an eminent Family, became a Commoner of *Oriel College* in *Oxford*, was afterwards enter'd a Student in the *Middle-Temple*. --- Then serv'd as a Volunteer in the Wars, received a Captain's Commission, under *Arthur Lord Grey*, Deputy of *Ireland*; and, after the greatest Variety of Fortune, that could befall one of the most active Geniuses in the World, lost his Head in *Old Palace-Yard, Westminster*, An. 1618. --- I have given this short Epitome, because 'tis impossible to insert half the Incidents of so extraordinary a Life, within the narrow Limits that I am confin'd to: And the Reader may find them collected with the greatest Exactness, in a thin Folio, lately publish'd by the ingenious and accurate Mr. *Oldys*. --- Sir *Walter* was a great Friend, and Patron of the divine *Spencer*, as is manifest by their mutual Compliments to each other: And his Services to that great, unfortunate Genius, are not the least Proof, that his Fame did not exceed his Virtue.

Upon

Upon Gascoign's Poem, call'd The Steel-Glass.

SWeete were the Sauce would please each kind of
Taste

The Life likewise were pure that never swerved,
For spiteful Tongues, in cankered Stomacks plapt,
Deeme worst of Things, which best percase deserv'd.
But what for that? this Medicine maie suffice,
To scorn the *Rest*, and seeke to please the *Wise*.

Though fundrie Mindes in fundrie Sort doe deeme,
Yet Worthies Wights yelde Praise for everie Paine;
But envious Braines doe nought (or light) esteeme,
Such statelie Steps as they cannot attaine:
For who so reapes Renown above the *Rest*,
With heapes of Hate, shal surelie be oppress.

Wherefore, to write my Censure of this Booke,
This Glasse of Steele unpartiallie doth shewe,
Abuses all to such as in it looke,

From

From Prince to Poore ; from high Estate to lowe.
 As for the Verse, who list like Trade to trie,
 I feare me much shal hardlie reach so hie.

A Vision upon the Faerie Queene.

ME thought I sawe the Grave, where *Laura* lay;
 Within that Temple, where the vestall Flame
 Was wont to burne; and, passing by that Way,
 To see that buried Dust of living Fame,
 Whose Tombe faire *Love*, and, fairer *Vertue* kept,
 All suddenly I sawe the *Faery Queene* :
 At whose Approache the Soul of *Petrarke* wept,
 And, from thenceforth, those *Graces* were not seene;
 For, they this Queene attended; in whose steed
Oblivion laid him downe on *Laura's* Herse :
 Hereat the hardest Stones were seene to bleed,
 And Grones of buried Ghosts the Heavens did perfe;
 Where *Homer's* Spright did tremble al for Griefe,
 And curst th' Accessse of that celestially Thiefe.

On the same.

THE Praise of meaner Wits this Worke like Pro-
 fite brings,
 As doth the Cuckoes Song Delight, when *Philomena*
 sings, If

If thou hast formed right true *Vertue's* Face herein :
Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they writ-
ten bin.

If thou hast *Beauty* prays'd, let her sole Lookes divine,
Judge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her
Eyne.

If *Chastitie* want ought, or *Temperance* her dew,
Behold her Princely Mind aright, and write thy
Queene anew.

Mean while she shall percieve, how farre her *Vertue* soare
Aboue the Reach of all that live, or such as wrote of
yore :

And, thereby will excuse and favour thy good Will:
Whose *Virtue* cannot be exprest, but by an Angels
quill.

Of me no Lines are lov'd, nor Letters are of Price,
Of all, which speake our *English Tongue* ; but those
of thy Device.

The Nymphs Reply to the Shepherd.

In Answer to some Stanzas of Marlows, Beginning,
Come live with me, &c.

IF all the World and *Love* were young,
And Truth in every Shepherd's Tongue,
These

These pretty Pleasures might me move,
To live with Thee and be thy Love.

Time drives the Flockes from Field to Fold,
When Rivers rage, and Rockes grow Cold,
And *Philomell* becometh dombe ;
The Rest complain of Cares to come.

The Flowers do fade in wanton Fields ;
The wayward Winter Reckoning yields ;
A Hony Tongue, a Heart of Gall,
Is *Fancies* Spring, but *Sorrow's* Fall.

Thy Gownes, thy Shooes, thy Beds of Roses,
Thy Cap, thy Kirtle, and thy Posies,
Soon break, soone wither, soone forgotten
In *Folly* ripe, in *Reason* rotten !

Thy Belt of Straw, and Ivie-Buds
Thy Corall-Claspes, and Amber-studs,
All these in me no Mind can move,
To come to thee, and be thy Love.

But

But could *Youth* last, and *Love* still breed,
Had *Joy* no Date, nor *Age* no Neede,
Then these Delights my Minde might move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.

The silent Lover.

PAssions are likened best to Floods and Streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So, when Affections yield Discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come:
They that are rich in Words must needs discover;
They are but poor in that which makes a Lover.

Wrong not, sweet Mistress of my Heart!
The Merit of true Passion,
With thinking that he feels no Smart,
Who sues for no Compassion!

Since, if my Complaints, were not t'approve
The Conquest of thy Beauty,
It comes not from Defect of Love,
But Fear t' exceed my Duty.

T

For

For, knowing that I sue to serve
A Saint of such Perfection
As all desire, but none deserve
A Place in her Affection,

I rather chuse to want Relief
Than venture the Revealing :
Where Glory recommends the Grief
Despair disdains the healing !

Thus those Desires that boyl so high
In any mortal Lover,
When *Reason* cannot make them die,
Discretion them must cover.

Yet when *Discretion* doth bereave
The Complaints that I shou'd utter,
Then your *Discretion* may perceive
That *Silence* is a Suitor.

Silence in Love bewrays more Woe
Then Words, tho' ne'er so witty ;
A Beggar that is dumb you know,
May challenge double Pity.

Then

Then wrong not, dearest to my Heart!

My Love for secret Passion:

He smarteth most that hides his Smart,

And sues for no Compassion.

The following Poems were extracted out of an old Volume, call'd *England's Helicon*; and appear to me too excellent to be omitted.

The Shepherd's Conceit of Prometheus.

P*rometheus*, when, first, from Heaven hie,
He brought down Fire, ere then on Earth unseene:
Fond of Delight, a *Satyr* standing by,
Gave it a Kisse, as it like sweet had been.

Feeling, forthwith, the other burning Power,
Wood with the Smart, with Shoutes and Shrikings shrill;
He sought his Ease in River, Field, and Bower;
But for the Time his Griefe went with him still.

So, silly I, with that unwonted Sight.
In humane Shape, an Angell from above!
Feeding mine Eyes, th' Impression there did light,
That since I run, and rest as pleaseth Love,

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The Difference is, the *Satyr's* Lips, my Heart,
He for a while, I evermore have Smart.

Sir *Ed. Dyer.*

The Wood-Man's Walke.

THrough a faire Forrest as I went
Upon a Summer's Day,
I met a Wood-man, quaint and gent
Yet in a strange Array.

I marvell'd much at his Disguise,
Whom I did know so well :
But thus, in Terms, both grave and wise,
His Mind he gan to tell.

Friend! muse not at this fond Array,
But list a while to Me :
For it hath holpe me to surway
What I shall shew to thee.

Long liv'd I in this Forrest faire,
Till, wearie of my Weale,
Abroad in Walkes I would repaire,
As now I will reveale.

My

My first Daye's Walk was to the *Court*,
Where *Beautie* fed mine Eyes :
Yet found I that the courtly Sport,
Did maske in slye Disguise :

For *Falsehood* sate in fairest Lookes,
And Friend to Friend was Coy ;
Court-favour fill'd but emptie Rookes,
And there I found no Joy.

Desert went naked in the Colde,
When crouching *Craft* was fed :
Sweet Words were cheeply bought and solde,
But none that stood in sted.

Wit was imployed for each Man's owne,
Plaine-meaning came too short :
All these Devices, seene and knowne,
Made me forsake the Court.

Unto the *City* next I went,
In hope of better hap :
Where liberally I lanch'd and spent,
As set on *Fortune's* Lap.

The little Stock I had in Store,
Methought would nere be done :
Friends flockt about me more, and more ;
As quickly lost as Wone.

For, when I spent, then they were kinde ;
But, when my Purse did faile,
The foremost Man came last behinde :
Thus *Love* with Wealth doth quaille.

Once more, for footing, yet I strove,
Although the World did frowne :
But they, before that held me up,
Together trod me downe.

And, lest once more I should arise,
They sought my quite Decay :
Then got I into this Disguise,
And thence I stole away.

And in my Mind (me thought) I said,
Lord blefs me from the City :
Where *Simplenes* is thus betraide,
Without Remorse or Pity.

Yet would I not give over so,
But once more trie my Fate :
And to the *Country* then I go,
To live in quiet State.

There did appeare no subtile Showes,
But yea, and nay went smoothly :
But, Lord ! how Country-folkes can glose,
When they speak most untruly ?

More Craft was in a button'd Cap,
And in an old Wive's Raile,
Then in my Life it was my hap,
To see on Downe or Dale.

There was no open Forgerie,
But under-handed Gleaning:
Which they call Countrie Pollicie,
But hath a worser Meaning.

Some good, bold-Face beares out the Wrong,
Because he gaines thereby :
The poore Man's Backe is crackt ere long,
Yet there he lets him lie.

And no Degree, among them all,
But had such close Intending,
That I upon my Knees did fall,
And prayed for their Amending.

Back to the Woods I got againe,
In Minde perplexed fore :
Where I found Ease of all my Paine,
And meane to stray no more.

There, *City, Court*, nor Country too
Can any Way annoy me.
But, as a Wood-Man ought to doe,
I freely may imploy me.

There live I quietly alone,
And none to trip my Talke :
Wherefore when I am dead and gone,
Think on the *Wood-Man's Walke* !

Shep. Tonie.

The Shepherd's Slumber.

IN Pefcod-Time, when Hound to Horne
Gives Eare, till Buck be kil'd :
And little Lads with Pipes of Corne,
Sate keeping Beasts a-Field,

I went to gather Strawberries tho'
By Woods and Groves, full faire ;
And parch't my Face with *Phæbus* so,
In walking in the Ayre

That downe I layde me by a Streame,
With Boughs all over-clad :
And there I met the strangest Dreame,
That ever Shepherd had.

Methought I saw each *Christmas*-Game,
Each Revell, all and some ;
And every Thing that I can name,
Or may in Fancie come.

The Substance of the Sights I saw,
In silence passe they shall:
Because I lacke the Skill to draw,
The Order of them all.

But *Venus* shall not passe my Pen,
Whose Maydens, in Disdaine,
Did feed upon the Hearts of Men,
That *Cupid's* Bowe had slaine.

And that blinde Boy was all in Blood
Be-bath'd up to the Eares;
And, like a Conquerour he stood,
And scorned Lovers Teares.

I have (quoth he) more Hearts at call,
Than *Cæsar* could command:
And, like the Deere, I make them fall,
That runneth o're the Lawnd.

One drops downe here, another there,
In Bushes as they groane;
I bend a scornfull, careless Eare,
To heare them make their moane.

Ah,

Ah, Sir, (quoth *Honest-Meaning*) then,
Thy Boy-like Brags I heare,
When thou has wounded many a Man,
As Hunts-man doth the Deere.

Becomes it thee to triumph so?
Thy Mother wills it not:
For she had rather breake thy Bowe,
Then thou should'st play the Sot.

What faucie Merchant speaketh now,
Said *Venus* in her Rage,
Art thou so blinde thou knowest not how
I governe every Age?

My Sonne doth shoote no Shaft in wast,
To me the Boy is bound:
He never found a Heart so chaste,
But he had Power to wound.

Not so faire Goddesse (quoth *Free-will*,)
In me there is a Choice;
And cause I am of mine owne Ill,
If I in thee rejoyce:

And

And, when I yeild my selfe a Slave,
To thee, or to thy Son,
Such Recompence I ought not have,
If Things be rightly done.

Why Foole, stept forth *Delight*, and said,
When thou art conquer'd thus,
Then loe Dame *Lust*, that wanton Maid,
Thy Mistresse is I wus ;

And *Lust* is *Cupid's* Darling deare ;
Behold her where she goes !
She creepes the Milk-warne Flesh so neere,
She hides her under, close,

Where many privie Thoughts doe dwell ;
A Heaven here on Earth !
For they have never Mind of Hell,
They think so much on Mirth.

Be still *Good-Meaning*, quoth *Good-Sport*,
Let *Cupid* Triumph make :
For sure his Kingdome shall be short,
If we no Pleasure take.

Faire *Beautie*, and her Play-Feares gay,
The Virgins-Vestall too,
Shall fit, and with their Fingers play,
As Idle People doe.

If *Honest-Meaning* fall to frowne,
And I *good-Sport* decay,
Then *Venus*' Glory will come downe,
And they will pine away.

Indeede (quoth *Wit*) this your Device,
With Strangeness must be wrought,
And, where you see these Women nice,
And looking to be fought,

With scowling Browes their Follies check,
And so give them the Trig:
Let *Fancy* be no more at beck,
When *Beautie* lookes so big.

When *Venus* heard how they conspir'd,
To murder Women so:
Methought indeede the House was fir'd,
With Stormes and Lightning, tho':

The Thunder-Bolt through Windowes burst,
And in there steps a Wight,
Which seem'd some foule, or Sprite accurst ;
So ugly was the Sight !

I charge you Ladies all (quoth he)
Looke to your selves, in Haft ;
For if that Men so wilfull be,
And have their Thoughts so chaste,

That they can tread on *Cupid's* Brest,
And march on *Venus's* Face,
Then they shall sleepe in quiet Rest,
When you shall waile your Case.

With that had *Venus*, all in Spight,
Stir'd up the Dames to Ire :
And *Lust* fell cold, and *Beautie*, white,
Sate babbling with *Desire*.

Whose muttering Words I might not marke ;
Much Whispering there arose ;
The Day did lower, the Sunne waxt darke,
Away each Ladie goes.

But whether went this angry Flock,
Our *Lord* himself doth know ;
For they full lowdly crew the Cock,
And I awaked so.

A Dream (quoth I?) a Dogge it is,
I take thereon no keepe :
I gage my Head, such Toyes as this,
Do spring from *Lacke of sleepe*.

In Imitation of C. Marlow.

Come live with me, and be my Dear,
And we will revell all the Year,
In Plains and Groves, on Hills and Dales :
Where fragrant Ayr breeds sweetest Gales.

There shall you have the beauteous Pine,
The Cedar and the spreading Vine,
And all the Woods to be a Skreen ;
Least *Phæbus*' Kisse my Summer's Green.

The Seat of your Disport shall be
Over some River in a Tree,
Where silver Sands, and Pebbles sing,
Eternall Ditties with the Spring.

There

There shall you see the *Nymphs* at Play,
And how the *Satyrs* spend the Day ;
The Fishes gliding on the Sands,
Offering their Bellies to your Hands.

The Birds, with Heavenly-tuned Throtes,
Possesse Wood's Ecchoe with sweet Notes,
Which to your Senses will impart
A Musick to enflame the Heart.

Upon the bare, and leafe-lesse Oake,
The Ring-Doves Woings will provoke
A colder Blood, then you possesse,
To play with me, and doe no lesse.

In Bowers of Laurell, trimly dight,
We will out-weare the silent Night,
While *Flora* busie is to spread :
Her richest Treasure on our Bed.

Ten Thousand Glow-Worms shall attend,
And all their sparkling Lights shall spend,
All to adorne and beautifie :
Your Lodging with more Majestie.

Then

Then to mine Armes will I enclose,
Lillies fair Mixture with the Rose;
Whose nice Perfections in *Love's* Play,
Shall tune me to the highest Key.

Thus, as we passe the welcome Night,
In sportfull Pleasure and Delight,
The nimble *Fairies* on the Grounds,
Shall Dance and Sing melodious Sounds.

If these may serve for to entice
Your Prefence to *Love's Paradise*,
Then come with me, and be my Deare,
And we will strait begin the Year!

Ignoto.

The Shepherd's Solace.

P*Hæbus* delights to view his Larell-Tree,
The Poplar pleaseth *Hercules* alone :
Melissa Mother is, and *Fautrix* to the Bee,
Pallas will weare the Olive-Branch alone ;
Of Shepherd and their Flocks *Pales* is Queen,
And *Ceres* ripes the Corne was lately greene.

To *Chloris* every Flower belongs of Right,
 The *Dryade*-Nymphs of Woods make chief account;
 The *Orcades* in Hills have their Delight,
Diana doth protect each bubling Fount;
 To *Hebe* lovely Kissing is assign'd,
 To *Zephire* every gentle-breathing Wind.

But what is *Love's* Delight? to hurt each where
 He cares not whom, with Darts of deepe Desire:
 With watchfull Jealousie, with Hope with Fear,
 With nipping Cold, and secreet Flames of Fire.

Oh happy Houre, wherein I did forgoe:
 This little God, so great a Cause of Woe!

Tho. Watson.

A Pastorall.

A Carefull Nymph, with carelesse Griefe oppress't,
 Under the Shaddow of an Ashen-Tree:
 With Lute in Hand, did paint out her Unrest,
 Unto a Nymph, that bare her Company.
 No sooner had she tuned every String:
 But sob'd and sigh'd, and thus began to sing.

Ladies and Nymphs, come listen to my Plaint,
On whom the cheereful Sun did never rise :
If *Pity's* Stroakes your tender Breasts may taint,
Come learne of me to wet your wanton Eyes.
For *Love* in vaine, the Name of *Pleasure* beares;
His sweet Delights are turned into Feares.

The trustlesse Shewes, the Frights, the feeble Joyes,
The freezing Doubts, the guilefull Promises ;
The feigned Looks, the Shifts, the subtill Toyes,
The brittle Hope, the stedfast Heaviness ;
The wished War in such uncertaine Peace :
These with my Woe, my Woes with these increase.

Shep. Tonie.

The Barginet of Antimachus.

IN Pride of Youth, in midfts of *May*,
When Birds with many a merry Lay,
Salute the Sunne's Up-rising ;
I sat me down fast by a Spring,
And, while these merry Chaunters sing
I fell upon fumnizing.

Amidst my Doubt, and Mind's Debate,
Of Change of Time, of World's Estate,

I spy'd a Boy attired
In silver Plumes, yet naked quite,
Save pretty Feathers fit for Flight,
Wherewith he still aspired.

A Bowe he bare to worke Men's Wrack,
A little Quiver at his Back,

With many Arrowes filled :
And, in his soft, and pretty Hand,
He held a lively, burning Brand,
Wherewith he Lovers killed.

Fast by his Side in rich Array,
There fate a lovely Lady gay,

His Mother as I gueessed !
That set the Lad upon her Knee,
And trim'd his Bow and taught him flee,
And mickle Love professed.

Oft from her Lap, at sundry Stowres
He leapt, and gathered Summer's Flowers,
Both Violets and Roses ;

But,

But, see the Chance that follow'd fast !
As he the Pompe of Prime doth waft,
Before that he supposes, 

A Bee, that harbour'd hard thereby,
Did sting his Hand, and made him cry,
Oh Mother, I am wounded !

Fair *Venus*, that beheld her Son,
Cry'd out alas, I am undone !
And there-upon she fwounded !

My little Lad ! the Goddesse say'd,
Who hath my *Cupid* so dismay'd ?
He answer'd : Gentle Mother !

The Honey-worker in the Hive,
My Griefe and Mischiefe doth contrive;
Alas it is none other !

Shee kist the Lad : Now mark the Chance !
And strait she fell into a Trance,
And, crying, thus concluded :
Ah wanton Body ! like to the Bee,
Thou with a Kisse hast wounded me,
And hapless Love included.

A little Bee doth thee affright,
But ah my Wounds are full of Spight,

And cannot be recured :

The Boy, that guess'd his Mother's Paine,
Gan smile, and kist her whole againe,
And made her Hope assured.

She suck'd the Wound, and swag'd the Sting,
And little Love y-cur'd did sing.

Then let no Lovers sorrow !

To Day tho' Griefe attaint his Heart,
Let him with Courage bide the Smart !

Amends will come to morrow.

Tho. Lodge.

Phyllida and Coridon.

IN the merry Month of *May*,
In a Morn by break of Day,
Forth I walk'd by the Wood-side,
When as *May* was in her Pride ;
There I spied, all alone,
Phyllida, and *Coridon*

Much

Much a-do there was, God wot !
He would love, and she would not.
She said never Man was true.
He said, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long.
She said, *Love* should have no Wrong.
Coridon would kisse her then,
She said, Maides must kifs no Men,
Till they did, for good and all.
Then she made the Shepherd call
All the Heavens to witness *Truth* :
Never lov'd a truer Youth.
Thus, with many a pretty Oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth !
Such as filly Shepherds use,
When they will not Love abuse :
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with Kisses sweet concluded.
And *Phyllida*, with Garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the *May*.

N. Breton.

Sir John Harington,

Born at *Kelston*, near the City of *Bath*, was the Son of *John Harington*, Esq; who, having been imprison'd in the Tower, in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, for holding a Correspondence with the Lady *Elizabeth*, was much in her Favour after she was advanc'd to the Throne, and received many Testimonies of her Bounty, and Gratitude.

Sir *John* had the Honour to be her God-Son, and, both in Respect to his Father's Merit and his own, continued in her Esteem to the Last. He was first educated at *Eaton*, then remov'd to *Cambridge* where He commenc'd Master of Arts, and, before He was Thirty, gave the World a Translation of the *Orlando Furioso* of *Ariosto*; by which He gain'd considerable Reputation. After this He compos'd Four Books of *Epigrams*, which, in those Times, were received with great Applause; several of These mention another humorous Piece of his, call'd *Misacmos Metamorphosis*, which, for a while, gave Offence to her Majesty; yet was, afterwards, both absolv'd, and acknowledg'd. ---- This is not added to the Rest of his Works, and, therefore, I suppose, was only meant for a Court-Amusement, not the Entertainment of the Publick, or the Increase of his Fame. --- In the Reign of *James* the First, He was created a Knight of the *Bath*, and presented a Manuscript to Prince *Henry*, call'd *A Brief View of the State of the Church of England, as it stood in Queen Elizabeth's and King James's Reign, to the Year 1608.* --- This Piece was severe on the marry'd Bishops, and was intended only for the private Use of His Highness; But was, some Years after, publish'd by one of Sir *John's* Grandsons, and occasion'd much Displeasure from

from the Clergy, who did not fail to recollect that his Conduct was of a Piece with his Doctrines. --- He, together with *Robert* Earl of *Leicester* having supported *Sir Walter Raleigh* in his Suit to *Queen Elizabeth*, for the Manor of *Banwell*, belonging to the Bishoprick of *Bath*, and *Wells*; on the Presumption that the then Right Reverend Incumbent, had incurr'd a *Premunire*, by marrying a second Wife.

Sir John appears to be a Gentleman of great Pleasantry, and Humour; his Fortune was easy, the Court his Element, and Wit not his Business, but Diversion. --- 'Tis not to be doubted, but his Translation of *Ariosto*, was publish'd after *Spencer's Fairy Queen*; and yet, both in Language, and Numbers, is greatly Inferior. --- Indeed, if I may be forgiven, for daring to meddle with Studies so much beyond me, the whole Poem of *Orlando* is a tedious Medley of unnatural Characters, and improbable Events; and the Author's Patron, Cardinal *Hippolito De Este*, had some Reason for that severe Question, --- *Where the Devil, Signor Ludovico, did you pick up all these damn'd Lies?* In my humble Opinion his Genius was infinitely more fit for Satire, than Heroick Poetry, as, I think, will be manifest, even from the Two following Passages, which appear to me the most eminent in the whole Poem: And, if his Translator had follow'd the same Track, He had not been more out of his right Way. --- But 'tis Time to stop, or I shall be thought more astray than either.

Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, Book 15.

Paris, besieged by the *Saracens*, and in Danger of being taken; *God* dispatches *Michael* to commission *Silence* to guide the *English* Host in Secresy, to raise the Siege; and *Discord*, in the mean while, to sow Dissention among the Infidels.

WHEN

WHEN, lo ! the Goodness, and the Power divine,
That never shall, nor never vain was sought,
His gracious Eare doth to their Prayer incline,
Those whom he made, and whom he dear had bought !
Then to the Angel *Michael* straight he beckned,
Who not a little of his Calling reckned !

And thus he said ; Go thither straight in Post,
Where now in *Picardie* the *Christians* land,
And so to *Paris* guide that *English* Host !
Let not their Foes their Coming understand !
In this Attempt shall *Silence* help you most ;
Will him this Enterprize to take in Hand !
This done, then see you find Dame *Discord* out,
And will her hast unto the *Pagan-Rout*.

And charge her there, according to her Skill,
Among the Best to sow such foule Dissention,
That they may One the Other wound, and kill,
And fill their Camp with Brauls and with Contention :
Let some Men like their Entertainment ill,
And grudge because they have no bigger Pension ;
And let them all so vary out of Measure,
That they may do their Prince but little Pleasure !

The

The Blessed *Angel* not a Word replies,
But doth his Maker's holy Will obey.
Forthwith ev'n in a Moment down he flies,
And where he goes the Clouds do fleet away :
But by the Way he thinks and doth devise,
Of every Place where *Silence* find he may :
Though he an Angel were, he could not tell
Where this same Enemy of Speech doth dwell.

At last, he fully doth himselfe perswade,
To find him in some Houses of Devotion ;
The First for Life- Monasticall was made,
Where godly Men, Despisers of promotion !
Dwell farre from all this worldly, wicked Trade ;
With Minds abhorring Flesh, and fleshly Motion,
Where idle Words should counted be a Shame,
And where on every Wall they write his Name.

Wherefore into an *Abbey* he doth go,
And makes no question *Silence* there to find,
And *Peace* and *Charitie*, and *Love* also,
And lowly Thoughts, and well-contented Mind :
But soon he was aware it was not so ;
All contrary their Humors were inclin'd ;

For

For *Silence* in that *Abbey* doth not host;
His Name was only writ upon a Post.

Nor *Quietnesse*, nor *Humblenesse*, nor *Peace*,
Nor *Charity*, nor godly Love was here;
They were sometimes, but now those Times do cease:
Now *Covetise*, and *Ease*, and *Belly-Cheare*,
Pride, *Enuie*, *Sloth*, and *Anger* so increase,
That *Silence* banisht is and comes not neare,
With Wonder great the *Angel* them doth view,
And findeth *Discord* in this curfed Crew.

Her whom the Heav'nly King did will him find
Next after *Silence*, her he findeth first:
To seek her out in Hell he had assign'd,
Among the Spirits damned and accurst:
It fore did grieve his pure, unspotted Mind,
Where he expected best to find them worst;
It seem'd to him a Thing uncouth and strange,
In sacred Place to find so great a Change!

He knew her by her Weed of sundry Hew,
All patcht with infinite, unequal Lifts;
Her skin, in sundry Places naked, vew,
At divers Rents and Cuts, he may that lifts:

Her Hair was grey, and red, and blacke and blew,
And hard, and soft; in Laces some she twists;
Some hangeth downe; upright some standeth staring,
As if each Haire with other had been squaring.

Her Lap was full of Writs, and of Citations,
Of Processes, of Actions and Arrests,
Of Bills, of Answers, and of Replications,
In Courts of Delegates and of Requests,
To grieve the simple Sort with great Vexations:
She had resorting to her as her Guests,
Attending on her Circuits and her Journeys,
Scriv'ners and Clerks, and Lawyers and Attorneys.

The Angel calleth her, and bids her go,
Unto the *Turks* as fast as she can hie,
Among their Kings such Seeds of Strife to sow,
As One of them may cause the Other die.
Then he demandeth her if she do know,
Within what place *Silence* doth use to lie:
He thought that she that travel'd much about,
In stirring Strife might hap to find her out.

I cannot call to Mind (quoth she) as yet,
That I have talkt with *Silence* any Time ;
I hear them talke of him, and praise his Wit,
And Secretnesse to cover any Crime ;
But my Companion *Fraud* can serve you fit,
For she hath kept him Company sometime.
And which was *Fraud* she pointed with her Finger,
Then hence she hies, and doth no longer linger.

Fraud shew'd in comely Cloathes a lovely Looke,
An humble Cast of Eye, a sober Pace,
And so sweete Speech, a Man might her have tooke,
For him that said, *Haile Marie full of Grace!*
But all the Rest deformedly did looke,
Full of all Filthinesse, and foule Disgrace,
Hid under those large Garments that she wear ;
Close under which a poison'd Knife she bare.

The Angel asketh her if she do know
The place where *Silence* makes his Habitation.
Forsooth (quoth *Fraud*) he dwelled long ago
With the wise Sages of the *Greekish*-Nation,
Archytas and *Pythagoras*' (I trow)
That chiefe to Virtue had their Inclination :

And,

And, afterward, he spent these latter Yeers
With *Carmelit* and with *Saint-Bennet-Friers*.

But since these old Philosophers did faile
And these new Saints their Saint-like Life did change,
He sought new Places for his most availe,
And secret and uncertain he doth range :
Sometime with Theives that true Men do assaile,
Sometime with Lovers that delight in Change,
Sometime with Traitors he doth bide, and furdur ;
I saw him late with One that did a Murder.

With Clippers and with Coyners he doth stay,
Sometime in secret Dens and Caves obscure ;
And oft he changeth Places Day by Day ;
For long he cannot in a Place indure.
But I can tell you One most ready Way,
Where you to find him out shall be most sure :
Go where as *Sleepe* doth dwell, and, out of Doubt,
At Midnight you shall find him there about.

Though *Fraud*, by Custome, use to lie and faine,
Yet was this Tale so evidently trew,
The *Angel* now no longer doth remaine,

But

But with his Golden Wings away he flew
To *Arabie*, where, in a Country-Plaine,
Far from all Villages and Cities-View,
There lieth a Vale with Woods so over growne,
As scarce at Noone the Day Light there is showne.

Amid this dark, thicke Wood, there is a Cave,
Whose Entrance is with Ivie over-spread,
They have no Light within, nor none they crave;
Here *Sleepe* doth couch his ever-drowfie Head :
And *Sloth* lies by, that seems the Gout to have,
And *Idlenesse*, not so well taught as fed :
They, point *Forgetfulnesse* the Gate to keepe,
That none come in nor out to hinder *Sleepe*.

She knowes no Names of Men, nor none will learne;
There Messages she list not understand,
She knowes no Businesse doth her concerne ;
Silence is sentinell unto this Band,
And, unto those he comming doth diserne,
To come neare; s'oft he beckens with his Hand,
He treadeth light, his Shoes are made of Felt,
His Garment short, and girded with a Belt.

To him the Angel - - - - -

No Answer *Silence* made, but with his Head

He made a Sign, as who should say he *would*, - - -

From the same, Book 34.

Astolfo the *English* Duke's Voyage to the Store-House of Vanities, in the Moon, for *Orlando's* Wit.

AT last his Guide him brings
Unto a goodly Valley, where he sees
A mighty Mass of Things, strangely confus'd ;
Things that on Earth were lost, or were abus'd !

A Store-House strange, that what on Earth is lost,
By Fault, by Time, by Fortune, there is found,
And, like a Merchandize, is there ingroft,
In Stranger-Sort then I can well expound ;
Nor speak I sole of Wealth, or things of Cost,
In which blind Fortune's Power doth most abound,
But even of Things quite out of Fortune's Power,
Which wilfully we waft each Day and Hour.

The precious Time that Fooles mis-spend in Play,
The vaine Attempts that never take Effect,
The Vows that Sinners make, and never pay,
The Counsels wise that carelesse Men neglect,
The fond Desires that lead us oft astray,
The Praises that with Pride the Heart infect ;
And all we lose with Folly and Mis-spending,
May there be found unto this Place ascending.

Now as *Astolfo* by those Regions past,
He asked many Questions of his Guide,
And, as he to one Side his Eye did cast,
A wondrous Hill of Bladders he espi'd ;
And he was told they had been, in time past,
The Pompous Crowns and Sceptres full of Pride,
Of Monarchs of *Assyria* and of *Greece*,
Of which now scanty there is left a Piece.

He saw great Store of baited Hooks with Gold,
And those were Gifts that foolish Men prefer'd
To give to Princes Covetous, and old,
With fondest Hope of future, vain Reward ;
Then were there Ropes all in sweet Garlands roll'd,

And those were all false Flatteries he heard:
Then heard he Cricket's-Songs, like to the Verses
The Servant in his Master's Praise reherfes.

There did he see fond Loves, that Men persue,
To look like golden Gieves, with Stones all set;
Then Things like Eagles Talons he did view,
Those Offices that Favourites do get!
Then saw he Bellows large that much Wind blew;
Large Promises that Lords make, and forget,
Unto their *Ganimesds* in Flowre of Youth,
But after nought but Beggery ensu'th.

He saw great Cities feated in faire Places,
That, overthrowne, quite topsie-turvie stood;
He ask'd and learn'd the Cause of their Defaces
Was Treason, that doth never turn to good;
He saw foule Serpents with fair Women's Faces,
Of Coyners and of Thieves the cursed Brood;
He saw fine Glasses all in Pieces broken,
Of Service lost at Court a wofull Token!

Of mingled Broth he saw a mighty Masse,
That, to no Use, all spilt on Ground did lie;
He ask'd his Teacher, and he heard it was
The fruitlesse Almes that Men give when they die:
Then, by a faire, green Mountaine he did passe,
That once smelt sweet, but now it stinks perdye:
This was that Gift (be't said without Offence)
That *Constantine* gave *Silvester* long since.

Of Birdlime Rods he saw no little Store,
And these (O Ladies faire!) your Beauties be:
I do omit ten Thousand Things and more
Like unto these, that there the Duke did see;
For all that here is lost, there evermore
Is kept, and thither in a Trice doth flee:
Howbeit, more, nor lesse, there was no Folly,
For still that here with us remaineth wholly.

He saw some of his own lost Time, and Deeds,
But yet he knew them not to be his own!
They seem'd to him disguis'd in so strange Weeds,
Till his Instructor made them better known:
But last the Thing, which no Man thinks he needs,
Yet

Yet each Man needeth most, to him was shown,
By Name *Man's Wit*, which here we leese so fast,
As that one Substance all the other past.

It seem'd to be a Body moist and soft,
And apt to mount by every Exhalation ;
And, when it hither mounted was aloft,
It there was kept in Pots of such a Fashion,
As we call Jarrs, where Oyle is kept in oft :
The *Duke* beheld (with no small Admiration)
The Jarrs of Wit among which one had writ,
Upon the side thereof, *Orlando's Wit*.

This Vessell bigger was then all the Rest,
And ev'ry Vessell had ingrav'n with Art
His Name, that erst the Wit therein possessest :
There of his own the *Duke* did find a part,
And much he mus'd, and much himself he blest'd,
To see some Names of Men of great Desert,
That think they have great Store of Wit, and boast it,
When here it plaine appear'd they quite had lost it.

Some lose their Wit with Love, some with Ambition,
Some running to the Sea, great Wealth to get,
Some following Lords, and Men of high Condition,

And some in faire Jewels rich and costly fet :
 One has Desire to prove a rare Magician,
 And some with Poetry their Wit forget,
 Another thinks to be an Alchymist,
 Till all be spent, and he his Number mist.

A Specimen of Sir John Harington's Epigrams.

Against Sextus, a Scorne of Writers.

OF Writers, *Sextus's* known a true Despiser,
 Affirmes, than on our Writings oft he looks,
 And confesseth that he growes ne'er the wiser.
 But *Sextus*, where's the Fault? not in our Books,
 No sure, 'tis in your selfe (I'le tell wherefore)
 Books give not Wisdome where was none before,
 But where some is, there reading makes it more.

Against Writers that carp at other Mens Books.

THE Readers and the Hearers like my Books,
 But yet some Writers cannot them digest.
 But what care I? For when I make a Feast,
 I would my Guests should praise it, not the Cooks.

*Of one Paulus, a great Man, that expected to
be followed.*

PRoud *Paulus*, late aduanc't to high Degree,
Expects that I should now his Follower be.
Glad I would be to follow ones Direction,
By whom my honest Suits might haue Protection.
But I sue *Don Fernandos* Heyr for Land,
Against so great a Peere he dare not stand.
A Bishop sues me for my Tithes, that's worse,
He dares not venture on a Bishops Curse
Sergeant Erifilus beares me old Grudges,
Yea but faith *Paulus*, *Sergeants* may be Iudges.
Pure *Cinna* o're my Head would beg my Lease,
Who my Lord ---- Man, O hold your peace!
Rich Widdow *Lesbia* for a Slander sues me.
Tush for a Womans Cause he must refuse me.
Then farewell Frost: *Paulus* henceforth excuse me.
For you that are your selfe thrall'd to so many,
Shall neuer be my good Lord, if I haue any.

Against a foolish Satyrift.

I Read that Satyre thou intitleft first,
 And laid aside the Rest, and over-past,
 And sware, I thought, that th' Author was accurst ;
 That, that first Satyre had not been his last.

Of plaine dealing.

MY Writings oft displease you: what's the Matter?
 You love not to heare Truth, nor I to flatter.

Of Don Pedros Debts.

DON Pedro's out of Debt, be bold to say it,
 For they are said to owe, that mean to pay it.

Of Don Pedro.

A Slave thou wert by Birth, of this I gather,
 For evermore thou saist, my Lord, my Father.

Against Faustus.

IN scorn of Writers, *Faustus* still doth hold,
 Nought is now said, but hath been said of old :

Well, *Faustus*, say my Wits are grosse and dull,
If for that Word I give not thee a Gull:
Thus then I prove that holds a false Position:
I say, thou art a Man of fair Condition,
A Man true of thy Word, tall of thy Hands,
Of high Descent, and left good Store of Lands,
Thou with false Dice and Cards hast never plaid,
Corrupted never Widow, Wife nor Maid,
And as for swearing, none in all this Realme
Doth seldomer in Speech curse or blaspheme.
In fine, your Vertues are so rare and ample,
For all our Sonnes thou maist be made a Sample.
This I dare sweare, none ever said before,
This I may sweare, none ever will say more.

Of devout Parents and Children.

A Husband and a Wife, oft disagreeing,
And either weary of the other, being
In Choler great, either devoutly prayes
To God, that he will shorten th' others Daies:
But, more devout then both, their Son and Heire
Praises God that he will grant them both their Pray'r.

Of

Of Treason.

TReason doth never prosper, what's the reason?
 For if it prosper, none dare call it Treason.

Of Lynus, borrowing.

Lynus came late to me, Six Crownes to borrow,
 And sware God damne him, heed'd repai't to
 morrow.

I knew his Word, as currant as his Bond,
 And straight I gaue to him Three Crownes in Hand;
 This I to giue, this he to take was willing,
 And thus he gain'd, and I sau'd Fifteene Shilling.

Of Fortune.

Fortune, Men say, doth give too much to many;
 But yet she never gave enough to any

In Cornutum.

WHat curl'd-Pate Youth is he that sitteth there
 So near thy Wife, and whispers in her Eare,
 And takes her Hand in his, and soft doth wring her,
 Sliding his Ring still up and down her Finger?

Sir,

Sir, 'tis a Proctor, seen in both the Lawes,
Retain'd by her, in some important Cause ;
Prompt and discreet both in his Speech and Action,
And doth her Businesse with great Satisfaction.
And think'st thou so? a Horn-plague on thy Head !
Art thou so like a Fool, and Wittoll led,
To think he doth the Businesse of thy Wife ?
He doth thy Businesse, I dare lay my Life.

John Chalkbill, Esq;

The Author of a Pastoral History, call'd *Thealma*, and *Clearchus* publish'd long after his Death by Mr. *Isaac Walton*: By whom we are told he was an intimate Friend of *Spencer's*, generally known, and as well belov'd ; modest, and obliging in his Behaviour, innocent and prudent in his Life : In short a Gentleman, and a Scholar, whose Precepts of Virtue were best illustrated by his own Example.

He dy'd before he could perfect even the Fable of his Poem, and, by many Passages in it, I half believe, He had not given the last Hand to what he has left behind Him.--- However, to do both him and his Editor Justice, if my Opinion can be of any Weight, 'tis great Pity so beautiful a Relique shou'd be lost ; and the Quotations I have extracted from it, will sufficiently evidence a fine Vein of Imagination, a Taste far from being indelicate, and both Language, and Numbers uncommonly Harmonious, and Polite.

The

The Arcadian-Golden-Age.

SCarce was a Whisfer heard, “ Such a strange Force
 “ Hath *Novelty* ; it makes us swift to hear,
 “ And to the Speaker chains the greedy Ear.

Arcadia was of old (said he) a State
 Subject to none but their own Laws and Fate :
 Superior there was none, but what old Age
 And hoary Hairs had rais'd ; the wise and sage,
 Whose Gravity, when they were rich in Years,
 Begat a civil Reverence more than Fears
 In the well-manner'd People ; at that Day
 All was in common, every Man bare sway
 O're his own Family ; the Jars that rose
 Were soon appeas'd by such grave Men as those :
 This *Mine* and *Thine*, that we so cavil for,
 Was then not heard of : He that was most poor
 Was rich in his Content, and liv'd as free
 As they whose Flocks were greatest ; nor did He
 Envy his great Abundance, nor the Other
 Disdain the low Condition of his Brother,
 But lent him from his Store to mend his State,
 And, with his Love he quits him, thanks his Fate,

And,

And, taught by his Example, seeks out such
 As want his Help, that he may do as much.
 Their Laws, e'en from their Childhood, Rich and Poor
 Had written in their Hearts, by conning o're
 The Legacies of good, old Men, whose Memories
 Out-live their Monuments: the grave Advice
 They left behind in Writing! This was that
 Which made *Arcadia* then so blest a State:
 Their wholesome Laws had linkt them so in One,
 They liv'd in Peace and sweet Communion.
 Peace brought forth Plenty, Plenty bred Content,
 And that crown'd all their pains with Merriment.
 They had no Foe; secure they liv'd in Tents,
 All was their own they had, they paid no Rents;
 Their Sheep found Cloathing, Earth provided Food,
 And Labour dress'd it as their Wills thought good.
 On unbought Delicates their Hunger fed,
 And for their Drink the swelling Clusters bled:
 The Vallies rang with their delicious Strains,
 And *Pleasure* revel'd on those happy Plains;
Content and *Labor* gave them Length of Days,
 And *Peace* serv'd in Delight a Thousand Ways.
 The golden Age, before *Deucalion's* Flood,
 Was not more happy, nor the Folk more good.

But

But *Time*, that eats the Children he begets,
And is less satisfied the more he eats,
Led on by *Fate*, that terminates all Things,
Ruin'd our State, by sending of us Kings.
Ambition (*Sin's* first-born) the bane of State!
Stole into Men, puffing them up with Hate
And emulous Desires; *Love* waxed cold,
And into Iron froze the Age of Gold.
The Laws Contempt made *Cruelty* step in,
And, stead of curbing, animated Sin;
The Rich-Man tramples on the Poor-Man's Back,
Raising his Fortunes by his Brother's Wreck.
The wronged Poor *Necessity* 'gan teach,
To live by Rapine, stealing from the Rich.
The Temples, which *Devotion* had erected.
In honor of the Gods, were now neglected.
No Altar smoaks with sacrificed Beasts,
No Incense offer'd, no Love-strength'ning Feasts.
Mens greedy Avarice made Gods of Clay,
Then Gold and Silver: Field to Field they lay,
And House to House; no Matter how 'twas got,
The Hand of *Justice* they regarded not.
Like a distemper'd Body, Fever-shaken,
When with Combustion every Limb is taken,

The

The Head wants Ease, the heavy Eyes want Sleep,
The beating Pulse no just Proportion keep ;
The Tongue talks idly, Reason cannot rule it,
And the Heart fires the Air drawn in to cool it.
The Palat relisheth no Meat, the Ears
But ill affected with the Sweets it hears.
The Hands deny their Aid to help him up,
And fall, as to his Lips they lift the Cup.
Such was *Arcadia* then, till *Clitus* reign'd,
The first and best of Kings that e're obtain'd
Th' *Arcadian* Scepter : he piec'd up the State,
And made it somewhat like to fortunate.

A Description of the Priestesses of Diana.

W^Ithin a little, silent Grove hard by,
Upon a small Ascent, He might espy
A stately Chappel, richly gilt without,
Beset with shady Sycamores about :
And, ever and anon, He might well hear
A Sound of Musick steal in at his Ear
As the Wind gave it Being : So sweet an Air
Would strike a *Syren* mute and ravish her.
He sees no Creature that might cause the same,
But he was sure that from the Grove it came.

And

And to the Grove he goes to satisfy
The Curiosity of Ear and Eye.
Through the thick-leav'd Boughs he makes a Way,
Nor could the scratching Brambles make him stay ;
But on he rushes, and climbs up the Hill,
Thorow a Glade he saw, and heard his Fill.
A hundred Virgins there he might espy
Prostrate before a Marble Deity :
Which, by its Portraicture, appear'd to be
The Image of *Diana* : On their Knee
They tender'd their Devotions : With sweet Airs,
Off'ring the Incense of their Praise and Prayers.
Their Garments all alike ; beneath their Paps
Buckl'd together with a silver Claps,
And cross their snowy, Silken-Robes, they wore
An azure Scarf, with Stars embroider'd o're.
Their Hair in curious Tresses was knit up,
Crown'd with a Silver-Crescent on the Top.
A Silver-Bow their left Hand held, their Right,
For their Defence, held a sharp-headed Flight,
Drawn from their broidred Quiver ; neatly ti'd
In Silken- Cords, and fastned to their Side.
Under their Vestments, something short before,
White Buskins lac'd with Ribbanding they wore.

It was a catching Sight to a young Eye,
That Love had fir'd before ; He might espy
One, whom the Rest had Sphere-like circled round,
Whose Head was with a golden Chaplet crown'd.
He could not see her Face, only his Ear
Was blest with the sweet Words that came from her.

The Image of Jealousy.

---- A Curious Eye
Might see some Reliques of a Piece of Art,
That *Psyche* made, when *Love* first fir'd her Heart.
It was the Story of her Thoughts, which she
Curiously wrought in lively Imagry.
Among the Rest, the Thought of *Jealousie*
Time left untoucht, to grace *Antiquity*.
It was decipher'd by a timorous Dame,
Wrapt in a yellow Mantle lin'd with Flame :
Her Looks were pale, contracted with a Frown,
Her Eyes suspicious, wand'ring up and down ;
Behind her, *Fear* attended big with Child,
Able to fright *Presumption*, if she smil'd.
After her flew a Sigh, between two Springs
Of briny Water ; on her Dove-like Wings

Y

She

She bore a Letter seal'd with a Half-Moon,
And superscrib'd, *This from Suspicion.*

Anaxus, possess'd of an *Herb* that detected Incantments, searches for his Lover *Clarinda*, and falls into the Power of the Witch *Orandra*, who, together with her Cave, &c. is described in the following Lines.

Down in a gloomy Valley thick with Shade,
Which Two aspiring, hanging Rocks had made,
That shut out Day and barr'd the glorious Sun
From prying into th' Actions there done ;
Set full of *Box*, and *Cypress*, *Poplar*, *Yew*,
And hateful *Elder*, that in Thickets grew ;
Amongst whose Boughs, the Scritch-Owl and Night-
Crow,

Sadly recount their Prophecies of Woe,
Where Leather-winged Batts, that hate the Light
Fan the thick Air, more sooty than the Night !
The Ground, o're-grown with Weeds, and bushy
Shrubs,

Where milky Hedg-Hogs nurse their prickly Cubs :
And, here and there, a Mandrake grows, that strikes
The Hearers dead with their loud, fatal Shrieks ;

Under

Under whose spreading Leaves the Toad,
The Adder, and the Snake make their Abode.
Here dwelt *Orandra*, so the Witch was hight,
And thither had she toald him by a Slight:
She knew *Anaxus* was to go to Court,
And, envying Virtue, she made it her Sport
To hinder him; sending her airy Spies
Forth with Delusions, to entrap his Eyes,
And captivate his Ear with various Tones,
Sometimes of Joy, and, otherwhiles, of Moans:
Sometimes He hears delicious, sweet Lays
Wrought with such curious descant as would raise
Attention in a Stone: anon a Groan
Reacheth his Ear, as if it came from One
That crav'd his Help; and, by and by, He spies
A beauteous Virgin with such catching Eyes,
As would have fir'd a Hermit's chill Desires
Into a Flame; his greedy Eye admires
The more than human Beauty of her Face,
And much ado he had to shun the Grace
Conceit had shap'd her in: so like his Love,
That He was once about in vain to prove,
Whether 'twas his *Clarinda*, yea, or no:
But He bethought him of his *Herb*, and so

The Shadow vanish'd ; many a weary Step
It led the Prince that Pace with it still kept,
Until it brought him, by a hellish Power,
Unto the Entrance of *Orandra's* Bower ;
Where, underneath an Elder-Tree, He spied
His Man *Pandevius*, pale and hollow-eyed ;
Enquiring of the cunning *Witch* what Fate
Betid his Master : They were newly fate
When his Approach disturb'd them ; up she rose,
And tow'rd *Anaxus* (envious Hag) she goes ;
Pandevius she had charm'd into a Maze,
And strook him mute, all he could do was gaze.
He call'd him by his Name, but all in vain,
Eccho returns *Pandevius* back again ;
Which made him wonder, when a sudden Fear
Shook all his Joynts : She, cunning Hag ! drew near ;
And, smelling to his *Herb*, He recollects
His wandring Spirits, and with Anger checks
His Coward-Fears ; resolv'd now to out-dare
The worst of Dangers, whatsoe're they were :
He ey'd her o're and o're, and still his Eye
Found some Addition to Deformity.
An old, decrepid Hag she was, grown white
With frosty Age, and withered with Despight,

And

And self-consuming Hate ; in Furrs Y-clad,
And on her Head a thrummy Cap she had :
Her knotty Locks, like to *Alecto's* Snakes,
Hang down about her Shoulders, which she shakes
Into Disorder ; on her furrow'd Brow
One might perceive *Time* had been long at plough.
Her Eyes, like Candle-snuffs, by Age sunk quite
Into their Sockets, yet like Cats-eyes, bright :
And, in the darkest Night, like Fire they shin'd ;
The ever-open Windows of her Mind !
Her swarthy Cheeks *Time*, that all Things consumes,
Had hollowed flat unto her Toothless Gums.
Her hairy Brows did meet above her Nose,
That, like an Eagles Beak, so crooked grows,
It, well nigh, kiss'd her Chin ; thick-bristled Hair
Grew on her upper Lip, and, here and there,
A rugged Wart with grisly Hairs behung ;
Her Breasts shrunk up, her Nails and Fingers long !
Her Left lent on a Staff, in her right Hand
She always carried her enchanting Wand.
Splay-footed, beyond Nature, every Part
So patternless deform'd, 'twould puzzle *Art*
To make her Counterfeit ; only her Tongue
Nature had that most exquisitely strung ;

Her oyle Language came so smoothly from her,
And her quaint Action did so well become her,
Her winning Rhetorick met with no Trips,
But chain'd the dull'st Attention to her Lips.
With Greediness he heard, and, tho he strove
To shake her off, the more her Words did move.
She woo'd him to her Cell, call'd him her Son,
And with fair Promises she quickly won
Him to her Beck ; or rather, he, to try
What she could do, did willingly comply
With her Request : Into her Cell he goes,
And with his *Herb* he rubs his Eyes and Nose.
His Man stood like an Image still, and star'd
As if some fearful Prodigy had scar'd
Life from its earthy Mansion ; but She soon
Unloos'd the Charms, and after them He run.
Her Cell was hewn out in the Marble Rock,
By more than human Art ; she need not knock,
The Door stood always open, large and wide,
Grown o're with woolly Moss on either Side,
And interwove with Ivies flatt'ring Twines ;
Thro' which the Carbuncle, and Di'mond shines ;
Not set by Art, but there by Nature sown
At the World's Birth ; So Star-like bright they shone,
They

They serv'd, instead of Tapers, to give light
To the dark Entry ; where perpetual Night,
Friend to black Deeds, and Sire of Ignorance !
Shuts out all Knowledge ; left her Eye, by chance,
Might bring to Light her Follies. In they went ;
The Ground was strow'd with Flowers, whose sweet

Scent

Mixt with the choice Perfumes, from *India* brought,
Intoxicates his Brain, and quickly caught
His credulous Sense ; the Walls were gilt, and set
With Precious Stones, and all the Roof was fret
With a Gold-Vine, whose stragling Branches spread
All o're the Arch ; the swelling Grapes were red :
This Art had made of Rubies, cluster'd so,
To the quick'nt Eye they more than seem'd to grow.
About the Walls, lascivious Pictures hung,
Such as whereof loose *Ovid* sometimes sung.
On either Side a Crew of dwarfish Elves,
Held waxen Tapers taller than Themselves :
Yet so well shap'd unto their little Stature,
So Angel-like in Face, so sweet in Feature ;
Their rich Attire so differing, yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell
Which was the Fairest, which the Handsomest deckt.
Or which of them *Desire* would soon'nt affect.

After a low Salute they all 'gan sing,
And circle in the Stranger in a Ring.
Orandra to her Charms was stept aside,
Leaving her Guest half-won, and wanton-ey'd.
He had forgot his *Herb* : cunning *Delight*
Had so bewitch'd his Ears, and blear'd his Sight,
And captivated all his Senses so,
That he was not himself ; nor did he know
What Place he was in, or how he came there,
But greedily he feeds his Eye and Ear
With what would ruine him ; but that kind *Fate*,
That contradicts all Power subordinate,
Prevented *Art's* Intents. A silly Flie
(As there were many) light into his Eye,
And forc'd a Tear to drown her self, when He,
Impatient that he could not so well see,
Lifts up his Hand, wherein the *Herb* he held,
To wipe away the Moisture that distill'd
From his still-smarting Eye ; he smelt the Scent
Of the strong *Herb*, and so, Incontinent,
Recovered his stray'd Wit : his Eyes were clear'd,
And now he lik'd not what he saw or heard.
This knew *Orandra* well ; and plots anew
How to entrap him. Next unto his View

She

She represents a Banquet usher'd in
By such a Shape, as she was sure would win
His Appetite to taste ; so like she was,
To his *Clarinda*, both in Shape and Face,
So voic'd, so habited, of the same Gate
And comely Gesture; on her Brow, in State
Sate such a Princely Majesty, as he
Had noted in *Clarinda* ; save that She
Had a more wanton Eye, that, here and there
Rowl'd up and down, not settling any where.
Down on the Ground she falls his Hand to kiss,
And with her Tears bedews it; cold as Ice
He felt her Lips, that yet, inflam'd him so,
That he was all on Fire the Truth to know,
Whether she was the same she did appear,
Or whether some fantastick Form it were,
Fashioned in his Imagination,
By his still working Thoughts; so fix'd upon
His lov'd *Clarinda*, that his Fancy strove
Even with her Shadow to express his Love.
He took her up, and was about to 'quite
Her Tears with Kisses, when, to clear his Sight,
He wipes his Eyes, and, with his *Herb of Grace*,
Smooths his rough Lip to kiss with greater Grace :

So

So the *Herb's* Virtue stole into his Brain,
 And kept him off ; hardly did he refrain
 From sucking in Destruction from her Lip.
 (*Sins* Cup will poison at the smallest sip,)
 She weeps, and wooes again with Subtleness,
 And, with a Frown, She chides his Backwardness.
 Have you so soon (sweet Prince said she) forgot
 Your own belov'd *Clarinda*? Are you not
 The same you were, that you so slightly set
 By her, that once you made the Cabinet
 Of your choice Counsel? hath my constant Heart
 (As *Innocence* unspotted) no Desert,
 To keep me yours? Or hath some worthier Love
 Stole your Affections? What is it should move
 You to dislike so soon? Must I still taste
 No other Dish but Sorrow? When we last
 Emptied our Souls into each other's Breast
 It was not so, *Anaxus*; or, at least,
 I thought you meant what then you promis'd me.
 With that she wept afresh. Are you then She,
 Answer'd *Anaxus*? Doth *Clarinda* live?
 Just thus she spake: How fain I would believe!
 With that She seem'd to fall into a Swound,
 And, stooping down to raise her from the Gound,

That

That he might use both Hands to make more Haste,
He puts his *Herb* into his Mouth, whose Taste
Soon chang'd his Mind: He lifts her, but in vain;
His Hands fell off, and she fell down again.

With that she lent him such a Frown as would
Have kill'd a common Lover, and made cold
Ev'n Lust it self: - - - - -

- - - - - The Lights went out,
And *Darkness* hung the Chamber round about.
A hellish, yelling Noise was each where heard;
Sounds that would make ev'n *Valor's* self afraid!
A stifling Scent of *Brimstone* he might smell,
Such as the damned Souls suck in in Hell!

Sir *John Davis*,

Was the Son of a wealthy Tanner of *Chisgrove*,
in the Parish of *Tybury* in *Wiltshire*; and, at Fifteen
Years of Age, enter'd a Commoner of *Queen's Col-*
lege in *Oxford*; from whence, after several Years
Residence, He remov'd to the *Middle-Temple*, to study
the Law, tho', 'tis said, against his Inclination, and
was call'd to the Bar: But having a Quarrel with one
Mr. *Richard Martyn*, (afterwards Recorder of *Lon-*
don) He bastinado'd him in the *Temple-Hall*, at
Dinner-Time, in the Sight of the whole Society. For
which Contempt He was forthwith expell'd, and re-
tir'd, somewhat uneasy, to *Oxford*; where he, a-
gain, follow'd his Studies closely; but without re-
suming the Scholar's Gown, and compos'd the ex-
cellent

cellent Poem annex'd. ---- After this, we find him honour'd with the Protection of *Thomas Lord Ellesmore*, Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal; and, not only restor'd to his Chambers in the *Temple*, but return'd a Member of Parliament, *Ann.* 1601. Upon the Death of the Queen, He, with several other Gentlemen, accompany'd the Lord *Hunsdon* into *Scotland*, to congratulate King *James* on his Accession to the Throne of *England*: And, being introduc'd to his Majesty, by Name, the King immediately inquir'd if he was *Nosce Teipsum?* (The Title of his first Poem!) and, being inform'd He was, most graciously embrac'd Him, and speedily made him his Solicitor, and Attorney-General for *Ireland*. (It being a Mistake that he received those Preferments from Queen *Elizabeth*.) Beside which, He was one of the King's Serjeants in *England*; several Times an Assistant-Judge, and had the Honour of being Knighted by His Majesty, at *White-Hall*, An. 1607. --- At length being appointed Lord Chief-Justice of the *King's-Bench*, He dy'd suddainly, before He could take Possession of that eminent Dignity; But left behind Him more valuable Witnesses of his Merit, than all the Titles that Heraldry can invent, or Monarchs bestow: The joint Applauses of *Cambden*, Sir *John Harington*, *Ben Jonson*, *Selden*, *Donn*, *Corbet*, &c! These are great, and unquestionable Authorities in Favour of this Author; and I shall only presume to add, That, in my humble Opinion, no Philosophical Writer, I have met with, ever explain'd their Ideas more clearly, or familiarly even in Prose; or any so beautifully or harmoniously in Verse. There is a peculiar Happiness in his Similies, being introduc'd to illustrate, more than adorn; which renders them as useful, as entertaining; and distinguishes him from those of every other Author. --- But his Memory has already received the highest Compliments that

that can be paid to it. The late excellent Lord *Dorset* admir'd his Writings so much, that he recommended such of them as remain, to be republish'd by Mr. *Tate*; which was, accordingly done, under His Protection; and the World has justify'd his Lordship's Taste so effectually, that another Edition appear'd in the Year 1714, from whence the following Piece is extracted. 'Tis call'd there an *Introduction* to his Essay, on the *Nature*, and *Immortality of the Soul*: But, without Question, is the *Nosce Te ipsum*, for which He was so highly caress'd by King *James*; as fully appears by the Contents of the Poem it self.

Nosce Teipsum.

WHY did my Parents send me to the Schools,
That I, with *Knowledge*, might enrich my Mind,
Since the *Desire* to know first made Men Fools,
And did corrupt the *Root* of all Mankind!

For when *God's* Hand had written in the Hearts
Of our first Parents, all the Rules of *Good*;
So that their skill, infus'd, surpass'd all Arts
That ever were before, or since the Flood.

And, when their Reason's Eye was sharp and clear,
And (as an Eagle can behold the Sun)
Cou'd have approach'd 'th' Eternal Light as near,
As th' Intellectual-Angels could have done;

Ev'n then, to them the *Spirit* of *Lyes* suggests,
That they were blind, because they saw not *Ill* ;
And breath'd into their incorrupted Breasts
A curious *Wish*, which did corrupt their *Will*.

From that same *Ill*, they strait desir'd to *know* ;
Which *Ill*, being nought but a Defect of *Good*,
In all *God's* Works the *Devil* cou'd not show,
While Man, their Lord, in his Perfection stood :

So that themselves were first to do the *Ill*,
E're they thereof the *Knowledge* cou'd attain ;
Like him that knew not *Poison's* Power to kill,
Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.

Ev'n so, by tasting of that Fruit forbid,
Where they sought *Knowledge*, they did *Error* find
Ill they desir'd to *know*, and *Ill* they *did* ;
And, to give *Passion* Eyes, made *Reason* blind.

For then their Minds did first, in *Passion*, see,
Those wretched Shapes of Misery and Woe,
Of Nakedness, of Shame, of Poverty ;
Which, then, their own Experience made 'em *know*.

But

But then grew *Reason* dark, that she no more,
Could the fair Forms of *Good* and *Truth* discern ;
Batts they became, who *Eagles* were before :
And this they got by their Desire to learn.

But We, their wretched Off-spring ! what do we ?
Do not we still taste of the *Fruit forbid*,
While, with fond, fruitless Curiosity,
In Books profane, we seek for *Knowledge* hid ?

What is this *Knowledge*, but the Sky-stoll'n Fire,
For which the *Theif* still chain'd in Ice doth sit,
And which the poor, rude *Satyr* did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his Lips with it ?

What is it, but the Cloud of empty Rain,
Which when *Jove's Guest* embrac't, he Monsters got ?
Or the *false Pails*, which, oft being fill'd with Pain,
Receiv'd the Water, but retain'd it not ?

In fine, what is it, but the *fiery Coach*,
Which the *Youth* sought, and sought his Death
withal ?

Or the *Boy's Wings*, which when he did approach
The Sun's hot Beams, did melt and let him fall ?

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And yet, alas ! when all our Lamps are burn'd,
 Our Bodies waisted, and our Spirits spent ;
 When we have all the learned Volumes turn'd,
 Which yield Men's Wits both Help and Ornament;

What can we *know*, or what can we *discern*,
 When *Error* clouds the Windows of the Mind ?
 The divers Forms of Things how can we learn,
 That have been ever, from our Birth-day, blind !

When *Reason's* Lamp, which (like the Sun in Sky)
 Thro' out Man's little World her Beams did spread,
 Is now become a Sparkle, which doth lie
 Under the Ashes, half extinct, and dead ;

How can we hope that, thro' the Eye and Ear,
 This dying Sparkle, in this cloudy Place,
 Can recollect those Beams of *Knowledge* clear,
 Which were infus'd in the first Minds by *Grace* ?

So might the Heir, whose Father hath in Play
 Waisted a Thousand Pounds of ancient Rent,
 By painful Earning of one Groat a Day,
 Hope to restore the Patrimony spent.

The

The Wits, that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high,
Seeking Man's *Powers*, have found his *Weakness* such;
Skill comes so *slow*, and *Life* so *fast* doth fly;
We learn so *little*, and forget so *much*.

For this the *wisest* of all moral Men
Said, *he knew nought, but that he nought did know*
And the great, mocking Master, mock't not then,
When he said; *Truth was bury'd here below*.

For how may we to other Things attain,
When none of us his own Soul understands?
For which the *Devil* mocks our curious Brain,
When *Know thy self*, his Oracle commands.

For why should we the busy Soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that, and this;
When of her self she can no Judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and have therewith to do;
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within our selves, we Strangers are thereto.

Z

We

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We seek to know the moving of each Sphere,
And the strange Cause of th' Ebbs, and Floods of
 Nile ;
But of that Clock, which in our Breasts we bear,
The subtle Motions we forget the while.

We, that acquaint our selves with every *Zone*,
And pass the *Tropicks*, and behold each *Pole* ;
When we come Home, are to our selves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own Soul.

We study *Speech*, but *others* we persuade ;
We *Leech-Craft* learn, but *others* cure with it ;
W'interpret *Laws*, which other Men have made,
But read not *those* which in our *Hearts* are writ.

Is it because the Mind is like the Eye,
Thro' which it gathers Knowledge by Degrees ;
Whose Rays reflect not, but spread outwardly ;
Not seeing *it self*, when *other Things* it sees.

No, doubtless ; for the Mind can backward cast
Upon her self, her understanding Light ;
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
As her own Image doth her self affright.

As

As in the Fable of the Lady-Fair

Which, for her Lust, was turn'd into a Cow,
When, thirsty, to a Stream she did repair,
And saw her self *transform'd*, she wist not how :

At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd ;

At last with Terror, she from thence doth fly,
And loaths the wat'ry Glass wherein she gaz'd,
And shuns it still, altho' for Thirst she dye.

Ev'n so Man's Soul, which did *God's Image* bear,

And was at first fair, good, and spotless-pure,
Since, with her Sins, her Beauties blotted were,
Doth, of all Sight, her *own Sight* least endure ;

For ev'n at first Reflection, she espies

Such strange Chimera's, and such Monsters there ;
Such Toys, such Anticks, and such Vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for Shame and Fear :

And, as the Man loves least *at Home* to be,

That hath a *fluttish House*, haunted with *Sprites*,
So she, impatient her *own Faults* to see,
Turns from her self, and in *strange Things* delights.

For this, few *know themselves* ; for Merchants, broke,
View their Estate with Discontent, and Pain ;
And, as Seas, *troubled*, when they do revoke
Their flowing Waves into themselves again.

And, while the Face of outward Things we find
Pleasing, and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These Things transport, and carry *out* the Mind ;
That with *her self*, the Mind can never meet.

Yet, if *Affliction* once her Wars begin
And threat the feeble *Sense* with Sword and Fire,
The Mind contracts her self, and shrinketh in
And to *her self* she gladly doth retire ;

As Spiders *touch'd*, seek their Webs *inmost* Part ;
As Bees, in *Storms*, back to their *Hives* return ;
As Blood in *Danger* gathers to the Heart ;
As Men seek *Towns*, when Foes the Country *burn*.

If ought can teach us ought, *Affliction's* Looks
(Making us pry into *our selves* so near)
Teach us to *know our selves* beyond all *Books*,
Or all the Learned-Schools that ever were.

This

This *Mistress* lately pluck'd me by the Ear
And many a Golden Lesson hath me taught ;
Hath made my *Senses* quick, and *Reason* clear
Reform'd my *Will*, and rectify'd my *Thought*.

So do the *Winds*, and *Thunders* cleanse the Air :
So working Seas settle and purge the Wine ;
So lop't and pruned Trees do flourish fair,
So doth the Fire the drossy Gold refine.

Neither *Minerva*, nor the learned *Muse*,
Nor *Rules of Art*, nor *Precepts of the Wise*,
Cou'd in my Brain those Beams of *Skill* infuse,
As but the Glance of this *Dame's angry Eyes*.

She within *Lists*, my ranging Mind hath brought
That now *beyond my self* I will not go ;
My self am *Centre* of my circling Thought :
Only *my self* I study, learn, and know.

I know my *Body's* of so frail a Kind,
As Force without, Fevers within can kill :
I know the *Heavenly Nature* of my *Mind*,
But 'tis corrupted both in *Wit* and *Will*.

I know my *Soul* hath Power to know *all Things*,

Yet is she Blind, and ignorant in *all* :

I know I'm one of *Nature's* little *Kings*,

Yet to the *least*, and *vilest* Things am *thrall*.

I know my *Life's* a *Pain*, and but a *Span* ;

I know my *Sense* is *mock'd* in every Thing :

And to conclude, I know my self a *Man*,

Which is a Proud, and yet a wretched Thing.

Edward Fairfax, Esq;

A Gentleman of so much Merit, that he eminently deserves to be rank'd among the First of our *English* Writers ; yet has He hitherto been treated with so much Neglect, to say no Worse, That no one Author has afforded us a tolerable Sketch of his Life; or given Themselves even the Trouble to make the slightest Enquiry after Him. --- *Philips* so far overlooks him, that he was forc'd to crowd him into his Supplement, and his Transcriber *Winstanly*, does, in a Manner, the same, by postponing him till after the Earl of *Rocheſter*. Sir *Thomas Pope Blunt* makes no mention of him at all : And Mr. *Jacob* informs us he wrote in the Reign of King *Charles the First* ; tho' He dedicates his Translation of *Tasso* to Queen *Elizabeth* : Indeed all that name him, do him the Justice to allow he was an accomplish'd Genius; but then 'tis in so cool, and careless a Manner, as plainly indicates they were very little acquainted with the Merit they prais'd. --- 'Twas impossible for the great Mr. *Dryden* to be so insensible; and, accordingly

ingly we find him introducing *Spencer*, and *Fairfax*, almost on the Level, as the leading Authors of their Times; nay tacitly yielding the Palm in Point of Musick to the last; by asserting, That *Waller* confess'd He ow'd the Harmony of his Numbers to the *Godfrey* of *Bulloign*, of *Fairfax*. ----- In Fact, this Gentleman is the only Writer down to *D'Avenant*, that needs no Apology to be made for him, on Account of the Age he lived in. --- His Diction being, generally speaking, so pure, so elegant, and full of Graces, and the Turn of his Lines so perfectly Melodious, that I hardly believe the Original *Italian*, has greatly the Advantage in either: Nor could any Author, in my Opinion, be justify'd for attempting *Tasso* anew, as long as his Translation can be read.

Mr. *Fairfax* was natural Son of Sir *Thomas Fairfax* of *Denton*, and natural Brother to Sir *Thomas Fairfax*, the first who was created Baron of *Cameron*. His younger Brother was Knighted; and slain at the memorable Siege of *Ostend*, 1601. of which Place he was some Time Governor.

Whom he marry'd, is not on Record; or in what Circumstances he liv'd; But 'tis to be presum'd, his Father took Care to support him in a Manner suitable to his own Quality, and his Son's Merit. He being always stil'd *E. Fairfax*, Esq; of *New-Hall* in *Fuystone*, in the Forest of *Knaseborough*: --- The Year he dy'd in, is likewise uncertain; and the last we hear of him, is, that He was living in 1631: which argu'd that he was then pretty well advanc'd in Years; and, as I suppose, gave occasion to the many Mistakes that have been made, as to the Time he wrote in.

His eldest Son was *William* a very learned, but splenetick Man; who was a Kind of a Tutor; or rather an intimate Friend to Mr. *Stanley*, who publish'd the *Lives of the Philosophers*; The greatest Part of the Work, as well as the Notes on *Euripides*

truly belonging to Mr. *W. Fairfax*; tho' his Modesty, and Friendship declin'd the Reputation.

Mr. *Fairfax*, the Father, beside the Translation of *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, wrote the History of *Edward the Black Prince*, and certain witty Eclogues, which are yet in Manuscript, tho' by the Indulgence of the Family (from whom I had likewise the Honour of these Memoirs) I am permitted to oblige the World with a Specimen of their Beauties: A Favour that I am proud to say will, in one Sense however, make this Collection compleat, since it was impossible it should be so without. He wrote also a Book call'd *Dæmonologie*, in which, tho' the Story is particular, He shows a great deal of ancient Reading and Knowledge: It is still a MS. and, in the Beginning, He gives this Character of Himself.

"I am in Religion, neither a fantastick Puritan,
 " nor superstitious Papist, but so settled in Conscience
 " that I have the sure Ground of God's Word to
 " warrant all I believe, and the commendable Ordinances of our *English* Church to approve all I
 " practise: In which Course I live a faithful Christian
 " and an Obedient, and so teach my Family."

The Introduction to the following Passage from Tasso.

Two Knights (sent by *Godfrey* to invite *Rinaldo* back to the Siege, and furnish'd with a Diamond-shield, to disenchanted him, with the Sight of his own effeminate Figure) find him in a fond Conversation with the Sorceress *Armida*.

And

AND with that Word she smil'd, and nerethelesse,
Her Loue-Toies still she vs'd, and Pleasures
bold :

Her Haire (that done) she twisted vp in Tresse,
And looser Locks in filken Laces roll'd,
Her Curles Garland-wise she did vpdresse,
Wherein (like rich Ennamell laid on Gold)
The twisted Flowrets smil'd, and her white Brest
The Lillies (there that spring) with Roses drest.

The iolly Peacock spreads not half so faire,
The eyed Feathers of his pompous Traine ;
Nor golden *Iris* so bends in the Aire
Her twentie-colour'd Bow, through Clouds of Raine:
Yet all her Ornaments, strange, rich and rare,
Her Girdle did in Price and Beauty staine,
Not that (with Scorne) which *Tuscan Guilla* lost ;
Nor *Venus Ceston* could match this for Cost.

Of milde Denaies, of tender Scornes, of sweet
Repulses, War, Peace, Hope, Despaire, Joy, Feare,
Of Smiles, Jests, Mirth, Woe, Griefe, and sad Regret ;
Sighes, Sorrowes, Teares, Embracements, Kisses deare,

That, mixed first, by Weight and Measure meet ;
Then at an easie Fire attempted were ;

 This wondrous Girdle did *Armida* frame,
 And (when she would be loued) wore the same.

But, when her wooing Fit was brought to End,
She Congee tooke, kist him, and went her Way ;
For once she vsed euery Day to wend
Bout her Affaires, her Spels and Charms to say :
The Youth remain'd, yet had no Pow'r to bend
One Step from thence ; but vsed there to stray

 Mongst the sweet Birds, through euery Walke and
 Groue ;

 Alone, faue for an Hermit false, call'd *Loue*.

And, when the Silence deep and friendly Shade
Recall'd the Louers to their wonted Sport,
In a fair Roome, for Pleasure built, they lai'd,
And longest Nights with Joyes made sweet and short.
Now, while the Queene her Houshold-Things suruai'd,
And left her Lord, her Garden and Disport,

 The *Twaine*, that hidden in the Bushes were,
 Before the Prince in gliftring Armes appeare :

As (

As the fierce Steed for Age withdrawne from War,
Wherein the glorious Beast had alwaies wonne,
That in vile Rest, from fight sequestred far,
Feeds with the Mares at large, his Service done,
If Armes he see, or hear the Trumpet's Jarre,
He neyeth loud, and thither fast doth run,

And wiseth on his Backe the armed Knight,
Longing for Jufts, for Turnament and Fight!

So far'd *Rinaldo* when the glorious Light
Of their bright Harneffe glistred in his Eies;
His noble Sprite awaked at that Sight,
His Blood began to warme, his Heart to rise;
Though drunke with Ease, deuoid of wonted Might,
On sleepe, till then, his weak'ned Vertue lies:

Vbaldo forward stept, and to him hell'd
Of, Di'monds cleere, that pure and precious Shield.

Vpon the Targe his Lookes amas'd he bent,
And therein all his wanton Habit spide,
His Ciuet, Baulme, and Perfumes redolent,
How from his Lockes they smoakt, and Mantle wide;
His Sword, that many a Pagan stout had shent,
Bewrapt with Flowres, hung idlie by his Side,

So nicely decked, that it seem'd the Knight
Wore it for Fashion-fake, but not for Fight.

As when, from Sleepe and idle Dreames abraid,
A Man, awakt, cals home his Wits againe ;
So, in beholding his Attire he plaid,
But yet to view himselfe could not sustaine ;
His Lookes he downward cast, and nought he said,
Griev'd, shamed, sad, he would haue died faine ;
And oft he wisht the Earth or Ocean wide
Would swallow him, and so his Errours hide !

Vbaldo tooke the Time, and thus begun.
All *Europe* now and *Asia* be in War,
And all that *Cbrist* adore, and Fame haue won
In Battaile strong, in *Syria* fighting are ;
But thee alone (*Bertoldo's* noble Son)
This little Corner keepes, exiled far
From all the World, buried in Sloth and Shame ;
A carpet Champion for a wanton Dame !

What Letharge hath in Drowfinesse vp-pend
Thy Courage thus ? what Sloth doth thee infect ?
Vp ! vp ! our Campe and *Godfrey* for thee send,

Thee

Thee *Fortune*, *Praise*, and *Victory* expect !
Come fatal Champion, bring to happy End
This Enterprife begun, and all that Sect,
 (Which oft thou shaken haft) to Earth full low
With thy sharpe Brand, strike downe, kill, ouerthrow !

This said ; the noble Infant stood a Space
Confused, speechleffe, fenleffe, ill afhamed ;
But, when that Shame to iuft Difdaine gaue Place,
To fierce Difdaine from Courage sprung vntamed,
Another Redneffe blushed through his Face,
Whence worthie Anger shone, Displeasure flamed ;
 His nice Attire in Scorne he rent and tore,
 For his Bondage vile that witneffe bore.

That done, he hasted from the charmed Fort,
And, through the Maze, past with his Searchers Twaine,
Armida, of her Mount, and chiefeft Port
Wondred to finde the furious *Keeper* flaine :
A while she feared, but she knew in short
That her deare Lord was fled ; then saw she plaine
 (Ah wofull Sight !) how from her Gates the Man
In Haste, in Feare, in Wrath, in Anger ran.

Whither

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Whither, O *Cruell!* leau'st thou me alone?
 She would haue cride, her Griefe her Speeches staid,
 So that her wofull Words are backward gone,
 And in her Heart a bitter Eccho made:
 Poore Soule! of greater Skill than she, was One
 Whose Knowledge from her thus her Joy conuaid;
 This wist she well, yet had Desire to proue
 If Art could keepe, if Charmes recall her Loue.

All what the Witches of *Theſſalia*-Land
 With Lips vnpure, yet euer ſaid or ſpake;
 Words that could make Heau'ns rolling Circles ſtand,
 And draw the damned Ghoſts from Limbo-Lake,
 All well ſhe knew, but yet no Time ſhe fan'd
 To uſe her Knowledge, or her Charmes to make,
 But left her Arts, and forth ſhe ran to proue,
 If ſingle Beauty, were beſt Charme for Loue.

She ran, nor of her Honour tooke Regard.
 Oh where be all her Vaunts and Triumphs now?
Loue's Empire great, of late ſhe made, or mar'd;
 To her his Subjects humbly bend and bow,
 And with her Pride mixt was a Scorne ſo hard,
 That to be lou'd, ſhe lou'd; yet, whilſt they woo,

Her

Her Louers all she hates : That pleas'd her Will,
To conquer Men, and, conquer'd so, to kill.

But now, her selfe disdain'd, abandoned,
Ran after him, that from her fled in Scorne,
And her despis'd Beautie laboured,
With humble Complaints, and Prayers, to adorne ;
She ran, and hasted after him that fled,
Through Frost and Snow, through Brier, Bush, and
Thorne,
And sent her Cries on Message her before,
That reacht not him, till he had reacht the Shore.

O thou that leau'st but halfe behinde (quoth she)
Of my poore Heart, and halfe with thee dost carry !
O take this Part, or render that to me !
Else kill them both at once ! ah tarry ! tarry !
Heare my last Words, no parting Kisse of thee
I craue ! for some more fit with thee to marry
Keepe them (vnkind !) What fear'st thou if thou stay ?
Thou mai'st deny, as well as run away.

At this *Rinaldo* stopt, stood still, and staid.
She came, sad, breathlesse, wearie, faint, and weake,
So wo-begone was neuer Nymph or Maid ;

And

And yet her Beautie's Pride, Griefe could not breake;
On him she lookt, she gaz'd, but nought she said,
She would not, could not, or she durst not speake:
At her he lookt not, glanst not; if he did,
Those Glances shamefast were, close, secret, hid.

As cunning Singers, ere they straine on hie,
In loud, melodious Tunes, their gentle Voice,
Prepare the Hearers Eares to Harmonie,
With Fainings sweet, low Notes, and Warbles choice:
So she, not hauing yet forgot pardie
Her wonted Shifts and Sights in *Cupid's* Toies,
A Sequence first of Sighes and Sobs forth cast,
To breed Compassion deare, then spake at last.

Suppose not (*Cruell!*) that I come to vow,
Or pray, as Ladies doe their Loues and Lords;
Such were we late; if thou disdaine it now,
Or scorne to grant such Grace as *Loue* affords,
At least yet as an En'my listen thou!
Sworne Foes sometime will talke, and chaffer Words;
For what I aske thee, maist thou grant right well,
And lessen nought thy Wrath and Anger fell.

If

If me thou hate, and in that Hate delight,
I come not to appease thee, hate me still!
It's like for like; I bore great Hate and Spight
Gainst *Christians* all; chiefly I wisht thee ill:
I was a *Pagan* borne, and all my Might
Against *Godfredo* bent, mine Art and Skill;
I follow'd thee, tooke thee, and bore thee far
To this strange Ile, and kept thee safe from War.

And more, which more thy Hate may iustly moue,
More to thy Losse, more to thy Shame and Griefe,
I thee enchanted, and allur'd to loue:
Wicked Deceit! Craft worthy sharpe Reprieve!
Mine Honour gaue I thee; all Gifts aboue!
And of my Beauties made thee Lord and Chiefe,
And to my Suitors old what I denaid,
That gaue I thee (my Louer new!) vnpraid.

But reckon that among my Faults, and let
Those many Wrongs prouoke thee so to Wrath,
That hence thou runne; and that at nought thou set
This pleasant House, so many Joyes which hath!
Goe! trauell! passe the Seas! fight! Conquest get!
Destroy our Faith! what shall I say our Faith?

A a

Ah

Ah no! no longer ours, before thy Shrine
Alone I pray, thou cruell Saint of mine!

All onely let me go with thee (Vnkinde!)
A small Request although I were thy Foe!
The Spoiler seldome leaues the Prey behinde;
Who triumphs lets his Captiues with him go;
Among thy Pris'ners poore *Armida* binde!
And let the Campe increase thy Praises so,
That thy Beguiler so thou couldst beguile,
And point at me, thy Thrall and Bond-Slaue vile!

Despised Bond-Slaue! since my Lord doth hate
These Lockes, why keepe I them, or hold them deare?
Come cut them off, that to my seruile State
My Habit answer may, and all my Geare!
I follow thee, in Spight of Death and Fate,
Through Battels fierce where Dangers most appeare;
Courage I haue, and Strength enough (perchance)
To leade thy Courser spare, and bear thy Lance!

I will or beare, or be my selfe, thy Shield,
And to defend thy Life, will lose mine owne:
This Breast, this Bosome soft shall be thy Beild

Gainst

Gainst Stormes of Arrowes, Darts and Weapons
throwne !

Thy Foes, pardy, encountring thee in Field,
Will spare to strike thee (mine Affection knowne!)

Lest me they wound ; nor will sharpe Veng'ance
take

On thee, for this despised Beautie's Sake.

O Wretch ! dare I still vaunt, or Helpe inuoke
From this poore Beauty, scorned and disdained ?
She said no more, her Teares her Speeches broke,
Which from her Eies like Streames from Springs
down rained :

She would haue caught him by the Hand or Cloke ;
But he stept backward, and himselfe restrained,
Conquer'd his Will, his Heart Ruth soft'ned not ;
There Complaints no Issue, *Loue* no Entrance got !

Loue entred not to kindle in his Breast
(Which *Reason* late had quencht) his wonted Flame ;
Yet entred *Pity* in the Place at least ;
Loue's Sister, but a chaste and sober Dame,
And stirr'd him so, that, hardly, he suppress
The springing Teares that to his Eyes vp came ;

But yet, euen there, his Plaints repressed were;
And (as he could) he look'd, and fained Cheere.

Madame (quoth he) for your Distress I grieve,
And would amend it, if I might or could;
From your wise Heart that fond Affection driue!
I cannot hate or scorne you though I would;
I seeke no Veng'ance, Wrongs I all forgiue!
Nor you my Seruant, nor my Foe I hold!

Truth is, you err'd, and your Estate forgot,
Too great your Hate was; and your Loue too hot!

But those are common Faults, and Faults of Kinde,
Excus'd by Nature, by your Sex and Yeares;
I erred likewise, if I Pardon finde,
None can condemne you, that our Trespasse heares;
Your dear Remembrance will I keepe in Minde,
In Joyes, in Woes, in Comforts, Hopes and Feares;
Call me your Souldier, and your Knight, as far
As *Christian* Faith permits, and *Asia's* War!

Ah let our Faults and Follies here take End,
And let our Errors past you satisfie,
And in this Angle of the World ipend,

Let

Let both the Fame and Shame thereof now die!
From all the Earth, where I am knowne and kend,
I wish this Fact should still concealed lie!
Nor yet in following me, poor Knight! disgrace
Your Worth, your Beauty, and your Princely- Race!

Stay here in Peace! I goe, nor wend you may
With me, my Guide your Fellowship denies;
Stay here! or hence depart some better Way,
And calm your Thoughts! you are both sage and wise!
While thus he spoke, her Passions found no Stay,
But here and there she turn'd and roll'd her Eies,
And staring on his Face a while, at last
Thus, in foule Termes, her bitter Wrath forth braist.

Of *Sophia* faire thou neuer wert the Childe,
Nor of the *Azzaine*-Race isprung thou art,
The mad Sea-Waues, thee bare! some Tygresse wilde,
On *Caucasus* cold Craggs, nurst thee apart!
Ah cruell Man! in whom no Token milde
Appeares, of Pity, Ruth, or tender Heart,
Could not my Grieffs, my Woes, my Complaints and all
One Sigh straine from thy Breast, one Teare make
fall?

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What shall I say ? or how renew my Speech ?
 He scornes me, leaues me, bids me call him mine !
 The Victor hath his Foe within his Reach ;
 Yet pardons her, that merits Death and Pine !
 Heare how he counfels me ! how he gan preach
 (Like chaste *Xenocrates*) gainst Loue diuine !

Oh Heau'ns ! oh Gods ! why doe these Men of Shame,
 Thus spoile your Temples, and blaspheme your
 Name ?

Go Cruell ! go ! go with such Peace, such Rest,
 Such Joy, such Comfort, as thou leau'ft me here !
 My angrie Soul, discharg'd from this weake Brest,
 Shall haunt thee euer and attend thee neare ;
 And, Furie-like, in Snakes and Fire-Brands drest,
 Shall aie torment thee, whom it late held deare !

And if thou scape the Seas, the Rockes and Sands,
 And come to fight amid the *Pagan*-Bands,

There, lying wounded, mongst the Hurt and Slaine,
 Of these my Wrongs thou shalt the Vengeance beare,
 And oft *Armida* ! shalt thou call in vaine,
 At thy last Gaspe ! this hope I soone to heare---
 Here fainted she, with Sorrow, Griefe and Paine ;
 Her latest Words scant well expressed were,

But

But, in a Swoone, on Earth, outstretcht she lies;
Stiffe were her frozen Limmes, clos'd were her Eies.

Thou clos'd thine Eies (*Armida*) Heau'n enuide
Ease to thy Griefe, or Comfort to thy Woe;
Ah, open them againe! see Teares downe slide
From his kinde Eies, whom thou esteems thy Foe!
If thou hadst heard, his Sighes had mollifide
Thine Anger hard, he sigh'd and mourned so;
And, as he could, with sad, and rufull Looke
His Leauē of thee, and last Farewell he tooke.

What should he do? leauē on the naked Sand
This wofull Ladie, halfe aliue, halfe dead?
Kindnesse forbad, *Pity* did that withstand;
But hard *Constraint* (alas!) did thence him lead.
Away he went, the West Wind blew from Land
Mongst the rich Treffes of their Pilot's Head,
And, with that golden Saile, the Waues she cleft:
To Land he look'd, till Land vnseene he left.

Wak't from her Trance, forsaken, speechless, sad,
Armida wildly star'd, and gaz'd about:
And is he gone? (quoth she) nor Pity had

To leaue me thus twixt Life and Death in doubt ?
Could he not stay ? could not the Traitor-Lad
From this last Trance helpe, or recall me out ?

And doe I loue him still, and, on this Sand,
Still vnreueng'd, still mourne, still weeping stand ?

Fie ! no ! Complaints farewell ! with Armes and Art
I will pursue to Death this spightfull Knight ;
Not Earth's low Center, nor Sea's deepest Part,
Nor Heau'n, nor Hell, can shield him from my Might !
I will o're-take him, take him, cleaue his Heart !
Such Veng'ance fits a wronged Louer's Spight !

In Cruelty that cruell Knight surpasse
I will ; but what auaile vaine Words, alas !

O Foole ! thou shouldest haue beene cruell then,
(For then this Cruell well deseru'd thine Ire)
When thou in Prison hadst intrap't the Man :
Now, dead with cold, took late thou askest fire !
But, though my Wit, my Cunning nothing can,
Some other Meanes shall worke my Heart's Desire !
To thee (my Beauty) thine be all these Wrongs,
Veng'ance to thee, to the Reuenge belongs !

Thou

Thou shalt be his Reward, with murthering Brand
That dare this Traitor of his Head deprive!
O you my Louers! on this Rocke doth stand
The Castle of her Loue, for whom you strive!
I, the sole Heir of all *Damascus*-Land,
For this Reuenge, my Selfe and Kingdom giue!
If, by this Price, my Will I cannot gaine,
Nature giues Beauty, *Fortune* Wealth in vain!

But thee, vain Gift! vain Beauty! thee I scorne,
I hate the Kingdom which I haue to giue,
I hate my selfe, and rue that I was born;
Onely in Hope of sweet Reuenge I liue.
Thus, raging with fell Ire she gan returne
From that bad Shore in Haste, and homeward driue;
And, as true Witness of her franticke Ire,
Her Locks wau'd loose, Face shone, Eyes sparkled
Fire!

When she came Home, she call'd with Outcries shrill,
A thousand Deuils, in Limbo Deepe that won!
Blacke Clouds the Skies with horrid Darknes fill,
And pale for Dread became th' eclipsed Sun;
The Whirl-Wind blustred big on euery Hill,
And Hell to roare vnder her Feet begun,

You

You might haue heard how through the Palace
wide,

Some Spirits howl'd, some Bark'd, some hift, some
cride!

A Shadow, blacker than the mirkeft Night!

Enuiron'd all the Place, with Darkneffe sad;

Wherein a Firebrand gaue a dreadfull Light,

Kindled in Hell by *Tisiphone* the mad.

Vanisht the Shade, the Sun appear'd in Sight,

Pale were his Beames, the Aire was nothing glad,

And all the Palace vanisht was and gone,

Nor of fo great a Worke was left one Stone!

As oft the Clouds frame Shapes of Castles great

Amid the Aire, that little Time doe laft,

But are diffolu'd by Wind or *Titan's* Heat;

Or like vaine Dreames foone made, and fooner paft:

The Palace vanisht fo, nor in his Seat

Left ought, but Rocks and Craggs, by *Kinde* there
plafte;

She in her Coach, which two old Serpents drew,

Sate downe, and, as ſhe vs'd, away ſhe flew.

She

She broke the Clouds, and cleft the yeilding Skie,
And, bout her, gather'd Tempest, Storme and Winde;
The Lands, that view the South-Pole, flew she by,
And left those vnknowne Countrey's far behinde ;
The Straits of *Hercules* she past, which lie
Twixt *Spain* and *Africk* ; nor her Flight inclinde
To North or South ; but still did forward ride
Ore Seas and Streames, till *Syria's* Coast she spi'd.

The *Eclogues*, above quoted, are in Number Twelve ; all of them wrote after the Accession of of King *James* to the Throne of *England*, on important Subjects, relating to the Manners, Characters, and Incidents of the Times he lived in ; They are pointed with many fine Strokes of Satire ; dignify'd with wholsome Lessons of Morality, and Policy, to those of the highest Rank ; and some modest Hints even to Majesty it self ---- As far as Poetry is concern'd in them, the very Name of *Fairfax* is the highest Recommendation, and the Learning they contain, is so various, and extensive, that, according to the Evidence of his Son, (who has written large Annotations on each) No Man's Reading, beside his own, was sufficient to explain his References effectually.

Eclogue

*Eclogue the Fourth.**Eglon and Alexis.*

W^Hilst, on the rough, and Heath-strew'd
Wilderness,

His tender Flocks the Rasps, and Bramble
cropp,

Poor Shepherd *Eglon*, full of sad Distress!

By the small Stream, sat on a Mole-Hill-Topp;
Crown'd with a Wreath of Heban Branches
broke:

Whom good *Alexis* found, and thus bespoke.

Alex. My Friend, what means this silent Lamentation?

Why on this Field of Mirth, this Realm of
Smiles

Doth the fierce War of Greife make such Inva-
sion?

Witty * *Timanthes* had he seen, ere whiles,

What Face of Woe thy Cheek of Sadness
bears,

He had not curtain'd *Agamemnon's* Tears.

* *Timanthes the Painter, who, designing the Sacrifice of Iphigenia shrew a Veil over the Face of Agamemnon; not able to express a Father's Anguish.*

The blacke Ox treads not yet upon thy Toe,
Nor thy good Fortune turnes her Wheele awaye;
Thy Flocks increafe, and thou increafest so;
Thy stragling Goates now mild and gentle ly;
And that Foole *Love* thou whip'st away with
Rods:

Then what sets thee and Joy so far at ods?

Egl. Nor *Love*, nor Loss of ought that Worldings
love,
Be it Dress, Wealth, Dream, Pleasure, Smoak
or Glory,
Can my well-settled Thought to Passion move:
A greater Cause it is that makes me sorry.
But, known to thee it may seem small or none;
Under his Fellow's Burden who needs grone?

Alex. Yet tell me, *Eglon*, for my Ram shall dy
On the same Altar, where thy Goat doth burn;
Else let these Kids my Olive-Trees lick dry,
And let my Sheep to shag-hayr'd * *Musmons* turn!

* *Musmon a Kind of wild Sheep.*

All Things with Friends are common ; Grief
and Sorrow,

Men without Bond; or Interest freely borrow

Egl. Sufficeth to each Man his own Mishap ;
Yet for our Friends our Eye oft spends more
Teares,

Than for our selves; our Neighbour in his Lap;
Sometimes our Grief, our Losses never beares;
Fitter to weep than help when need requires!
So soon the halting Steed of Friendship tires !

Thou know'st I had a tender Lamb; a Cade,
Nurish't with Milk and Morsels from my Table;
That in my Bosom its soft Lodging made,
And cherisht was, and fed as I was able,
It was my Child my Darling and my Queen;
And might for Shape a *Passover* have been!

I kept it for an Offring 'gainst the Day
That the great God of Shepherds *Pan* shall come;
Not he whose Thousand Lambs did feed and stray
On *Sicil*-Hills, one such at Night brought Home.

Nor

Nor could the Ram, wonne by the Lords of
Greece

Compare his Guilded, with her pearled Fleece.

But when the Sun with his intifing Ray
Allur'd her forth, from Quiet of my shed,
Thorow the broken Wall she flipt away,
Behind the Corner-stone, and thence she fled,
Ambling along the Meads and Rivers shrill:
And yet she thought, she knew she did no Ill.

The *Fox*, whose Fort, *Malpardus*, border'd nie,
Spi'd from his Keep the wandring Innocent,
That, weary, in the cooling shade did lye,
Left the hot Beams her tender Limbs might
shent ;

And soon he judged, by her harmless Look,
It was a Fish would eas'ly take the Hook.

He bukt him Boon, and, on his fanded Coat,
He buckled close a slain Kid's hayry Skin,
And wore the Vizzard of a smooth-fac't Goat :
All Saint without, none spi'd the Devill within!

With wanton Skips he boards the harmlesse
 Sheep,
 And with sweet Words thus into Grace did
 creep.

Dear Sister-Lamb! Queen of the fleecy Kind!
 That opal Flowers, pick't from these Emral'd-
 Clofes,
 Thy Bombace soft in silver Trammels bind,
 And crown thy LamberHorns with Corall-Roses!
 This Sabbath is the Feast-Day of thy Birth;
 Come be thou Lady of our *May*, and Mirth!

Break from the Prison of the austere Cell
 Of thy strict Master, and his *Cynick* Diet!
 And in sweet Shades of this fat Valley dwell,
 In Ease and Wealth! Here we are rich and quiet!
 Unty these Bonds of Awe, and Cords of Duty!
 They be weake Chains to fetter Youth and
 Beauty!

With that he kiss'd her, and strayn'd her Hand,
 And softly rays'd her from the tender Grass;
 And, squiring her along the flowry Land,
 Still made her court as thro' the Fields they pass:
 And

And that Bawd *Love*, Factor of shame and sin!
Lent him a Net to catch this Woodcock in.

Close in the Bosom of a bended Hill,
Of faire, and fruitful Trees a Forest stood ;
Balm, Myrtle, Bdelium, from their Bark distill
Bay, Smilax, Myrtle, (*Cupid's Arrow-Wood*)
Grew there, and *Cypress* with his kifs-sky Tops,
And **Ferrea's* Tree whence pure Rose-Water
drops.

The Golden Bee, buzzing with Tinsell-Wings
Suckt Amber-Honey from the filken Flower ;
The Dove sad Love-Grones on her Sack-But fings,
The *Throssell* whistles from his Oaken-Tower ;
And, sporting, lay the Nymphs of Woods,
and Hills,
On Beds of *Heart's-Ease, Rue*, and *Daffadills*.

Hither the Traytor-Fox his Mistress leads,
Intifing her with Sweetness of the Place,
Till on a hidden Net unwares she treads ;
Yet hurt her not ; the subtile Foulter smil'd :
Nor knew the *Dott'rell* yet, she was beguil'd.

* A Tree growing in one of the Canaries said to have that Quality.
B b Not

Not that false Snare, wherewith the Cuckold-Smith
Sham'd his Queen, and himself; nor that fly Gin

* *Astolfo* caught the Eat-Man-Giant with,

Nor that *Arachne* takes her wild Fowle in,

Nor those small Toiles the Morning-Queen
doth fet

In every Mead, so fine were as that Net.

Thus caught, he bound her in a Chain three-fold,

And led her to a shady Arbour near;

The Chain was Copper, yet it seem'd Gold,

And every Link a fundry Name did bear,

Wrath, Sloth, Strife, Envy, Avarice, foul Lust

And Pride: What Flesh can so strong Fetters
bu't?

An Hundred Times her Virgin-Lip he kiss't,

As oft her Maiden-Finger gently wrung;

Yet what he would, her Child-hood nothing wist;

The Bee of Love her soft Heart had not stung!

In vain he sigh't, he glanc'd, he shook his Head,

Those *Hieroglyphicks* were too hard to read!

* See Ariosto.

She

She did not, nay she would not understand
Upon what Errand his sweet Smiles were gone ;
And in his borrowed Coate some Hole she fond,
Thro' which she spy'd, all was not Gold that shone.

Yet still his Tools the Workman ply'd so fast,
That her speed-Wing his Lime-Twig took at last.

Her Silver-Rug from her soft Hide he clip't,
And on her Body, knit a Canvaſs thin,
With Twenty-Party-Colours ev'nly ſtrip't,
And guarded like the * *Zabra's* Rayne-Bow-Skin.

Such Coats young *Tamar*, and fayre *Rachel's*
Child

Put off, when He was fold, and She defil'd.

There mourn'd the *Blacke*, the *Purple* tyranniz'd,
The *Ruſſet* hoped : *Green* the Wanton play'd ;
Yellow ſpy'd Faults in ſuch as Love diſguis'd ;
Carnation ſtill deſir'd, *White* lived a Mayd ;

Blew kept his Faith unſtain'd ; *Red* bled to
Death

And forlorn *Tawny* wore a Willow-Wreath,

* *The Zabra, a Beaſt in Congo, of various Colours.*

All these, and Twenty new-found Colours more,
Were in the West of that rich Garment wrought;
And who that charmed Vesture took and wore,
Like it, were changeable in Will and Thought.

What Wonder then, if, on so smooth a Plate,
He stamp't a Fiend, where once an Angel sate?

Thus clad, he set her on a Throne of Glafs,
And spread a plenteous Table on the Green;
And every Platter of true Porcelan was,
Which had a Thousand Years in temp'ring been;
Yet did the Cates exceed the Substance fine;
So rare the Viands were, so rich the Wine!

Lucullus was a Niggard of his Meat,
And spareful of his Cups seem'd *Anthony*;
But, in each Morfel, which the Guests should eate,
The cruel Rat's-Bane of vile Lust did lye;
Yet at that Board, the little-fearing-Sheep
Eats, till she surfeit, quaffeth, till she sleep.

Then, drunk with Folly, to his loather Nest
He brought his Prey; and, in a dusky Room,
All Night he couched on her tender Brest,
Till timely Day-spring with her Morning-Broom

Had

Had swept the Silver Motes from Heav'n's
Steel-Flore,
And at the Key-Hole peeped through theyr
Dore.

But such the Issue was of that Embrace,
That deadly Poyson thro' her Body spread,
Rotted her Limbs, and leproous grew her Face ;
His Bosom's Touch so dire a Mischief bred,
So venomous was not the poysoned Lip
Of th' *Indian* * King, or *Guinea's Cock's*†
Combe-ship.

* *Pherecides*, small, winged Dragonets.
Ferrotine's † Gentles, *Scilla's* || Swarm of Lice,
The § *Bogbar*-Worm that Joynts asunder frets ;
The Plague that scourged wanton *Cressed's* Vice,

* *Muhamet a King of Cambia, whose Lip, being poison'd by Accident, was said to kill all the Women He kiss'd.*

† *A Sea-Weed like a Cock's-Comb, found floating on the Coast of Guinea, so venomous as not to be touch'd without extreme Danger.*

* *A Philosopher consum'd by Flies like Dragon, bred in his own Body.*

† *A Queen of Cyrene, eaten alive by Maggots.*

|| *Scilla dyed of the Lowsy-Disease.*

§ *So call'd from a City of Bactria ; which being swallow'd in drinking the Waters of the Place, finds a Way into the Legs ; and must be drawn out gradually ; an Inch a Day ; and if broken in the Operation, the Patient dies.*

And that great Evill which Viper-Wine
makes found,

Compar'd to hers, are but a Pinn's small
Wound.

The gaffly *Raven*, from the blasted Oake,
With deadly Call foreflew'd my Lamb's Mishap;
The *Wake-Bird* on my Chimney well-nigh spoke;
But I alas! foresaw no After-clap!

Yet crew my Hens, sure Shepherd's Sign of Ill!

But my fond Head in Bird-spell had no Skill.

For Help I fought the *Leach*, wife *Mardophage*,
I try'd the *English-Bath*, and *German-Spaw*;
To *Walsingham* I went on Pilgrimage,
And said strong Charmes that kept even *Death*
in Awe!

Yet none of these can her lost Health restore:

Ah no, my Lamb's Recouery costeth more!

Alex. So vain a Thing is Man; what least we fear
That soonest haps; the Evill we present feel,
Brings greater Anguish than our Souls can bear;
Desp'rate we are in Woe, careless in Weale!

Un-

Unfall'n, unfear'd! if Ill betide us, then
Are we past Hope: So vain a Thing is Man!

Great is, I grant, the Danger of thy Sheep!
But yet there is a Salve for every Sore;
That Shepherd, who our Flocks and us doth keep,
To remedy this Sickness long before,
Killed a *holy Lamb*, clear, spotless, pure;
Whose Blood the Salve is all our Hurts to cure!

Call for that Surgeon good, to dress her Wound!
Bath her in holy-Water, of thy Tears!
Let her in Bands of Faith and Love be bound!
And, while on Earth she spends her Pilgrim-Years,
Thou for thy Charm pray with the *Publican*!
And so restore thy *Lamb* to Health again!

Now farewell *Eglon*! for the Sun stoops low,
And calling Guests before my Sheep-Coat's Dore:
New clad in *White*, I see my * Porter-Crow;
Great Kings oft want these Blessings of the Poor:

* *The Ring of the Door, call'd a Crow; and, when cover'd with white Linen, denoted the Mistress of the House was in Travel.*

My Board is short, my Kitchen needs no Clerk,
Come **Fannius!* come! be thou *Symposiarke!*

William Shakespear,

A Writer of such acknowledged Merit, that Praise is Impertinent, and any Access of mine as inconsiderable as a Brook to the Ocean; I therefore, leave him in the great Hands that have already so excellently summ'd up his Life, and Character, and shall barely remark, that his Genius does not seem so well suited to the Narrative, as the Dramatick Part of Poetry; as I presume, will appear by the many Conceits not only in the Two first Stanzas quoted below; but almost thro' both his Poems of *Venus* and *Lucrese*, tho' his passionate Transition in the last to *Opportunity* is a strong Proof that his Mistakes are more owing to an Excess of Wit, than a Want of it.

HER Lilly-Hand her rosie Cheekes lies under,
Coozening the Pillow of a lawful Kiss;
Who, therefore, angry seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either Side to want his Bliss,
Between whose Hills her Head intombed is;
Where, like a vertuous Monument, she lies
To be admir'd of lewd, unhallowed Eyes.

* Caius Fannius, who made a Law to restrain Luxury in Diet.

Her

Her Hair like Golden-Threds plaid with her Breath,
O modest Wantons ! wanton Modesty !
Showing Life's Triumph in the Map of Death,
And *Death's* dim Look in *Life's* Mortality ;
Each in her Sleep themselves so beautifie,
As if betweene them Twaine there was no Strife,
But that *Life* liv'd in *Death*, and *Death* in *Life*.

O Opportunity ! thy Guilt is great ;
'Tis thou that execut'st the Traitor's Treason ;
Thou sets the Wolfe where he the Lamb may get :
Who ever plots the Sin, thou points the Season ;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at Right, at Law, at Reason !
And in thy shady Cell, where none may spy her,
Sits *Sin*, to feize the Souls that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the Vestal violate her Oath :
Thou blow'st the Fire when Temperance is thaw'd.
Thou smother'st Honesty, thou murther'st Troth ;
Thou foul Abbetter, thou notorious Baud !
Thou plantest Scandal, and displacest Laud !
Thou Ravisher, thou Traitor, thou false Thief !
Thy Hony turns to Gall, thy Joy to Grief !

378 *The Muses Library.*

Thy secret Pleasure turns to open Shame,
Thy private Feasting to a publick Fast :
Thy smothering Titles to a ragged Name ;
Thy sugred Tongue to bitter Wormwood-Taste ;
Thy violent Vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile *Opportunity!*

Being so bad, such Numbers seek for thee ?

When wilt thou be the humble Suppliant's Friend,
And bring him where his Suit may be obtained ?

When wilt thou sort an Hour great Strifes to end ?
Or free that Soul which Wretchedness hath chained ?
Give Physick to the sick, Ease to the pained ?

The Poor, Lame, Blind, Halt, creep, cry out for
thee ;

But they nere met with *Opportunity!*

The Patient dies while the Physician sleeps ;
The Orphan pines while the Oppressor feeds ;
Justice is feasting while the Widow weeps :
Advise is sporting while Infection breeds,
Thou grant'st no Time for charitable Deeds :

Wrath, Envy, Treason, Rape, and Murder rages,

Thy hainous Hours wait on them as their Pages.

When

When Truth and Vertue have to do with thee,
A thousand Crosses keep them from thy Aid ;
They buy thy Help, but *Sin* nere gives a Fee ;
He *gratis* comes ; aod thou art well apaid,
As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.

My *Colatine* would else have come to me :
When *Tarquin* did, but he was staid by thee.

Guilty thou art of Murther and of Theft,
Guilty of Perjury and Subornation,
Guilty of Treason, Forgery, and Shift,
Guilty of Incest, that abomination :
An accessary by thine Inclination
To all Sins past, and all that are to come,
From the Creation to the general Doom.

Mishapen *Time* ! Copesmate of ugly Night !
Swift, subtile Post ! Carrier of grisly Care !
Eater of Youth ! false Slave to false Delight !
Base Watch of Woes ! *Sin's* Pack-Horse ! *Vertue's* Snare !
Thou nurfest all, and murtherest all that are :
O hear me then, injurious, shifting *Time* !
Be guilty of my Death, since of my Crime !

Why hath thy Servant *Opportunity*

Betray'd the Hours thou gav'st me to Repose?

Cancel'd my Fortunes and enchained me

To endless Date of never-ending Woes?

Time's Office is to fine the Hate of Foes,

To eat up Error by Opinion bred,

Not spend the Dowry of a lawful Bed.

Time's Glory is to calme contending Kings,

To unmask *Falshood*, and bring *Truth* to Light,

To stamp the Seal of *Time* in aged Things,

To wake the Morne, and sentinel the Night,

To wrong the Wronger till he render Right,

To ruinate proud Buildings with thy Houres,

And smear with Dust their glittering, golden Tower's.

To fill with Worm-Holes stately Monuments,

To feed *Oblivion* with decay of Things,

To blot old Books, and alter their Contents,

To pluck the Quils from ancient Ravens Wings,

To dry the old Oake's Sap, and cherish Springs,

To spoil Antiquities of hammer'd Steel,

And turn the giddy Round of Fortune's Wheel!

Samuel

Samuel Daniel

Was born of a wealthy Family in *Somersetshire*, and, in 1579, being then but Seventeen, became a Commoner of *Magdalen-Hall, Oxford*; where he continu'd about Three Years, and greatly improv'd himself in academical Learning. But his Genius devoting him principally to History and Poetry, he left the University, before he was of sufficient standing for a Degree; and, for some Years after, we know nothing certain of him, but that he publish'd a Translation of a Tract of *Paulus Jovius* on *Rare Inventions*, &c. But I think it may very probably, be conjectur'd that 'twas in this Interval, he was Tutor to the great Lady *Ann Clifford*, Daughter and Heiress to the Earl of *Cumberland*, afterwards Countess of *Pembroke, Dorset*, and *Montgomery*: A Lady who did him as much Honour by her magnificent, and Princely Manner of Living, as by the grateful Monument, and Epitaph, which she erected to his Memory. It is very natural, likewise to imagine, that 'twas by the Interest, and Patronage of this Noble Family he was afterwards recommended to the Favour, and Encouragement of *Ann*, Queen-Consort to *James the First*; who not only did him the Honour of frequent Conversations, but made him first a Gentleman-Extraordinary, and then one of the Grooms of her Chamber. --- Mr. *Daniel* himself, in the Introduction to his Poem of the *Civil Wars*, farther acknowledges one of the noble Family of *Montjoy* to have been his great Friend, and Patron; and this Acknowledgment of his is the more grateful, and sincere, as it was publish'd after the Death of his Benefactor.

But, notwithstanding all this Sun-shine of Favour, and the joint Applauses of almost all the great Writers
of

of his Time, we find him complaining that both his Reputation and Interest were in their Wane : Which, I suppose, was the Reason why he retir'd from Court, some Years before he died, to a Farm at *Beckington* near *Philips-Norton* in *Somersetshire* ; where he died An. Dom. 1619.

Mr. *Daniel's* Works are very various, and consist of History, Plays, and Poems ; in all which he appears to me a Person of great Good-Sense, and unbiass'd Integrity ; both Clear, and Concise in his Expression ; rather too simple and void of Ornament, and not comparable in his Numbers either to *Fairfax* or *Spencer* ; But, on the whole, highly worthy of Esteem and Reputation ; as will, I think, be sufficiently evinc'd by the following Quotations, particularly that from the *Civil Wars*, which, in my Judgment, is one of the finest Scenes of Distress that can be met with in any Author.

A Description of Beauty, translated out of Marino.

O Beauty (Beam nay Flame
Of that great Lampe of Light
That shines a while, with Fame,
But presently makes Night :
Like Winter's short-liu'd-bright,
Or Summer's suddain Gleams,
More valu'd as less-lasting are their Beams :)

Wing'd

Wing'd *Loue* away doth flye,
And with it *Time* doth bear;
And both take suddainly
The sweet, the fair, the dear:
A shining Day, and clear
Succeeds an obscure Night,
And Sorrow is the Hewe of sweet Delight!

With what then dost thou swell,
O Youth of new-born Day?
Wherein doth thy Pride dwell
O *Beauty* made of Clay?
Not with so swift a Way
The headlong Current flies,
As do the sparkling Rayes of thy fair Eyes.

Do not thy selfe betray
With wantonizing Years,
O *Beauty*! Traytors gay!
Thy melting Life that wears,
Appearing, disappears,
And, with thy flying Days,
Ends all thy good of Price, thy fair of Praise.

Trust

Trust not, vain Creditor !
 Thy apt-deceiued View,
 In thy false Counsellor,
 That neuer tels thee true,
 Thy Forme, and flattred Hew !
 Which shall so soone transpass,
 Tho far more fair, than is thy Looking-Glass!

Enioy thy *Aprill* now,
 Whilst it doth freely shine,
 This Lightning-Flash and Show,
 With that clear Spirit of thine,
 Will suddainly decline ;
 And thy fair, murdering Eyes
 Shall be *Loue's* Tombs, where now his Cradle
 lyes.

Old, trembling *Age* will come,
 With wrinkled Cheekes, and Stains ;
 With Motion troublesome,
 With Skin and bloodless Veins :
 That liuely Visage wanes,
 And, made deform'd and old,
 Hates sight of Glass, it lou'd so to behold.
 Thy

Thy Gold, and Scarlet shall
Pale Siluer-Colour be ;
Thy Rowe of Pearls shall fall,
Like withred Leaues from Tree ;
And thou shalt shortly see
Thy Face, and Hair to grow
All plough'd with Furrows, ouer-fleec'd
with Snow.

That which, on *Flora's* Brest,
All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora, newly drest,
Saw, in her dawning, spring ;
Quite dry and languishing,
Depriu'd of Honour quite,
Day-closing *Hesperus* beholds at Night.

Faire is the Lilly, fair
The Rose, of Flowers the Eye !
Both wither in the Ayre,
Their beauteous Colours die ;
And so, at length, shall lye
Depriu'd of former Grace,
The Lillies of thy Brest, the Roses of thy
Face !

What then will it auail,
 O Youth, aduised ill !
 In Lap of Beauty frail
 To nurse a way-ward Will,
 Like Snake in Sunne-warme Hill ?
 Plucke, plucke, betime thy Flow'r,
 That springs, and perisheth in one short
 Hou'r !

Vlysses and the Syren.

Syren

COME worthy *Greek* ! *Vlysses* come,
 Possesse these Shores with me !
 The Windes and Seas are troublesome,
 And here we may be free !

Here may we sit and view their Toyle
 That trauail in the Deepe,
 And ioy the Day in Mirth the while,
 And spend the Night in Sleepe !

Vlyss. Faire Nymph ! if Fame or Honour were
 To be attain'd with Ease,
 Then would I come and rest with thee,
 And leaue such Toiles as these,

But

But here it dwels, and here must I
With Danger seek it forth:
To spend the Time luxuriously,
Becomes not Men of Worth!

Syr. Vlysses, O be not deceiu'd
With that vnreal Name,
This Honour is a thing conceiu'd,
And rests on other's Fame.

Begotten onely to molest
Our Peace, and to beguile
(The best Thing of our Life) our Rest,
And giue vs vp to Toyle!

Vlyss. Delicious Nymph! suppose there were
No Honour, or Report,
Yet Manlinesse would scorne to weare,
The Time in idle Sport;

For Toyle doth giue a better Touch,
To make vs feele our Joy,
And Ease findes Tedioufnes as much
As Labour yeilds Annoy.

Syr. Then Pleasure, likewise, seemes the Shore,
 Whereto tendes all your Toyle,
 Which you forgo to make it more,
 And perish oft the while.

Who may disport them diuerfly,
 Find neuer tedious Day,
 And Ease may have Variety,
 As well as Action may.

Vlyss. But Natures of the noblest Frame
 These Toyles and Dangers please,
 And they take Comfort in the same,
 As much as you in Ease;

And, with the thought of Actions past,
 Are recreated still:
 When *Pleasure* leaues a Touch at last,
 To shew that it was ill.

Syr. That doth *Opinion* onely cause,
 That's out of *Custom* bred,
 Which makes vs many other Lawes,
 Then euer *Nature* did.

No Widows waile for our Delights,
 Our Sports are without Blood,

The World we see by warlike Wights
Receives more Hurt than Good.

Vlyss. But yet the State of Things require
These Motions of Vnrest :

And these great Spirits of high Desire
Seeme born to turne them best.

To purge the Mischiefes that increase,
And all good Order mar :
For oft we see a wicked Peace,
To be well chang'd for War.

Syr. Well, well *Vlysses* then I see,
I shall not have thee here :
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my Fortune there.

I must be won, that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won ;
For *Beauty* hath created bin,
T'vndo, or be vndone !

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

King *Richard* the Second, being brought a Prisoner to *London* by *Henry Bollingbroke*, *Isabella* his Queen, impatient to have a Sight of her Lord, plants herself at a Window to be a Spectator of the publick Entry.

NOW *Isabell*, the young, afflicted Queen
(Whose Yeares had neuer shew'd her but Delights,

Nor lovely Eyes before had euer seen
Other then smiling Joys, and joyful Sights,
Born great, match't great, liv'd great, and euer beene
Partaker of the World's best Benefits)
Had plac't her self, hearing her Lord should pass
That Way, where she, unseen, in secret was.

Sicke of Delay, and longing to behold
Her long-mist Loue in fearful Jeopardies:
To whom, although it had, in sort, been told
Of their Proceeding, and of his Surprize;
Yet, thinking they would never be so bold
To Lead their Lord in any shameful wise,
But rather would conduct him as their King,
As seeking but the States reordering,

Abroad

Abroad she looks, and notes the foremost Train ;
And grieves to view some there she wish't nor there :
Seeing the Chief not come, stays, looks again ;
And yet she sees not him that should appear :
Then back she stands, and then desires as fain
Again to look, to see if he were near :
At length a glitt'ring Troop far off she spies,
Perceives the Throng, and hears the Shouts and
Cries.

Lo ! yonder now, at length he comes; saith she :
Look, my good Women, where he is in Sight !
Do you not see him yonder ? That is he,
Mounted on that white Courser, all in white !
There ! where the thronging Troops of People be ;
I know him by his Seat, he sits vpright !
Lo, now he bows ! dear Lord ! with what sweet Grace !
How long, haue I long'd to behold that Face !

O what Delight my Heart takes by mine Eye !
I doubt me, when he comes but something near,
I shall set wide the Window : What care I
Who doth see me, so him I may see clear ?
Thus doth false Joy delude her wrongfully,
Sweet Lady ! in the Thing she held so dear.

For, nearer come, she finds she had mistook ;
And him she mark't, was *Henry Bollingbroke*.

Then *Enuie* takes the Place in her sweet Eyes,
Where *Sorrow* had prepar'd her self a Seat :
And Words of Wrath, from whence Complaints should
rise,

Proceed from eager Looks, and Brows that threat :
Traytor ! faith she ; is't thou, that, in this wise,
To braue thy Lord and King, art made so great ?
And haue mine Eyes done vnto me this Wrong,
To look on thee ? For this, staid I so long ?

Ah, haue they grac't a periur'd Rebel so ?
Well ; for their Error I will weep them out,
And hate the Tongue defil'd, that prais'd my Foe,
And loath the Mind, that gaue me not to doubt !
What ? haue I added Shame, vnto my Woe ?
I'll look no more : Ladies ! look you about,
And tell me if my Lord be in this Train ;
Left my betraying Eyes should err again.

And in this Passion turns her self away :
The Rest look all, and careful note each Wight ;
Whil'st she, impatient of the least Delay,

Demands again ; And what, not yet in Sight ?
Where is my Lord ? What, gone some other Way ?
I muse at this. O *God*, grant all go right !
Then to the Window goes again at last,
And sees the chiefeſt Train of all was paſt ;

And ſees not him her Soul deſir'd to ſee :
And yet Hope, ſpent, makes her not leaue to look.
At laſt, her loue-quick Eyes, which ready be,
Faſtens on One ; whom tho' ſhe neuer took
Could be her Lord ; yet that ſad Cheer which he
Then ſhew'd, his Habit and his woful Look,
The Grace he doth in baſe Attire retain,
Caus'd her ſhe could not from his Sight refrain.

What might he be, ſhe ſaid, that thus alone
Rides penſiue in this vniverſal Joy ?
Some I perceive, as well as we, do mone :
All are not pleas'd with euery thing this Day.
It may be, he laments the Wrong is done
Vnto my Lord ; and grieues, as well he may.
Then he is ſome of ours ; and we, of Right,
Muſt pity him, that pities our ſad Plight.

But

But stay! is't not my Lord himself I see?
 In Truth, if 'twere not for his base Array,
 I, verily, should think that it were he;
 And yet his Basenes doth a Grace bewray!
 Yet *God* forbid! let me deceiued be!
 And be it not my Lord! although it may!
 Let my Desire make Vows against Desire!
 And let my Sight approue my Sight a Lier!

Let me not see him, but himself; a King!
 For so he left me; so he did remoue.
 This is not he, this feeles some other Thing;
 A Passion of Dislike, or else of Loue!
 O yes! 'tis he! that princely Face doth bring
 The Euidence of Maiestie to proue:
 That Face, I haue conferr'd, which now I see,
 With that within my Heart, and they agree!

Thus as she stood assur'd, and yet in Doubt;
 Wisling to see, what seen she griev'd to see;
 Hauing Belief, yet fain would be without;
 Knowing, yet striuing not to know 'twas he:
 Her Heart relenting, yet her Heart so stout
 As would not yeild to think what was, could be:

Till

Till, quite condemn'd by open Proof of Sight,
She must confess ; or else deny the Light.

For, whether Loue in him did sympathize,
Or Chance so wrought, to manifest her Doubt ;
Euen just before, where she thus secret pries,
He stays, and, with clear Face, looks all about ;
When she : 'Tis, oh, too true ! I know his Eyes !
Alas, it is my own dear Lord cries out :
And, with that Crie, sinks down vpon the Flore,
Abundant Grief lackt Words to vtter more !

Sorrow keeps full Possession in her Heart,
Locks it within, stops vp the way of Breath,
Shuts Senses out of Door from every Part ;
And so long holds there, as it hazardeth
Oppressed Nature, and is forc't to part,
Or else must be constrain'd to stay with Death :
So, by a Sigh, it lets in Sense again ;
And Sense, at length, giues Words leaue to complain.

Then, like a Torrent had been stopt before,
Tears, Sighs, and Words, doubled together flow ;
Confus'dly struiuing whether should do more,

The

The true Intelligence of Grief to show.
 Sighs hindred Words: Words perisht in their Store:
 Both, intermixt in one, together grow.
 One would do all: the Other, more than's Part;
 Being both sent equal Agents, from the Heart.

At length, when past the first of Sorrow's Worst,
 When calm'd Confusion better Form affords;
 Her Heart commands her Words should pass out first,
 And then her Sighs should interpoint her Words;
 The whiles her Eyes out into Tears should burst:
 This Order with her Sorrow she accords;
 Which, orderless, all Form of Order brake:
 So, then began her Words, and thus she spake;

What? dost thou thus return again to me?
 Are these the Triumph, for thy Victories?
 Is this the Glorie thou dost bring with thee,
 From that vnhappy, *Irish* Enterprize?
 And haue I made so many Vows to see
 Thy safe Return, and see thee in this wise?
 Is this the lookt-for Comfort thou dost bring?
 To come a Captiue, that wentst out a King?

And

And yet, dear Lord ! tho' thy ungrateful Land
Hath left thee thus, yet I will take thy Part :
I do remain the same ; under thy Hand
Thou still dost rule the Kingdom of my Heart :
If all be lost, that Government doth stand ;
And that shall neuer from thy Rule depart :
And so thou be, I care not how thou be :
Let Greatness go ; so it go without thee !

And welcome come, how-so unfortunate !
I will applaud what others do despise :
I loue thee for thy self ; not for thy State :
More than thy self, is what without thee lies :
Let that more go, if it be in thy Fate !
And having but thy self, it will suffice :
I married was not to thy Crown, but thee ;
And thou, without a Crown, all one to me.

But what do I heere lurking idlie, mone
And wayle apart, and in a single Part
Make seuerall Grief ? which should be both in one ;
The Touch being equal of each Other's Heart.
Ah, no ! sweet Lord ! thou must not mone alone.
For, without me, thou art not all thou art ;

Nor my Tears, without thine, are fully Tears :
For thus unioyn'd, Sorrow but half appears.

Joyne then our Complaints, and make our Grief full
Grief !

Our State being One, let us not part our Care!
Sorrow hath only this poor, bare Relief,
To be bemon'd of such as woful are.
And should I rob thy Grief, and be the Thief
To steal a private Part, and several Share,
Defrauding Sorrow of her perfect Due ?
No, no, my Lord ; I come to help thee rue.

Then forth she goes, a close-concealed Way
(As grieving to be seen not as she was) ;
Labors t' attaine his Prefence all she may :
Which, with most hard a-do, was brought to pass.
For, that Night, vnderstanding where he lay,
With earnest Treating she procur'd her Pass
To come to him, *Rigor* could not denie
Those Tears, so poor a Suit, or put her by.

Entring the Chamber, where he was alone
(As one whose former Fortune was his Shame)
Loathing th'vpbrayding Eye of any one

That

That knew him once, and knows him not the same :
When, hauing giuen expresse Command that none
Should press to him, yet hearing some that came,
Turns angerly about his griued Eyes :
When, lo, his sweet, afflicted Queen he spyes.

Strait clears his Brow ; and with a borrow'd Smile,
What, my dear Queen? welcome, my Dear, he says!
And (striving his own Passion to beguile,
And hide the Sorrow which his Eye betrays)
Could speak no more ; but wrings her Hands, the
And then, sweet Lady ! and again he staves. [while :
'Th' Excess of Joy and Sorrow both affords
Affliction none, or but poor, niggard Words.

Shee that was come with a resolved Heart,
And with a Mouth full-stor'd with Words, well-
Thinking, This Comfort will I first impart [chose ;
Vnto my Lord, and thus my Speech dispose :
Then thus I'll say, thus look, and with this Art
Hide mine own Sorrow to relieue his Woes :
When, being come, all this prov'd nought but Wind ;
Tears, Looks, and Sighs, do only tell her Mind.

Thus.

Thus both stood silent, and confus'd so,
 Their Eyes relating how their Hearts did mourn :
 Both big with Sorrow, and both great with Wo
 In Labour with what was not to be born :
 This mighty Burthen, wherewithal they go,
 Dies vndeliuer'd, perishes vnborn.
 Sorrow makes Silence her best Orator,
 Where Words may make it less, not shew it more.



F I N I S.

